



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

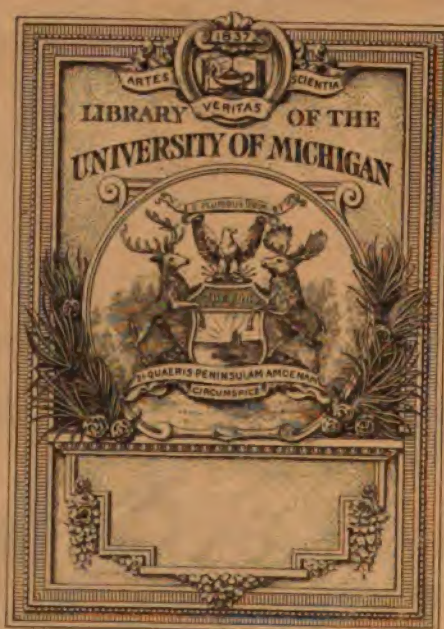
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B 454669



AP
A
.N5

THE
NEW MONTHLY
87955
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 115.

LONDON :
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1859.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN	1
ASSIZE SUNDAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	27
THE "AURORA CARMINA." BY A LITTÉRATEUR	42
NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES, OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE. BY SIR NATHANIEL.	
XV. THOMAS PELHAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE	48
XVI. RACHAEL, LADY RUSSELL	279
XVII. THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON	414
TALES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN	59
MY FRIEND PICKLES; AND SOME SOCIAL GRIEVANCES OF WHICH HE DESIRES TO COMPLAIN. BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS	75, 188, 327, 444
A FROST SONG. TO THE TUNE OF A PAIR OF SKATES. BY W. CHARLES KENT	87
CHATEAUBRIAND AND MARCELLUS	88
GETTING MARRIED. BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL	94
THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE. BY J. E. CARPENTER	99
THE SPECTRE'S VISIT. BY MRS. BUSHBY	100
DIARY OF THE DREAMER OF GLOUCESTER	107, 226, 344
THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER	117
BRITISH COLUMBIA	127
NICHOLAS MICHELL'S NEW POEM	144
THE ASSIZE CAUSE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	145
STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES. BY W. CHARLES KENT.	
I. POPE AT TWICKENHAM	161
II. SHENSTONE AT LEASOWES	293
III. COWPER AT OLNEY	423
MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON	163
CRAIG LUCE CASTLE. BY MRS. BUSHBY	173, 307
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR	181
HORATIAN LYRICS AND PATRICIAN TRANSLATORS	195
HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS	201

	PAGE
HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA"	212, 358, 464
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE II.	218
EVALLA. BY W. BRILBY BATEMAN	232, 352
THE ITALIAN QUESTION.	237
WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO ITALY? BY AN OUTSIDER	253
THE GRAVESTONE IN THE CLOISTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	263
MADAME DU BARRY	295
RELIGIOUS NOVELS. BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL	322
THE CANAL OF NICARAGUA	335
FRANCE AND AUSTRIA	366
MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS	379
POMMEROT ABBEY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY"	398
AUNT FRANCISCA. FROM THE DANISH OF CARL BERNHARD. BY MRS. BUSEBY. PART I.	425
LOUIS XVI. AND HIS TIMES	435
FRESH ARRIVALS FROM PARIS: BONNECHOSE—BARANTE—LÉON FEUGÈRE	452
MILL ON LIBERTY	472
BEYOND VISION. BY E. P. ROWSELL	478
CLAYTON'S CHARLES THE SECOND AND HIS TIMES	484
THE WAR PAMPHLETS	488
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH	497

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

THE success of Lord Elgin's mission to Japan was so signal and so unexpected, that it took many persons quite aback. Enthusiastic journalists wrote on every side as though the British envoy and his staff were Columbians discovering a new continent, Spaniards "staring at the Pacific," or Jesuit pilgrims entering the gates of another Quinsai. We were told of the gigantic palaces, the crowded streets, the aristocratic suburbs, and the golden opulence of the capital of Japan, as if it were previously utterly unknown; and most absurd of all, pictures were drawn with amusing simplicity of primitive manners and modest virtues, almost too pure for contact with the vicious and besotted nations of Christendom. Some credulous persons have even gone so far as to pity the Japanese for having been deluded into association with a scapegrace community like the English. These are the same who opposed the civilising labours of Brooke in Borneo, and who would have left India to the Sepoys.

The Japanese empire has not, however, been always hidden from Europe like the Cloud Mountains of Arabian Mythology. Marco Polo described the island of Zipangu, the fame of whose riches had in his time attracted the Tartar hordes under the renowned Kublai Khan. Mariners, since the time of Fernando Mendez Pinto (a ominous name) to that of Golovin, have been wrecked on its inhospitable coasts, and have survived their cage discipline to narrate their experiences and sufferings. Some of the imperial ports have been open to commerce ever since the sixteenth century. Nations, such as the Dutch and the Portuguese, the Russians, Americans, and English, have rivalled one another in obtaining privileges from a haughty and obstinate monarch. For upwards of a century the Dutch had to send an annual mission, accompanied by a numerous suite, with tribute and presents to Yeddo, till in 1792 this expensive ceremony was mitigated to once in four years, and at last the tribute was paid at Nagasaki itself. Occasional envoys have ventured into the harbours of Japan from the days of Hagenaar to those of Laxmann, Krusenstein, Elliot, Paniatin, Perry, and Lord Elgin.

Missionary deputations have been sent from Rome, and curious Jesuits, like Charlevoix, have caught glimpses of rich plains, dotted with cities and traversed by imaginary armies of one hundred thousand horse and foot, armed with steel battle-axes. Adventurous spirits, as a Langedorff and a Broughton, have penetrated into the forbidden interior, and even naturalists, and artists, and men of science have followed in their footsteps. Now is the time, we are told, for abridging or translating

Cardim, Charlevoix, and Fisscher; for condensing Kämpfer; for reprinting Thunberg, Klaproth, and Titsingh; for collecting the valuable tracts in the Chinese Repository; and for reproducing, in a form adapted for English circulation, the admirable narrative of Commodore Perry.

By far the most important of all works on Japan is, however, that of Siebold, or Siebolt, but which is not yet completed. It is the account of a journey made to Japan in the years 1828 to 1830, and it comprises, besides a narrative of his voyage and personal adventures, every topic connected with the history of the country and with its physical and geographical features.

Is it indeed impossible, on contemplating this magnificent work, not to feel that as yet Japan has been essentially Dutch. The learned of different countries in Europe may be truly said to have distributed among themselves, by nations, the several regions of Asia, as the respective fields of their enterprise in literary and scientific exploration. China may in that respect, and in the face of our progress in arms and the labours of our travellers and scholars—Staunton, Barrow, Ellis, Abel, Morrison, Davis, and others—he viewed as hitherto the especial province of France; for nobody will dispute the fame which Gerbillon, Gaubil, Visdelon, Premare, Mailla, Amiot, and other missionaries of the last century acquired; nor that of Du Halde, Grosier, De Mailla, De Guignes, De Glemona, and Huc in later times, and which the Chinese scholars of France, with Abel Rémusat at their head, still maintain. Anquetil, Du Perron, and other Orientalists have honourably disputed the literature of Iran and her magian hierarchy with the English. Till within a very recent epoch the literature and the monumental records of a country contiguous to their great Asiatic empire had also been abandoned by Englishmen to foreigners.

But in India Britain has vindicated her fame. The soil on which the black antelope feeds is the Holy Land of the Brahmans, and it is the field where England has formed her heroes to the highest glory of arms, and where all Europe envies the fame of her Oriental scholars, who in the space of forty years have explored the admired mysteries of the Vedas, and Sastras, and Puranas, and of that ancient and elaborated language which the disciples of Aristotle heard without perceiving that it was cognate with their own. In India, our countrymen have unfolded the doctrines of ancient schools of philosophy which challenge a comparison with those of Democritus and of Zeno. They have discovered a dramatic literature as refined and embellished, and nearly as ancient, as that of the Athenian stage, and they have detected the secret system of those astronomical calculations which eluded the scrutiny of Raillia. Even the great and glorious victories of our generals over a nation in insurrection can scarcely earn for them greater renown than attaches itself to the names of Sir William Jones, of Colebrooke, and of Wilson.

Germany claims not one foot of land in Asia, yet her scholars come in everywhere for a large share in the honour of literary discovery. Schlegel and Bopp have taken the lead in the criticism of Indian philosophy and the structure of language, and Klaproth, and Schmidt, and Schote, and Neumann in Chinese, and the former in Japanese and Mongolian history.*

* Klaproth has edited a *Mythological History of Japan*, as also Titsingh's *Annals of the Emperors of Japan*, with additions.

Lassen divides with Burnouf the fame of having first read the decrees of Darius Hystaspes on the portals of his palace, of deciphering the letters written by Ahasuerus, and the syllables which Daniel and Ezekiel were taught to spell. Even in Egypt, where the interpreter of the Rosetta inscription and his zealous follower acquired their high renown, it has been reserved for Bunsen and Lepsius to erect anew the throne of the Pharaohs on a sure foundation, and with a top reaching into the clouds of antiquity. England, which has its Rawlinson, its Sharpe, its Layard, its Loftus, and a host of others renowned in the same field of investigation and discovery, can well afford to do justice to the labours of its neighbours.

Holland has one empire in the East which she claims as her own field of investigation, to which hitherto she almost alone has had access, for until lately Dutchmen only could walk at large in Nagasaki. Since the time of Engelbertus Kämpfer, Kämpfer, or Kempfer, Thunberg, physician to the Dutch embassy at Yeddo, had travelled into the interior of Nip-pon, and had given curious information respecting its productions. Isaac Titsingh, president of the board of trade with Japan, had collected interesting notices of that empire and the neighbouring countries, and had brought into Europe a vast collection of objects illustrative of ethnography and different branches of natural history.

The calamities entailed on Holland by the French revolution interrupted for many years her commercial enterprises. When the new government recovered the Dutch possessions in the East, among the first orders given to the governor-general, Baron van der Capellen, was that of promoting the advancement of science by every opportunity which the colonies afforded. Professor Reinwardt, Dr. Kuhl, and Van Hassel, and afterwards Dr. Blume, explored the Sunda and Spice Islands. The former returned to Europe with a rich collection; Kuhl died a victim to his exertions; the two last were occupied in exploring the field which Java opens to the researches of naturalists, when the attention of the government of the Dutch colonies was fixed on Japan. The state of the factory at Desima was such as to call for immediate care; and a distinguished officer, Colonel Sturler, was appointed chief of the whole Dutch establishment at Japan.

In order at the same time to promote the interests of science, and particularly in the department of natural history and ethnography, it was proposed by the government of the Dutch Indies to Dr. Siebold to accompany the expedition of M. Sturder in the quality of physician and naturalist. We have in his splendid work, "*Nip-pon Archiv*," which has been translated into French, the results of his researches, which, following the example of Humboldt, he has divided into heads. 1. Mathematical and Physical Geography; 2. Ethnography; which again is subdivided into History, Archaeology, Arts and Sciences, Religion, Husbandry, Manufactures, Commerce, &c.

The empire of Japan consists of several large islands. The principal is Nip-pon, which extends from north to south to upwards of 700 miles in length, and is so narrow that it does not exceed 80 miles of average breadth. The other two islands, Sikokf, 90 miles long by 50 broad, and Kiu-Siu, 200 miles long by 140 broad, are generally considered as little more than appendages to Nip-pon. So it is also with the extensive

island of Jezo, or Jesso. The number of islands has been estimated altogether at 3850, but whether this includes ialets or not is not said. Haessel and Siebold both give estimates as to the superficial area of the whole, and both differ much in their estimates. Their labours, as well as those of Gore, King, La Pérouse, Colnet, Hall, Maxwell, Kotzebue, and Krusenstein, have, with native materials, supplied the basis of modern maps. It is sufficient to know that in size, as in so many other points, they bear some resemblance to Great Britain and Ireland. Thus Nip-pun, or Nip-pon, or, as some say, Jih-pun, "Sun-source Country," the Empire of the Sun, has been justly compared by Kæmpfer to Great Britain and Ireland, being much after the same manner, though in a more eminent degree, divided and broken through by arms of the sea into islands and peninsulas. Besides, as the old chronicler quaintly says, "as the king of Great Britain is sovereign of three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland—so likewise the Japanese emperor hath the supreme jurisdiction of three separate large islands."

The Japanese, according to Kæmpfer, fancy themselves highly affronted by the endeavours of some who busy themselves to draw the original descent of their nation from the Chinese or other of their neighbours. They pretend that they arose within the compass of their own empire, though not out of the earth, like mice and worms, as the proud Athenians, for that same reason, were upbraided with by that cynic Diogenes. They claim a birth much higher and nobler, and esteem themselves no less than offsprings of their very deities, whom otherwise they do not look upon as eternal, but suppose that in the first motion of the chaos, out of which all things were formed, their gods also were brought forth by an invisible power. They have two genealogies of their deities. The first is a succession of celestial spirits—of beings absolutely free from all manner of mixture with corporeal substances, who ruled the Japanese world during an undetermined and incomprehensible series of centuries. The second is a race of terrestrial spirits, or god-men, who were not possessed of that pure being peculiar only to their predecessors. They governed the Japanese empire by a lineal succession, each a long but limited number of years, till at last they begot that third race of men which Japan is now inhabited by, and who have nothing left of the purity and perfection of their divine progenitors.

The learned Dutchman further argues, that what hath been inferred from the difference of religion against the original descent of the Japanese from China, could be further supported by the wide difference there is between the characters anciently used by both nations, as also by their civil customs and way of life, as to eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, shaving of the head, saluting, sitting, and many more. The very inclinations of the mind, he also argues, are remarkably different in the two nations. The Chinese are peaceable, modest, great lovers of a sedate, speculative, and philosophical way of life, but withal very much given to fraud and usury. The Japanese, on the contrary, are warlike, inclined to rebellions and a dissolute life, mistrustful, ambitious, and always bent on high designs. Kæmpfer concludes the discussion after true European fashion, by asserting that they are descended of the first inhabitants of Babylon, and that "the Japanese language is one of those which sacred writs mention, that the all-wise Providence hath thought

fit, by way of punishment and confusion, to infuse into the minds of the vain builders of the Babylonian tower." This is an Alexandrian way of cutting the Gordian knot of all ethnographical difficulties. The hypothesis of the Japanese presents us with, instead of a geological progression, a theological retrogression; while the theory of Kämpfer, having the scriptural records for a basis, is only liable to error in its detail. For it is difficult to suppose that the families of men, at their first dispersion from the valley of the Euphrates, would not in their progress eastwards have settled in India and China before they got to Corea and Japan. Ethnologists are, in the mean time, satisfied with seeing in Chinese and Coreans the same Mongolian type of the human species as belong to the other nations of High Asia, only that that type is often softened and mitigated, the Japanese belonging to the same type as the Chinese.

The Japanese possess historical documents of unquestionable authenticity, extending over a period which commences several centuries antecedent to the Christian era. It is said that the indigenous Japanese were early subjugated by a tribe of Mongols or Mantchu Tartars, who adopted the language of the conquered. The sacred era of the Japanese goes back to the establishment of the hereditary succession of the mikados, or ecclesiastical emperors, in the person of Zin-mon, 667 years before the Christian era. This dynasty retained its power till the year 1585, when the secular power was usurped by the siogouns. According to Siebold, frequent communication subsisted between Japan and the southern part of Corea one hundred years before the Christian era, and continued during the following centuries. In the year of our era 285, the doctrine of Confucius, as well as that of Buddha, was introduced into Corea, and spread through Japan; and the Corean peninsula was, in these early times, the school and source of mental refinement, whence the arts and sciences were introduced into Japan, much more than from China. The Mantchu Tartars invaded Japan in 799, and again in 1281, under Kublai Khan. The learned Amiot has given us, in a work translated from the Chinese, the history of that expedition according to the Chinese authors. In this history the Chinese army, joined to that of the Coreans, is estimated at one hundred thousand men. The Coreans furnished nine hundred ships of war; but this great armada was dispersed in a dreadful storm—an event which the Japanese attributed to the protecting care of their gods. In the present times many fishing-boats and coasting vessels from Corea are annually cast away upon the shores of Japan. In such cases the stranded crew were, as with other nations, marched off to Nagasaki.

According to Siebold, the Japanese empire was divided into sixty-six provinces under the reign of the Mikado Syounwa, A.D. 824. To these were added the two provinces of Iki and Tsouzima, conquered from the Corea in the sixteenth century. Since the Japanese invasion of 1592 to 1598, under the Siogoun Fideyosi, the sovereigns of Japan and Corea have held relations which are simply those of allies.

The islands of Japan are essentially mountainous and rocky, being chiefly of volcanic origin. Nip-pon is traversed throughout its whole length by a chain of mountains, some of whose peaks are clad with perpetual snows. The waters flow on the one side to the sea of Japan, on the other to the Pacific. According to the Japanese annals, Mount

Fusi, or Fuseyama, the loftiest mountain of all Japan (3793 metres), rose out of the earth 285 years B.C., and an enormous depression gave rise at the same time to the great lake Mitson, or Oits (Biwako, in Siebold's map). Fusi was for a long time an active volcano: some of its eruptions have been frightful, and were accompanied by the most terrible devastations from lava and earthquakes. It has, however, been now quiescent for upwards of a century, although Klaproth, and M. d'Arohiac in his "*Histoire des Progrès de la Géologie*," write of it as the most considerable and most active volcano in Nip-pon.

There are five active volcanoes in the island of Kiu-Siu, of which the one called Wunzendake (1253 metres high) is the most formidable. There are also many mineral and thermal waters of great medicinal importance. Two of these springs on the slopes of the Wunzendake, one called the great hell and the other the little hell, possess a sad historical notoriety, as having been used in the persecution of the Christians. The prodigious industry of the inhabitants has cleft the sides of the mountains for the most part into cultivated terraces; but the action of nature is constantly detaching vast rocks and overthrowing the slow labours of ages. There are other lakes besides the Mitson, said to be about sixty miles long by twenty-one wide, but they have not been visited by Europeans.

The various authorities on Japan differ exceedingly in their accounts of the climate. This can be easily understood in rocky islands circumscribed as they are, and where the climate must not only differ so much the same and other seasons and years, but also in different places. The Japanese themselves boast that they live in a happy and agreeable climate, notwithstanding the variable temperature and inconstancy of the weather. It sometimes rains during the whole year; but the months of June and July are the especial rainy months, and are hence called Satsuki, or the water season. The Japanese islands unite within often a very limited space the advantages and some of the inconveniences of a tropical and of a temperate climate. Hence it is that, thanks to such a mixed climate, Japan has always had within itself such resources as have permitted it, aided by its rocky, dangerous coast, to keep aloof from other nations.

The soil of Japan is naturally fertile, but has been rendered still more so by the industry of its inhabitants. The Japanese, says Kämpfer, are as good husbandmen as perhaps any people in the world. As in China, little ground is appropriated to the rearing of cattle; the same scarcity of manure exists, the same solicitude is exhibited to procure it, and it is applied in a similar manner. Every spot of ground is made productive; and the terraced mountains exhibit an astonishing proof of what can be effected by human ingenuity and perseverance when prompted by necessity. The general crop is rice. Wheat is little used; but buckwheat, rye, sesame, and barley are reared. Beans, peas, cabbages, turnips, and a kind of potato are plentiful. Among the other produce of Japan may be mentioned the cotton-shrub, mulberry, camphor, laurel, the celebrated varnish-tree, the tea shrub, pepper, ginger, vine, fig, apricots, peaches, walnuts, nuts, &c. Kämpfer, who has described the vegetation of Japan in his "*Amenitates Exotice*," since improved upon by Siebold, says: "Japan, I think, may vie with most, if not all, known countries for a great variety of beautiful plants and flowers, wherewith kind nature hath

most liberally and curiously adorned its fields, hills, woods, and forests." The progress of cultivation has, however, left few forests, except upon the mountains. The larger trees consist of pines, willows, laurels, palms, cocoas, cycas, mimosas, cypresses, and bamboos. The tea shrub grows without culture in the hedges; and ginger, black pepper, sugar, and indigo are cultivated with great success. Besides the sweet China orange, there is a wild species peculiar to Japan, the *Citrus Japonica*. With the climate of the temperate zones in some districts, and that of intertropical regions in others, Japan possesses, indeed, the rare and almost peculiar privilege of being able to rear all the productions of temperate and of tropical climates within its own limits.

A nation so numerous as the Japanese, confined within the narrow limits of their own territory, has learnt to convert to useful purposes many natural productions that are furnished both by the land and waters, whether fresh or salt, whether for mere sustenance or as luxuries, which are overlooked elsewhere. It is difficult to imagine what they do not serve on their tables after being subjected to Japanese culinary art. Many things utterly rejected by the nations of the West, in Japan compose a part of the dessert, or even of their most *recherché* dishes. Forests, marshes, uncultivated lands, all supply them with plants or roots which are used at table. The sea furnishes a great quantity of fish and shell-fish, *holothuræ* and other molluscs, as also a variety of edible sea-weeds. Even certain venomous fish and reptiles are converted into wholesome dishes by this most ingenious people.

The greatest riches of the Japanese soil, says old Kämpfer, and those wherein this empire exceeds most known countries, consist in all sorts of minerals and metals, particularly in gold, silver, and copper. Gold is found in great quantities both *in situ* and mixed in the sand of the rivers, more particularly in the northern province of Sado. Gold mines and auriferous sands are also worked, according to Jerome des Anges, in Yezo. Geological analogies would indicate great mineral riches in these rocky islands, and the indication, as far as gold is concerned, is supported by the fact that the emperor limits the working of the gold mines to a certain quantity, in the fear that the metal should diminish in value. As it is, it is said that the proportionate value of gold and silver differs from what it obtains in Europe—in other words, the weight of a sovereign in gold, which is worth twenty shillings in England, is not worth so much in Japan, and the exportation of silver ought, therefore, to be a very profitable transaction. Silver is also met with, but not so abundantly as gold. It is chiefly found in the province of Bingo.

Japanese traditions speak of the islands of Kinsima and Yinsima, or the Island of Gold and the Island of Silver. The Spaniards and the Dutch have made as vain a search for them as Admiral Hercules Robinson did for the buried Spanish doubloons in the islets south of Madeira. The Spaniards even laid claim to these phantom islands—the Atlantis of the far East—in virtue of bulls from Popes Martin V. and Alexander VI.

At present, however, Japan is chiefly distinguished for the quantity and excellence of the copper which it produces. The copper found in the province of Kiguo-Kuni is of the finest quality, the most malleable, and the fittest for working of any in the world. Much of the native copper also contains a large proportion of gold. Iron is scarcer than any other

metal, but is found in sufficient quantities for the use of the inhabitants, since they do not import it. The Japanese form it into various tools and sword-blades, said to be of exquisite temper. Tin is also met with in small quantities. Sulphur abounds, and coal is met with in several places. Diamonds, topazes, and other gems, besides agate, asbestos, steatite, pumice, marble, and other minerals, are also met with. Amber is found occasionally. Thunberg notices two kinds of porcelain clay as wrought in Japan—namely, kaolin and petunse. Bitumen and naphtha flow out with the mineral waters. The pearl fisheries off the island of Sikokf are very productive. Corals, corallines, madrepores, and shells of great beauty are also met with.

There are very few cattle or quadrupeds of any description in Japan; the religious prejudices of the people, which forbid the use of the ordinary descriptions of animal food, and the careful cultivation of almost every available inch of ground, are alike opposed to the propagation of domestic cattle, and there are few countries, in consequence, in which there are so few, in proportion to their size, as in Japan. Buffaloes are reared, but solely to be used as beasts of burden or draught. Horses are employed only in the retinue of the great. They are a small but agile breed. The Japanese never use milk or butter. Of sheep and goats there are none except at Nagasaki, the fleeces of the former being superseded by the abundance of cotton. For the same reasons, there are only a few swine. The superstition of the Japanese has, however, led them to bestow remarkable care in the breeding of dogs and cats. These animals are carefully fed, and have huts provided for them in case of sickness.

There are, however, some wild animals in the islands, as monkeys, deer, bears, wolves, hyænas, foxes, and hares. Rats and mice abound. This list is very imperfect: the zoological researches of Siebold have not yet been published. Foxes are much disliked by the inhabitants, who suppose them to be possessed by an evil spirit. The Japanese also believe in the existence of certain animals of monstrous forms and supernatural habits. Water-fowl abound: the domestic varieties are very beautiful. There are also pheasants and partridges, as well as domestic fowls. The Japanese eat fowl, fish, and molluscs. Reptiles are not common, but insects are very numerous.

The government is a complete despotism. The different districts are under the sway of hereditary chiefs, who form a species of feudal aristocracy, and who, while they are in perfect subjection to the sovereign, rule with uncontrolled sway over the subject people, who appear to have not the least semblance of any rights whatsoever. The siogoun, or sovereign, who resides at Yeddo, is looked upon as the military and secular chief, and the spiritual power only is now vested in the mikado, "le pape," as a French writer calls him, and who resides at Miako. As the siogoun has one quarter of Yeddo to himself, and his aristocracy another, so the mikado has a quarter in Miako to himself and his priestly retainers.

The mikado is, in virtue of his holy descent, looked upon as the real emperor, though not the actual ruler, and he is thus at once emperor, pope, and demi-god—the only dispensator, by divine right, of the honours, titles, and prerogatives, to which the Japanese attach more

importance than even to power or riches. The name *Dairi*, by which the palace and court of the mikado is meant, has been frequently confounded with that of the name or title of the sovereign himself. The Japanese themselves often call the mikado *Dairi Sama*, "Lord of the *Dairi*." In order to ensure the linear succession of the mikados, who never die, but, like the Lamas of Thibet, are translated to heaven, they are allowed twelve legitimate wives, who are of the first and second rank, and never appear in the presence of the mikado but with their hair untied and loose. An extraordinary amplitude of dress, both in men and women, is one of the characteristics of the *Dairi*, which is also the great seat of learning, literature, philosophy, and science. *Miako*, or *Miyako*, although not so large as *Yeddo*, is better built, better and more salubriously situated, and is considered as the paradise of Japan, and the beauty of its women is said to be not the least of its titles to pre-eminence.

An attempt has been made by Siebold to show that, as no individual in Japan, whatever his rank, is above the law, absolutism exists not so much in individuals as in the system of things or the fixidity of traditions. But the distinction is more ingenious than sound, for there is no doubt but that the siogoun rules with a despotic sway, which is arbitrary even in the face of traditions. No one dares to attempt any opposition to his will; and when he has positively stated his opinion, no one ever dares to utter anything by way of persuading him to change it. The least punishment that would await a temerity of this kind would be banishment. There can be no doubt but that all real authority is at present in the hands of the siogoun, or tycoon, as the most recent travellers designate the secular emperor, and the mikado is at the present day little more than a puppet.

One of the great features of Japan lies in its teeming population. Kämpfer assures us that the number of people one encounters on the roads and highways is incredible. The most recent accounts that have reached us, and which have so reawakened curiosity in regard to Japan, have substantiated these statements. But as to the amount of this population, it is all guess work. Some have estimated the population of Japan at 50,000,000, others at only 30,000,000, and some again, among whom are Brun and Fabri, at only 10,000,000.

Siebold distinguishes the inhabitants into those of the coasts, of the interior, and of the towns, and these differ from one another in appearance, language, manners, and habits. The men of the coast are chiefly sailors or fishermen; they are short, but vigorous, and dark-coloured. Their characteristics are skill, perseverance, and courage; a frankness that never extends to impudence; great natural benevolence and kindness. The people of the interior are for the most part husbandmen. They are taller, copper-coloured, laborious, sober, pious, and hospitable. Their natural roughness being tempered by the severe etiquette observed throughout the country, they are never rude and vulgar, as is the case with the peasants of Europe. They only seem, sometimes, to a European, a little too ceremonious. Owing to the existence of castes, though the two classes of husbandmen and sailors intermarry, and their offspring constitute the working classes of cities, still it is distinctly said that we never see, throughout the whole extent of the empire, any traces of that

peculiar poor and degraded population of great cities which disgraces our much boasted civilisation.

In the so-called imperial cities, as in all the commercial cities of Japan, the higher classes are fashioned in the same mould. It is very rare to meet with a gentleman of distinction who has not, after receiving his education at Miako, been brought up in the capital of the shoguns, as is ordained by the laws. The generality of the officers and employes of princes have hence been formed in the offices and ante-chambers of palaces, and have wasted their youth in that paradise of Yeddo—the celebrated Jasibara. Almost all these men return to the provinces broken down by premature old age. Every merchant of standing receives in the same way his commercial education at Ohasaka, the richest city in the empire.

At Miako, however, it is said that great simplicity of manners upholds the power of the faculties and purity of sentiments, and at the same time favours the cultivation of the arts and sciences.

Nagasaki, one of the centres of commerce, which has become for centuries past the theatre of Chinese usury and of the brutality of European sailors, which is visited by merchants versed in all kinds of fraudulent practices, and is governed by insidious courtiers, is much inferior both in civilisation and in morality to the ancient capital. Even the Buddhist monks are coarser and more haughty at Nagasaki than elsewhere; but, on the other hand, they are nowhere so fallen and contemptible in the eyes of the Japanese public. The victory which they obtained over Christianity in the seventeenth century, and which was more terrible in Fisen than in the other provinces, raised for the time their religious pride and fanaticism to its highest pitch, but they have long since fallen once more into abasement and contempt.

Captain Bernard Whittingham, R.E., who accompanied Commodore Elliot's expedition, gives an amusing account of Desima, the Dutch island station at Nagasaki:

The view of Desima conjured up varied feelings: a very small, fan-shaped island, "*Desima, l'île artificielle*," a French writer calls it, surrounded by stone walls, crowded with Indo-European houses, and separated from the suburb by a narrow ditch, hardly too large for an active schoolboy to leap, to cross which there stood a high arched bridge. The whole thing bore the impress of the base subserviency of self-respect to gain; and it was to achieve such an exclusive position that the Dutch arms had been employed against their fellow-Christians of the Roman Catholic faith. Poetical justice could scarcely have awarded a more fitting retribution than the degrading imprisonment and fast dwindling commerce of the Batavians at Nagasaki, and the material symbol of their punishment stands almost in sight of the rocky islet in the middle of the harbour, down whose precipitous sides the Roman Catholic converts were hurled into the sea. Now, as we steamed in, their balconies were full of eager gazers, longing, I believe, for the hour when freer commerce with all the Western nations will release them from their sad immurement.*

* When the *Furious*, *Retribution*, and *Lee* visited Nagasaki, the barriers of the older police regulations were so far broken down that the English were permitted to explore the streets and shops of the town at pleasure; not, they added, as in China, an offensive and disgusting operation, but a charming and agreeable amusement. The streets are broad, clean, and free from foul odours, the people civil and courteous, and the bazaars so stocked with chinaware and lacquer-work, that few could leave them without a drain on their resources.

This islanded factory of Desima, 236 paces long by 82 wide, was first constructed by the Emperor Iye Mitsou, in 1635, for the Portuguese. When these were expelled, the Dutch removed from the island of Firate, to which they had been before confined, to Desima. Sima means an island in Japanese. Desima, according to Thunberg, means "the island in advance of the town." No European women are permitted to reside at the factory. In 1817 the newly-appointed governor, Blumhoff, having arrived with his wife and child, he was obliged to send the former away. Japanese prostitutes are, however, allowed in Desima, and become the servants and concubines of the Dutch. Some children have been born of these connexions, who have to be provided for in Nagasaki by their parents. They are not, however, allowed to be born in Desima, nor to die there—at least officially.

The dress of the Japanese consists of wide and hanging robes of cotton, one over the other; the outer one among the nobility is of silk, and has the family arms embroidered in gold on the breast and back. Captain Whittingham justly remarks, in reference to the possible opening of this country, with its fifty millions of inhabitants, to commerce, that, inhabiting as they do so variable a climate, they would gladly be clothed in our lighter cotton fabrics in summer, and in our warm woollens in winter, instead of wearing coarse cotton garments, fold upon fold, in cold weather, and rearing nearly nude in the sultry months. There are, however, many other details of dress impossible to enter into here, such as scarfs of office, mantles of ceremony, and trousers of rank, as also denoted by one or two swords worn on the same side. Different ranks, professions, and pursuits shave differently, and women also dress their hair differently when married or unmarried. They paint largely, especially the lips, and blacken the teeth. Both men and women go generally bareheaded, only using hats of straw, sometimes varnished, in rainy weather or when travelling. But the fan is an indispensable thing in Japan; it is the inseparable companion of all classes and of both sexes. Even soldiers have fans. It is used as a book, as a tray, as a stick, or as a parasol. The schoolmaster corrects his pupils with a fan, beggars receive their obole on a fan, dandies trifle with their fans, the sentence of death is often announced by a fan.

Europeans were permitted to make excursions into Nagasaki and its environs upon soliciting permission to that effect, on which occasions they were always accompanied by the police. The aim of these excursions was always the same—to the town, to a temple, and finally to a tea-house. The proprietors of these latter establishments bring up young girls to dance, dress, converse, and in fact, like the hetaira of Greece, to unite all the charms of mind and graces of person to beauty of form and elegance of manners. It is said that the Japanese do not hesitate to invite their wives to accompany them to these places consecrated to pleasure, in order to enjoy the dancing, music, and conversation of these women degraded by their profession, but distinguished by the superiority of their education. This state of things is the more to be wondered at, as the Japanese are reputed to be as jealous as any nation on the earth's surface of the honour and reputation of their women. It is, indeed, the only country in the East where women occupy the position due to them in the social scale; and, what is more, many of these courtesans marry well,

others return to their families, and others, again, go to swell the ranks of an order which has been designated as that of the begging nuns. Such women are in after life judged solely by their acts; nobody permits himself to remind them of their past life. Our European missionaries were scarcely in a position to judge of such an institution. It has a religious and poetic basis which attaches itself to an antique social organisation. The famous Hindoo drama "*Mrichakati*," so ably translated by Wilson, presents to us, in the touching character of Vasantasena, a striking example of an exceptional form of existence, which appears to be essential to a social organisation which has been formed, and is upheld, by conditions differing essentially from those which are imposed upon European society.

The old traveller, Caron, takes, however, a more matter-of-fact view of this extraordinary Japanese institution—if it can be so called. "The reason," he says, "alleged for the allowance of this is, that each may have the means of satisfying his carnal desires, without being led into the temptation of attempting the seduction of the wife or daughter of his neighbour." "It is," adds the philosophical Dutchman, "on account of the easy means thus applied to the satisfaction of animal desire, that those who pursue unlawful ways meet with no mercy, but are killed without remorse." There is much that is strangely suggestive in this to those who are so justly desirous of putting down the great social evil in this country. Were the crime of seduction visited by death, or by what would be preferable, by obliging the seducer, when not a married man, to wed his victim, and punishing him most severely when he was, the grievance would soon be much less; but if you do away with the grievance without providing for an adequate punishment for the seducer, what would become of the safety of the family? The Japanese seem to meet this great difficulty in a practical manner, and it would be very difficult to say an unwise one, albeit immoral in our eyes. But the Japanese have had thirty centuries of social experience, and of what avail if that experience has not led to wisdom in some one particular at least? We are too apt to be always ready to condemn that which differs from ourselves, without waiting to consider whether it may not be both better and wiser.

The number of these tea-houses is very great. At Nagasaki alone, with a population, according to the *Chinese Repository*, of 70,000 souls,* there are no less than 750. Inns and tea-houses having similar establishments are met with the whole length of the imperial road to Yeddo.

These Japanese *Aspasias* also figure, according to Kämpfer, in the great annual religious processions and ceremonies called *Matsuri*, in which portable chapels, dedicated to local deities, splendidly gilt and varnished, and decorated with rich arms and other ornaments, are carried in processions, in which the authorities, civil and military, figure by the side of musicians, courtesans, and ladies in palanquins, amidst a host of banners. The courtesans represent in these processions the historical expeditions of their mikados, or national heroes and demi-gods. The richness and fidelity of their costumes is said to be admirable. These processions are numerous; they have all to go to the chief square to

* Siebold reckons 11,451 houses, 62 temples and Buddhist monasteries, and 5 little chapels of the ancient worship of Karius, in a population of only 35,000.

appear before the chief authorities, and they extemporise little theatrical entertainments, which do not last more than a quarter of an hour. It is the same in regard to the other public rejoicings in Japan, in which the courtesans all take their part, and these are exceedingly numerous, for the Japanese hold that one of the best means to propitiate the divinities is not to annoy them with incessant prayers, supplications, or useless lamentations, but to divert themselves in their presence, confiding themselves to their infinite goodness, and persuaded that they take pleasure in seeing people give themselves up to innocent recreations. Some—and their prototypes are to be met with in this country—deem all prayers useless, as God knows the bottom of their hearts. Others even deem it indecent to present themselves before their deities when afflicted.

The Japanese have also burlesque processions in honour of Satan. A quarrel having once arisen whether the archangel was black, white, red, or green, the mikado decided that there were evil spirits of all four colours, and ever since, once a year, a troop of persons marked with horns, and painted black, white, red, and green, dance through the towns to the sound of drums and other musical instruments. Among other peculiar festivals is one dedicated to the souls of the deceased, on which occasion an infinite number of little boats are delivered up to the winds and waves, bearing lamps and lanterns, emblematic of the souls of the deceased, as in the Chinese feasts of lanterns. At another festival the high authorities and gravest persons of the empire may be seen flying kites! The meaning of this has not been clearly established. On another day, again, the whole population is to be seen busy driving the evil spirits from their habitations and those of their neighbours with parched peas and even pebbles. The Japanese have also the most magnificent commemorative hunting feasts on record. Fisscher witnessed one at Nagasaki in which seven hundred performers took part. On these occasions the streets are carefully swept, and the houses are lined with flags, tapestry, or cloths. These heroic hunting processions have a very solemn character, and no noise or acclamations of any kind are permitted. From the description given by Fisscher, they must be of extraordinary magnificence. Kämpfer relates, in connexion with the same traditions of heroic hunting times, that a horn of extraordinary dimensions was kept at the temple of Samno. It had served in the ancient hunts round the mountain of Fusi, but some robbers having stolen it, they let it fall into a river, and it was converted into a guardian spirit of the waters. We have before observed that it was the custom, for upwards of a century, for the chief governor of the Dutch factory to go every year to Yeddo to convey presents to the emperor. We are mainly indebted to these periodical missions for what has been learnt up to recent times of the manners, laws, uses, and resources of the Japanese empire. The Dutch never had the means of making these missions impressive to the Japanese. They could not, in their most palmy days, muster over some two hundred officials and followers, and that in a country where a prince of secondary rank goes attended by ten thousand followers, and one of first rank by twenty thousand!

The journey was effected in vehicles something between a palanquin and a sedan-chair, but of which there are numerous varieties. The whole was in charge of a gobanyosi, or police-officer, who took his orders with Japanese politeness as to the halts, although all was arranged before-

hand. Men, women, and children who met the procession on the way turned their backs to it, the Dutch were told, out of respect! It generally took seven days to cross the island of Kiu-Siu, whence they went by water to Siomouoseki, and thence by an archipelago of little islands to Ohasaka. Thence it took twenty-two to twenty-three days by Miako to Yeddo—altogether some fifty days from Nagasaki to their destination. The mission was hospitably entertained by the native chiefs on its way, and a detachment of troops took charge of it through each principality. The roads being wide and well kept, although sometimes crowded, no inconvenience was ever experienced. The roads are indeed, for the most part, lined with trees, and are swept clean with brooms—it is supposed for the sake of the sweepings. Innumerable little shops are also met with, where they sell straw shoes for travellers, as also for horses and buffaloes. Little books are also sold containing all the most minute information as to inns and expenses on the way.

Among the more remarkable objects met with on these interesting journeys were the temples, some of which belong to peculiar sects. One of these—the Ikko-Syou—have the image of only one god—Amida, a name not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and its priests marry and eat meat. Near Sonogui* is a camphor-tree, seventeen yards in circumference, and which was old in the time of Kämpfer, one hundred and thirty-five years before it was measured by Siebold. At Tsuka-Saki are thermal springs, and at Kayanosi coal, or apparently lignite deposits. In the archipelago is a temple to Kompira, the Japanese Neptune, to whom offerings are made of small coin, as also of saki—the rice beer of the country. Old trees grow in the vicinity of the temples; a pine at Fimesi is described by Fischer as being in his time (1822) nine hundred and eighty-three years old. The harbour of Fiogo is protected by a great breakwater; beyond it is the renowned Ohasaka. This is indeed the handsomest and richest city of the empire, and where theatres and amusements of all kinds do most abound. Hence do all travellers agree in calling it the Paris of Japan.

It is a day and a half hence to Miako, or Miyako, the residence of the mikado, or sovereign pontiff. The city is described as being situated in a beautiful valley, where water, vegetation, climate, and scenery unite to render life delicious. The city is especially termed Fei-on-sio—"the City of Tranquillity." Here is the Daira, or residence of the sovereign pontiff mikado. Here also are the five great academies, each of which is said to boast of its three thousand five hundred pupils. Here also are those wondrous temples with their giant idols which excited at once the surprise and the ire of the old travellers. "The devil could not have suggested to the emperor a readier means of spending his immense treasures," exclaimed the bigoted Spaniard Don Rodrigo de Vivero y Velasco, in 1609. Visiting the tomb of Taicosama, the same uncompromising Romanist grieves over splendid edifices raised to the memory of a man "whose soul is in hell to all eternity." And he concludes his contemplation of Japanese folly and idolatry by saying, "I was wearied with seeing so many temples, and moaned for the power of the devil over these people."

* Kämpfer writes Siangui, Thunberg Sinongui, and Fischer Sonogi.

The mission, while at Miako, was placed under the most rigid surveillance, and people were only allowed to visit it "naibon"—a common Japanese expression to signify non-officially, or when the authorities choose to close their eyes upon what is being done against rule.

From Miako to Yeddo the mission followed the Tokaido—the most frequented of all the great highways in Japan. Kämpfer, who travelled four times along this road, asserts that it is daily traversed by more people than the public streets of the great cities of Europe. We cannot but imagine that there is in this, as in many of the statements relating to Japan, much exaggeration. The chief travellers seem to be the princes and their suites. When two parties meet, as with us, each keeps his right hand. Half way on this road is the little town of Aray, where the baggage is carefully examined, passports are perused, and, above all, women are prevented passing disguised in men's clothes. Beyond this there are two rivers to cross, one with such an impracticable name that all travellers spell it differently (Oygawa of Siebold), and which has to be crossed on men's shoulders. This torrent is so liable to sudden rises that no bridge can be built over it. The giant Fusi Yama, of the same height as Etna, comes now in sight, its peak clad with perpetual snows. The Japanese make pilgrimages to its very summit, where they go to worship the genius of tempests. This mountain imparts a character of magnificence to the whole scene. An order of monks called the Yamabosis, or Mountain Bouzes, dwell on its flanks. Beyond Mount Fusi there is the rocky chain of Fakone to cross, with a military and police station of same name. The lakes and rivers of this district abound in salmon and trout. Titsingh tells a strange story, if true, of this police station. A Japanese managed to get through with his two children, a boy and a girl—the latter disguised as a boy. A man who knew the delinquent threatened to denounce him unless he paid him a large sum of money. The father had it not, so the man returned to the gate and told what had happened. The excitement was great, for it concerned the heads of all. The officer on duty, however, managed to avoid exposure. He sent off another boy, telling the father to leave the girl and return with the two boys. When he had thus proved himself in the right, he could, in a fit of legitimate anger, kill the denouncer. The father accordingly returned to the post with the two boys, and took the hint as to the summary mode of disposing of the man who had brought him and the guard into trouble.

As the capital is approached, towns and villages almost touch one another, and the highway is described as being positively encumbered with travellers. The description given of the capital of the empire by old travellers fully corroborates the recent details transmitted to this country by the companions of Lord Elgin.* The streets are described as being

* The name Yeddo, or Jeddo, signifies "the mouth or entrance of the river." It is also called Tô-to, "the eastern capital," to distinguish it from Miako—i. e. "the capital." The legitimate title of the chief is said to be Koubo (Kung Fang), i. e. the Duke, or Dai Siogoun, the great general or commander-in-chief. The term Tycoon, by which he has been introduced to us lately, signifies simply the "great officer." It is after all a question of names, for by whatever name the chief of Yeddo is designated, he is at the head of the feudal nobility, in command of the military and secular ruler, or autocrat of the empire. The Mikado, or Ten-Zi, i. e. "the Son of Heaven," who resides at Miako, retains at present little except the name of emperor. He arrogates descent from Ten Zio Dai Zin, "the Sun-

wide, regular, paved at the sides, and lined with houses of one story, and of a uniform style of building. Among them are many larger buildings and magazines. In front of these magazines, as well as of the other houses, are the shops, marked by their particular signs, and peopled by boys, who invite purchasers with noisy exclamations.* Although no carts or carriages are allowed to circulate in the streets, still the movement and bustle of this immense capital is compared with what is met with in the most busy streets of London. Yeddo stands at the extremity of a gulf, or estuary, which is fed by several streams, the largest of which flows through the centre of the city. The water is shallow near Yeddo itself, hence coasting vessels anchor at a place called Sinagawa. Above, the river is crossed by numerous bridges, the chief of which is called Nip-pon Bars, or the bridge of Japan, and all the geographical distances of the empire are fixed from that point. The town itself, which stretches along the bay in a crescent-like shape, is said to be from fifty to sixty miles in circumference, and the population is estimated by different people at from one million eight hundred thousand to two millions and a half of souls. Yeddo is not, however, either so regularly built or so handsome as Miako or Ohasaka. It owes its immense size in great part to the presence of the siogouns, and partly to the houses being only of one story. The imperial palace is after the fashion of the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, and those of the yellow city of Pekin—a town within a town—with gardens watered by derivatives from the river. It takes three hours to walk round the imperial enclosure. Other palaces are grouped around the home of the sovereign, among which are the residences of the empress, of the princes of the blood, of the concubines, and of the chief officers of state. The imperial enclosure is at once a palace and a prison—a Versailles and a Bastille—for the laws of etiquette are so severe in the higher ranks, that with many of the officers—as with the Lord Chamberlain and others—life is one continuous and wearisome imprisonment.

When Lord Elgin's party landed from the little squadron, swelled by the presence of the steam-yacht *Emperor*, a present for the siogoun, pretty nearly the same peculiarities were noticed. The ambassador was received and put into his chair by sundry two-sworded personages, the rest of the mission, together with some officers of the squadron, following on horseback. The crowd, which for upwards of a mile lined the streets leading to the building fixed upon as the residence of the embassy, was dense in the extreme; the procession was preceded by policemen in harlequin costume, jingling huge iron rods of office, hung with heavy-clad

God," the founder of the empire, and, as such, claims the reverence of the people. He traces his descent in an unbroken line from Zin Mon, the Divine Warrior, who established his authority 667 years B.C. He is supposed to be the fountain of all honour, and from him all the great officers of state, including the Siogoun, nominally receive their investiture. The relationship of the Mikado and the Siogoun in present times may be compared to that of the old Merovingian Kynings, who, as descendants of the Scandinavian divinities, were regarded as sacred persons, while their power was wrested from them and exercised by the mayors of the palace.

* The houses of the nobles are built in regular order, forming wide streets, some forty yards broad; an immense court-yard, with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each enclosure; while around the enclosure is the house of the chief, as also those of his followers, retainers, domestic servants, and stables.

rings, to warn the crowd away. Ropes were stretched across the streets, down which masses of people rushed, attracted by the novel sight; while every few hundred yards were gates partitioning off the different wards, which were severally closed immediately on the passing of the procession.

The residence assigned to Lord Elgin was a portion of a temple situated upon the outskirts of the imperial residence, or the "Princes' quarter." In front of it was a street which continued for ten miles, (!) as closely packed with houses, and as densely crowded with people, as it is from Hyde Park-corner to Mile-end. At the back of it stretched a wide and somewhat dreary aristocratic quarter, which contained the residences of three hundred and sixty hereditary princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half a dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate in these ten thousand retainers. A magnificent moat, seventy to eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which ran a massive wall, composed of stones Cyclopean in their dimensions, the whole crowned by a lofty palisade, surrounded the imperial residence, which is again buried amidst groves of giant cedars. From the highest point of the fortifications in rear of the castle, a panoramic view was obtained of the vast city, with its two millions and a half (?) of inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The castle alone was computed to be capable of containing forty thousand inhabitants. "Yeddo," says another member of the same mission, "is, without exception, one of the finest cities in the world." It must be borne in mind, however, in connexion with the vast space covered by the town, that owing to the frequency of earthquakes the houses are only of one story, and hence a smaller amount of population covers a greater extent of space than in Europe.

But the party on shore did not confine itself to exploring the city alone; excursions of ten miles into the country were made in two different directions, and but one opinion prevailed with respect to the extraordinary evidences of civilisation which met the eye in every direction. Every cottage, temple, or tea-house was surrounded by gardens laid out with exquisite taste, and the most elaborate neatness was skilfully blended with grandeur of design. The natural features of the country were admirably taken advantage of, and a long ride was certain to be rewarded by a romantic scene, where a tea-house was picturesquely perched over a waterfall, or a temple reared its carved gables amid groves of ancient cedars. The tea-house is described as the national characteristic of Japan. The traveller, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment; stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavoured tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants.

The modesty of our countrymen who accompanied Lord Elgin's mission appears, however, to have been somewhat taken aback by seeing no small portion of the population of Nagasaki washing themselves in tubs at the corners of streets towards evening. In Yeddo they frequent large bathing establishments, the door of which is open to the passer-by, and

presents a curious spectacle, more especially, we are told, if the inmates of both sexes ingenuously rush to it to gaze at the European as he rides blushing past. Another, however, saw two or three ladies quietly sitting in tubs in front of their doors at Yeddo itself washing themselves with the utmost unconcern, traffic and business through the street going on past them as usual. They were, indeed, given to understand that this was a general custom.

Such an apparent want of modesty is difficult to comprehend, and it is not reconcilable with the advanced state of civilisation of the Japanese that is to be deduced from other facts. Modesty cannot be ranked among mere conventional things; its absence is not the extinction of a prejudice, its presence is one of the distinctive characters between the human race and that of brutes. It is not on this point alone, however, that the Japanese differ from Europeans. In many of their habits and manners they present a striking antagonism to that which is accepted in Europe. To show respect, for example, we take off our hats: the Japanese remove their shoes. We get up, they sit down, for with them it is the height of unpoliteness to receive a visitor standing. When going out we put on a great-coat, the Japanese put on capacious trousers.

Social life is under the same strict traditionary regulations as is private life. We see in it the perfection of an antique civilisation polished by the experience of ages. As in matters of private cleanliness, so in general sanitary arrangements the Japanese are reputed in advance of us; and as if to add the acme of perfection of town life, no wheeled carriages are tolerated—only foot-passengers, porters, sedan-chairs, and at the most an occasional horse.

The beauty and delights of the house of a Japanese noble are equally vaunted. Nothing that pleases the eye or can gratify the senses is neglected: the gardens abound in flowers, the orchards with fruit; the ponds teem with fish, and aviaries with bright-plumaged birds. A theatre is attached to every palace. The details of the interior are, however, too minute for our purposes.

The Japanese, it is to be remarked, are essentially brave. They are accustomed to the use of arms from twelve years of age. Their chief pride consists in the excellence of their arms, which are, however, about a century in arrear of those of Europe, except the temper of their swords, and the dexterity with which they can use them. Courage and justice are the two great virtues which education in Japan seeks to develop in children. They are never either threatened or struck. Hence also naturally of a kind disposition, they are inveterate when their sense of right is injured.

Sobriety is another of the chief characteristics of the Japanese. They neither eat nor drink much. Their strongest drink is saki, or beer made of rice and honey. Soy, or soya, which is imported to this country, is made of barley, the seed of the dolichos, and salt fermented. They do not drink either coffee or milk. Tobacco was first introduced by the Portuguese. Gin-seng, which is the chief luxury sought for, and for which fabulous prices are said to be given, as ensuring immortality, is the root of the wild sugar-cane of Corea.

All employments, as indeed all other matters in Japan, are heredi-

tary. Forms of government, religious institutions, manners, customs, costume, architecture, all the habits of life, are traditional, and have been the same for now nigh thirty centuries. The introduction of Buddhism, the institution of siogouns as emperors in the thirteenth century, and their subsequent usurpation of power, are but superpositions on an old form of society. Every city has its national guard, to which each street contributes a certain number of men. In a country where almost every crime is visited by capital punishment, it is death to insult a national guard. They have, however, not only their ordinary police, but also their *mitsouke*, or spies. The princes of Satsuma, who preserve a kind of independence owing to their reputed descent from Iyeyas, are said to kill every spy that is found on their territory. So perfect, however, is the police system in Japan, that it is said no criminal escapes; indeed, it would appear that they do not attempt to escape.

When a Japanese of distinction has incurred sentence of death, for example, his sovereign or prince sends him a little sword, or, according to others, a missive on a fan. On the reception of this unwelcome present, the Japanese assumes a peculiar dress, which it is said every one has in readiness for such an event; and he then goes through the ceremony of the *hara-kiri*, or embowelling himself, in the presence of the envoy. At the same moment a soldier, or a servant, or a friend cuts off his head with a sword. These terrible scenes are sometimes enacted with greater ceremony in the temples. A Japanese gentleman has never been known to hesitate whether he was guilty or not. If after cutting himself in the lower part of the body he has still strength sufficient to give an additional cut at his throat, he obtains thereby great celebrity.

The punishment of death is inflicted for the slightest crimes, particularly for theft. Whoever (says the old traveller, Caron) has stolen for the value of one penny has no pardon to expect. Whosoever hazards any money in gambling loses his life. Avarice, extortion, and even sometimes the utterance of a falsehood, especially if with a view to pervert the course of justice, is punished with death. Death is also sometimes inflicted in the most cruel manner. Caron relates that the Lord of Firando, as he called him, caused three young ladies out of his seraglio to be shut up alive in a large chest, the inside of which was provided on all sides with nails, leaving them to die in that miserable manner. One of them had entered into a too familiar intercourse with a nobleman, but the other two had committed no other crime than that of having been privy to the amour, and not having divulged it. The nobleman ripped up his belly. A husband who finds his wife with another man in any apartment of which the door is shut, is allowed to kill them both. Excursionists to Japan would do well to take a memorandum of this fact. If the husband be from home, any relation or servant may exercise the same right. Hence instances of adultery occur very rarely. Caron relates some extraordinary instances, as also the still more extraordinary punishment that followed upon them. Unfortunately the narrative, published in 1811, would scarcely be tolerated in 1858.

When the offence committed is against the state, punishment is inflicted against the whole race of the offender. "It happened," says Caron, "in my time, what indeed is not a matter of rare occurrence, that a nobleman who had been appointed by the emperor to the ad-

ministration of a certain territory in the vicinity of Yeddo, extorted from the peasants a larger contribution than that at which the lands they cultivated were legally assessed. Scraping in this manner together more than he stood in need of for the support of his establishment, he saved money and became a rich man. The peasants at length, not being able to endure the oppression under which they laboured any longer, presented a petition, and proved the allegation which it contained. Upon this the nobleman was condemned, together with his whole family, to rip open their bellies. He had a brother in the western territory, at about two hundred and fifty leagues' distance, in the service of the King of Tingo; an uncle at Satsuma, twenty leagues further; a son in the service of the Rajah of Kinocani; a grandson in the eastern territory, one hundred and ten leagues from Yeddo, at the court of the King of Massamne; another son in the service of the governor of the castle of Quando; two brothers, who were soldiers in the imperial service; and another son, the youngest of all, who lived near Yeddo, and whom he had given to a rich merchant, who, having no other children but daughters, had, even in his infancy, earnestly begged to have the young man, with the intention of marrying him to one of his daughters. The Dutch were well acquainted with the merchant. All these persons, living at such wide distances from each other, ripped open their bellies, and died on the same day, and at the same hour.

In order to fix the day of the execution, a calculation was made how many days an imperial courier would require to travel from Yeddo to Satsuma, the most distant place where any of the relatives of the culprit resided, and on what day of the month, and at what hour of the day, he could arrive there. It appearing that that would be on the eighth day of the eighth month, orders were issued that all the others should execute the sentence upon themselves on that day exactly at noon; which was observed with the greatest precision.

The merchant, whose daughter had married the youngest son of this noble criminal, died at Ohasaka of grief at the death of his son-in-law, whom he had educated, and whom he tenderly loved. His daughter desired also to rip open her belly and die with her husband; but seeing that her parents kept a watchful eye over her to prevent her, she took the resolution of declining to take any food or drink, and by that means put an end to her life eleven days after the death of her husband.

Living under such a system of legislation, it is no wonder that the women, as well as the men, accustom themselves to contemplate death with less feeling of dread than is customary in Europe. They are said even to suffer the cruellest tortures with great coolness. It is, however, only the nobles and the military who enjoy this peculiarly Japanese privilege of ripping open their bellies. Merchants, citizens, and persons of inferior rank, receive their punishment from the hands of an executioner.

Europeans have, it is to be regretted, sometimes unintentionally brought the pain of the *hara-kiri*, or ripping of the belly, on the unfortunate natives. When Captain Pellew pursued the Dutch into the harbour of Nagasaki, in 1808, and broke through all Japanese etiquette, the governor and several of the chief officers put an end to their lives, as the

only means of preserving their families from a similar fate. Even Dr. Siebold, imprisoned for breaking the rules by making topographical sketches, is said to have been the cause of the death of some faithful Japanese who abetted his escape. The doctor does not allude to this unfortunate event himself, but it is mentioned in the *Univers Pittoresque*, art. "Asie," tom. viii. p. 137.

"When a nobleman dies," Caron tells us, "from ten to thirty of his subjects, or servants, according to the rank and power of the deceased, rip open their bellies and accompany him to the grave. To do this, they assemble their relations, and all go together to a pagoda. In the middle of it mats and carpets are spread, upon which they sit down and partake of a farewell repast. They eat and drink heartily and gaily, as if nothing was the matter. After the repast, the man who means to die cuts open his belly crosswise, so the entrails gush out. Such as possess most courage afterwards cut their own throats, and immediately give up the ghost."

There are no fewer than fifty different modes of performing this most horrible practice of *hara-kiri* which are customary among these Oriental stoics. Can it, in the face of such facts as these, be said that it is not desirable to make known to them, by all possible means, a more benign and a more humane system of religion and morality? Among the punishments in use in Japan are burning alive; crucifixion, with the legs in the air and the head downwards; tearing into four quarters with bulls, and being cast alive into boiling water or oil. All these tortures were practised upon the first martyrs. At first, the believers in Christ were only beheaded or crucified. But afterwards, finding this had no effect, they were tied to stakes, or broiled on wooden gridirons, the girls being thrown into tubs full of snakes. "One's heart," says old Caron, "shrinks to hear of the many other abominable and inhuman cruelties which were committed, and the pen refuses to record them."

The slave of ceremony and traditional etiquette during life, a Japanese is not even allowed to die in peace. When death appears inevitable, the patient's clothes are removed and their place supplied by others. These are put on topsy-turvy, the sleeves at the feet and the lower part upwards. When dead, the body is laid out with the head to the north and the face to the west. The water with which the body is washed is warmed on a fireplace kept for that especial purpose. Another grand toilette of the dead is then gone through, the body is laid out with its head to the south, and food is proffered. A very brief time is, however, allowed to elapse before the funeral, which is attended by all the relatives, male and female, in white garments, takes place.

According to some, till the year A.D. 63, but, according to others, A.D. 285, the Japanese knew no other than their *Kamis*, or Pantheon of *Sintos*—ancestral heroes deified by tradition. According to Siebold, the doctrine of Confucius, as well as that of Buddha, was introduced, about A.D. 285, from the Corea; but, according to others, the introduction of the doctrine of Buddha preceded that of Confucius by more than a century. The word "*kami*," like our English word "*lord*," may be used in a human sense or in a religious one. The Japanese also apply the term to a supreme God as well as to their deified heroes. The priests of the *Sintos* may marry; those of Buddha may not do so, and are, in conse-

quence, if we may believe Caron, addicted to many malpractices. Siebold has treated at length upon the intricate subject of Japanese worship, under the head of "Nip-pon Pantheon." That portion of his work contains figures and short descriptions of the principal deities, deified governors, &c., temples, priests, ranks and names of different sects, sacred monuments, implements, and dresses belonging to the Sintos and Buddhist religion in Japan.

"Diabolo ecclesiam Christi imitante!" exclaimed the courageous missionary François Xavier on seeing how the practices of the Japanese resembled those of the Romanists in Europe. And as Huc and other missionaries have remarked of Buddhism in China and Thibet, the celibacy of the priests, the use of sacraments and confession, fasting, pilgrimages, vows, the worship of relics and saints, purgatory, the worship of images, indeed all the practices of Buddhism, are so tinged with the colour of Romanism, that if the Asiatic religion did not date 600 years B.C., one would take it as a mere Oriental rendering of the Western form of superstition.

The daughters, real and adopted, of the priests of the mountains, a peculiar sect swelled by the ranks of the Japanese hetaira, compose an order of begging nuns, who appear to be alike a disgrace to the country and to any form of religion. Recent writers do not say so much upon these subjects, but old writers, like Caron and Kämpfer, who were not so particular, describe the temples of some sects as the scene of many abominations.

Yet that women in Japan enjoy real social importance is sufficiently attested by the fact of their hereditary admission even to the throne of the mikados. The Japanese have only one legitimate wife, although they may have several concubines. This wife is, strange to say, made responsible for her husband's debts. But this is portion of a system of responsibility which is common to all Japanese social relations. Nowhere are women treated with greater respect or courtesy than in Japan, nor is their life anywhere surrounded by more means of gratification. The butterfly—emblem of inconstancy in Europe—plays an important part in the marriage ceremony in Japan. They are apparently closer entomological observers than Europeans generally, and they have consecrated the butterfly because it terminates its existence "*dans une union amoureuse.*" Two girls enact the part, the one of the male butterfly, the other of the female butterfly, at all marriage ceremonies, the most important part of which consists in the bride and bridegroom drinking to one another and changing cups. This establishes a permanent engagement in Japan, and our merchants and skippers must beware of exchanging glasses with the pretty maids who flutter in the tea-gardens.

That the Japanese are the most intelligent and cultivated of all the Asiatic nations is generally admitted. Even the ladies read, and that a good deal too. Many of the officials and merchants can speak English and Dutch. They read European papers and periodicals. One of the nobles questioned Commodore Perry, to his great surprise, about Ericson's caloric ship. They have their own system of astronomy and chronology, as also their almanacks. They appear, indeed, to have astonished some of the members of Lord Elgin's mission not a little. "It is curious,"

writes one of these gentlemen, "that while some of their customs are what we would deem rather barbarous, and while they are ignorant of many common things—while they still rip themselves up, and shoe their horses with straw because ignorant of any other method—they have jumped to a knowledge of certain branches of science which it has taken nations in Europe hundreds of years to attain. At Nagasaki they can turn out of their yard an engine for a railway or steamer. Japanese captains and engineers command their men-of-war, of which three are steamers; they understand the electric telegraph; they make thermometers, and barometers, theodolites, and, I believe, aneroids. Their spy-glasses and microscopes are good, and very cheap. They have a large glass manufactory which turns out glass little inferior to our own. They have a short line of railway somewhere in the interior, given by the Americans."*

So it will be in respect to defensive and offensive means. Hitherto, in pursuance of the system of seclusion, it has been forbidden to construct large ships, so that the natives should not leave their coasts, but under a new system a new order of things will undoubtedly arise. So with their hundreds of thousands of armed men, as yet only in the military perfection of the sixteenth century, they could not stand before an adequate European force; but if once their country, or their laws or religion were attacked, they would soon learn to place their military system upon a par with that of those who should venture to outrage their nationality. The moral superiority would be on their side. They are brave even to contempt of life, most sensitive on the point of honour, and cruel and vindictive in their enmity. It would be a grievous error, then, in a political point of view—not to mention the immorality of such a course—for any nation, be they Russian, English, French, or American (and the latter have entertained the notion of a forcible occupation of one of the Japanese islands), to attempt to coerce so brave, so intelligent, and so patriotic a people.

But if force is to be repudiated, equally so are any immediate and glaring attempts at intruding our habits and manners, our laws or religion upon this antique race. Civilisation is a comparative term, and if we are in advance of Japan in some of the material arts, it is very questionable if we are in advance of them in all the moral and social relations. There are, as we have observed, some gory spots in their system, and if we wish really and sincerely to benefit them, and to confer upon them the blessings of Christianity, we must proceed cautiously. Captain

* The names of the month have, like those of the French revolutionary calendar, a peculiar and interesting local significance. Thus the first month is called the friendly month, being that of the new year. The second is the month of change, winter clothes being then exchanged for summer garments. The third is the budding month; the fourth, the flowering month; the fifth, the transplanting month (in allusion to rice); the sixth is the dry month; the seventh, the month of letters; the eighth is the month of falling leaves; the ninth is the long month, or month of long nights; the tenth is the godless month; the eleventh, the month of hoar frosts; and the twelfth, the final or terminal month. The tenth month is so called because, according to some, the gods wait upon the mikado that month; according to others, all the divinities leave their respective temples on a pilgrimage to Idzumo, in the north of Japan.

Whittingham judiciously remarks upon this delicate subject, that "great caution and judgment should attend the deliberation of the question," "where missionaries should be sent." The Americans have this advantage over us there, while they uphold the propagation of the Gospel they forbid all religious disputes. The arrogance of mankind is nowhere shown so much as in always wishing to force its own dogmas upon other people and other nations. Truth will always prevail, if quietly and peaceably allowed to have its own way. We have one system. Under it we have poverty, rudeness, and vulgarity among the lower classes, and drunkenness and immorality among all. We have seduction and adultery, and public prostitution; we have theft, robbery, and murder. The Japanese have another system. Under it they have none of these—with rare exceptions—but they have a corrupt hierarchy, a legalised system of prostitution, and cruel and vindictive punishments. If the goodness of systems were to be judged of, then, by their working, it is manifest that European nations would have the worst of the comparison. But it is not thus that things are to be judged—it is by the intent; and therein Christianity so far surpasses all other religions that it is impossible not to feel what a delightful thing it would be to make the Japanese real Christians, if it were only to shame the nominal Christians of the West.

An article in the treaty of Yeddo permits to British subjects the free exercise of their own religion, and sanctions the erection of churches and chapels at Hakodadi, Kanagawa, Nagasaki, Hiogo, and Ohasaka. But the treaty says nothing about proselytism. Nevertheless, meetings have been held, presided over by the Bishop of London, with the view of establishing Christian missions in Japan. These it is our duty, as members of a Christian church, to support, but it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the greatest caution is necessary. It is not only that to the indiscreet zeal of Christian missions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Europe owed its long and unfortunate exclusion from the Japanese empire, but it is that the same zeal entailed the utter extermination of both teachers and followers down to the first-born. A more horrible and terrible massacre, accompanied by greater atrocities, is not upon record. Too much zeal may once more not only make us lose all the advantages gained by treaties, but may once more entail a similar sad catastrophe.

Certain it is now that Europeans and Americans are soon to be brought in daily contact with the industrious population of this well-to-do country. Englishmen and Americans are to be located at Yeddo, as they were at Canton; our factories are to rise in very sight of the siogoun's castle, and our steamers to delight the eyes of the fair ladies who frequent the tea-gardens stretched along the banks of the river on which the city is built. The result of our intercourse with these people must therefore depend very much on ourselves. We have the experiences of past years, and the testimony of past writers and recent visitors, to guide us in forming a just estimate of the Japanese character. They are, undoubtedly, a licentious people; that seems to be their greatest weakness and their gravest sin. But they are cleanly, sober, industrious, clever, skilful, quick to learn, ingenious, honest, and well and kindly

disposed. "Japan," says one recent writer, "is not equalled by any country on the face of the globe, whilst, as if to harmonise with its surpassing natural endowments, it is peopled by a race whose qualities are of the most amiable and winning description, and whose material prosperity has been so equalised as to ensure happiness and contentment to all classes." With the exception then of progress in literature, and the arts and sciences, and the invaluable knowledge of our salvation through a merciful Redeemer, the Japanese are more civilised than the nations of Europe. As they do not possess the overweening conceit of the Chinese, it equally behoves other nations not to give themselves airs of superiority without well weighing how far they are justified in doing so. A full, comprehensive, and fair consideration of the subject might show that the right to self-congratulation and superciliousness was on the other side. Loyal and courageous, the Japanese will stand by their laws and defend their institutions, and they well know how to perfect themselves in the arts of war as well as those of peace. If we pursue towards them, then, a just and considerate line of conduct, the Japanese, there is every reason to believe, from what we can gather of their character, will more than respond to our efforts to promote the cause of trade and of free intercourse; they would, indeed, were it not for the absurd practice of exclusiveness forced upon them by the traditions of the past, and upheld by a mistaken policy on the part of the rulers, receive Europeans open armed. But chivalrous in their sentiments, and warm in their friendships as they are, they will always resent anything like want of faith, breach of promises, or studied insult to their laws, habits, or religion. As enemies, they are, as was shown on the occasion of the terrible extirpation of Christianity, and as is still more shown in the carrying out of their own laws and modes of punishment, obstinate, cruel, and unrelenting. It will be the fault of European and American nations, then, if they are not prepared to deal fairly with people of such sensitive and honourable feelings, and if they do not treat with respect and consideration the moral and religious prejudices—if it is so pleased to term them—of a nation with such well-marked and distinct characteristics.

The treaty signed at Yeddo on the 26th of August, 1858, stipulates, among other things, the reciprocal right of appointing diplomatic agents at Yeddo and London; that the ports of Hakodadi (previously with Simoda opened by Commodore Perry to the Americans), Kanagawa, and Nagasaki be opened to British subjects from July 1st, 1859; Nee-e-gata, or if that is unsuitable as a harbour, some other port on the west coast of Nip-pon, as also Hiogo, on January 1st, 1860. In all these places British subjects may reside, may lease ground, and purchase and erect buildings, and are not to be confined within walls and gates, but are to be allowed free ingress and egress. Their excursions are to be limited within ten ri, or some twenty-five miles English. After January 1st, 1862, British subjects may reside at Yeddo; and from January 1st, 1863, at Ohasaka (Osaca), for purposes of trade only.

The other stipulations of the treaty detail the relations both political and commercial in which the two nations shall stand to one another, and not one of the least important of these to some future traveller, navigator, or merchant, is that, in error, he shall be punished by British laws and

not by Japanese. The gates of an extensive, opulent, luxurious, and populous dominion, which have been closed to our commerce ever since the reign of the second Charles, are thus opened to us. As to the positive benefits that may be expected to accrue, everything depends upon the adaptation of British exports to the Japanese market; but with the exception of clocks, a branch of manufacture in which the Americans excel, the British are surely prepared to reap the advantages to be derived from this new and important field as much as any other nation. It has been justly remarked, that whereas in China everything, from the emperor to a bamboo junk, is an imposture, in Japan the wealth of the country is real, and there cannot be the slightest doubt but that so curious and so intelligent a people will gradually learn to avail themselves of any advantages which we may be ready to present them with in arts and manufactures. There is, however, little to be feared on this point—the spirit of enterprise of the British is what has made them what they are—and the interests of the manufacturers is as much concerned in the opening of Japan as that of the merchants and shipowners. The British merchants are the last to open transactions in any country without adapting their enterprises to its necessities, and with the vast experience which they already possess of the East, it is most unlikely that a peculiarly commercial race should be guilty of any egregious blunders in its renewed traffic with Japan. The account we have given of the produce of the country will furnish some idea of its exports, experience of the past will tell of the nature of the imports; but this experience will also admit alike of great modifications and of an almost infinite development. It is in the nature of a luxurious civilisation to beget wants, and as far as possible to spare no expense in satisfying them. The Japanese in these respects, although restrained on some points, as in costume, by habits and tradition, are just as advanced as the English and French. It is not to be supposed that there is one comfort or one luxury which is coveted in these countries that will not be understood, appreciated, and coveted in Japan. The marvellous products of European industry have thus a new, and for a time an almost boundless market opened to them; and all we hope is that we may win the perpetual good will and friendship of an amiable people in return for the material and moral advantages which the new connexion will no doubt proffer to them.

ASSIZE SUNDAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

It was a bright afternoon in the early part of March, a Saturday, and the bell of Riverton cathedral tolled out for service, as the clock chimed the three-quarters past two. In the sitting-room of a small house, just outside the precincts of the cathedral, lay a lady on a curious-looking couch. A lace cap shaded her delicate features, and she had rich, loving brown eyes and damask cheeks. She had an affection of the spine, and required to lie there a great portion of her time. Her eyes were full of tears, but at the sound of a footstep she hastily dried them.

A boy came in—her boy—slender, and tall for his age, which might be about sixteen. He was wonderfully like his mother: it was the same exquisite face; the soft dark eyes, the bright complexion, and the pure features.

"Are you going, Henry?"

"The bell has begun, mamma."

He advanced to his mother to give her his farewell kiss; and then he noticed something strange in her face. "Mamma, how hot you are! You look as if you had been crying!"

"As I have, dear child. And it was very foolish of me, for crying will not alter things."

"What is it?" he hastily inquired.

"Nothing new: only the old troubles over and over again. Your papa's ill-health prevents him doing anything, and expenses go on just the same, and bills accumulate. Never mind, dear; you cannot mend matters; so do not let them trouble you. There is a note somewhere for you to read: I think Lucy put it on the mantelpiece."

Henry looked, and saw a note, which he unfolded and began to read. Mrs. Arkell continued:

"They want you to spend Monday with them, you see; and as it will be the judges' holiday, you can get leave from college and do so. They——"

She was interrupted by a cry of pain. "Mamma! what does it mean?"

Mrs. Arkell started up and clasped her hands. "Oh, Henry, you have opened the wrong note! What has Lucy done?"

He had indeed seen a note not meant for him to see. A threatening lawyer's letter, that if the "10l." were not paid by that night, execution would be proceeded with on Monday. Henry Arkell turned sick.

But he controlled his emotion, and spoke calmly. "Does it mean a prison for papa?"

"Lucy must have left out the wrong note," Mrs. Arkell continued, in deep distress. "Henry, you ought not to have read it."

"It cannot be helped now, mamma. Does it mean a prison?"

"Perhaps it does, dear: I scarcely understand it myself. It means great distress and confusion."

He could hardly speak for consternation: the embarrassments of the

family—unavoidable, and, so to speak, honourable embarrassments—had, in a great measure, been kept from him. “What will be done? Papa must borrow it from Mr. Arkell.”

“I do not think he will: your papa says he will not apply to him again. If you only knew how much, how often, we have to borrow from Mr. Arkell—kind, generous Mr. Arkell!—you would not wonder at your papa’s shrinking from it.”

“Is it this that has made you worse lately, mamma?”

“These things generally. But for Mr. Arkell we could not have got through the winter at all. Child,” she added, bursting into tears, “in spite of my firmly-seated trust, these petty anxieties are wearing me out. Every time a knock comes to the door, I shiver and tremble, lest it should be people come to ask for money which we cannot pay. Henry, you will be late.”

“Plenty of time, mamma. I timed myself one day, and ran from this to the cloister entrance in two minutes and a half. Are you being pressed for much besides this?” he continued, touching the letter.

“Not very much for anything else,” she replied. “That is the worst: if that were settled, I think we might manage to stave off the rest till brighter days come round. If we can but retain our home!—several times it would have gone, but for Mr. Arkell.”

“Oh, if I were but old enough to help!” he uttered, clasping his hands with an action of despair.

“I was wrong to speak of this to you,” she sighed: “and I am wrong to give way, myself. It is not often that I do. How could Lucy have made the mistake? Cheer up, Harry,” she added, with a cheerful look: “God never sent a burden, but He sent strength to bear it: and we have always, hitherto, been wonderfully helped. Henry, you will surely be late.”

He slowly took his elbow from the mantelpiece, where it had been leaning. “No. But if I were, it would be something new: it is not often they have to mark me late.”

Henry Arkell kissed his mother, and walked out of the house in a dreamy mood, and with a slow step; not with the eager look and quick foot of a schoolboy, in dread of being marked late on the cathedral-roll. As he let the gate swing to, behind him, and turned towards the way which led to the back, or cloister-entrance, of the cathedral, a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

Henry turned, and saw a young, tall, aristocratic man, looking down upon him. In spite of his mind’s trouble, his face shone with pleasure.

“Oh, Mr. St. John! Are you in Riverton?”

“Well, I think you have pretty good ocular demonstration of it. Harry, you have grown out of all knowledge: you will be as tall as my anky self, if you go on like this. How is Mrs. Arkell?”

“Not any better, thank you, sir. I am so very pleased to see you,” he continued: “but I cannot stop now. The bell has been going ten minutes.”

“In the choir still? Are you the senior boy?”

“Senior chorister, but not senior boy yet. Prattleton is senior. Jocelyn went to Oxford in January.”

“Harry, I must see your medal. I heard of your success.”

"Oh, I'll fetch it out in a minute: it is only in the parlour."

He ran in, and came out with a medal of gold, hanging to a blue ribbon. Mr. St. John took it in his hand.

"The dean displayed taste," was his remark. "Riverton cathedral on one side, and the inscription to you on the other."

"My name had to be put in afterwards, you know, when it was found I had gained it."

"I am glad you did gain it, Harry," said Mr. St. John, looking kindly at him. "There; put it up, and be off. I don't want you to be marked late through me."

There was not another minute to be lost, so Henry slipped the medal into his jacket-pocket, and flew away. Mr. St. John, a gentleman of high birth, whose family lived near the cathedral, had once been a college boy himself.

There was a bad practice prevailing in the college school, but only resorted to by the senior boys: it was that of pledging their goods and chattels. Watches, chains, silver pencil-cases, books, or anything else available, were taken to Rutterley, the pawnbroker's, without scruple. Of course, this was not known to the masters. A tale was told of Jones tertius having taken his surplice to Rutterley's one Monday morning; and, being unable to redeem it on the Saturday, he had lain in bed all day on the Sunday, and sent word to the head master that he had sprained his ankle. On the Monday, he limped into the school, apparently in excruciating pain, to the sympathy of the masters, and intense admiration of the senior boys. Henry Arkell had never been guilty of this practice, but he was asking himself, all college time, why he should not be, for once, and so relieve the pressure at home. He possessed a fine gold watch, the gift of a friend: it was worth, at his own calculation, twenty pounds, and he thought there could be no difficulty in pledging it for ten. "It is not an honourable thing, I know," he reasoned with himself, "but the boys do it every day for their own pleasures, and surely I may, to assist my father. I will do it: and nobody shall be any the wiser."

Service was over in less than an hour, and he left the cathedral, by the front entrance. Being Saturday afternoon, there was no school. The streets were crowded, for it was what is called in the local phraseology "Assize Saturday:" that is, the judges were expected in, to open court, preparatory to holding the assizes. The high sheriff and his procession had already gone out to meet the judges, and many gazers lingered in the streets, waiting for their return. Henry hastened through them, on his way to the pawnbroker's. He was possessed of a sensitive, refined temperament; and, had he been going into the shop to steal, he could not have felt more shame. The shop was partitioned off into compartments or boxes, so that one customer should not see another. If Henry Arkell could but have known his ill-luck! In the box contiguous to the one he entered, stood Alfred Aultane, the boy next below him in the choir, who had stolen down with one of the family table-spoons, which he had just been protesting to the pawnbroker was his own, and he would have it out on Monday without fail, for his godfather the counsellor was coming in with the judges, and never failed to give him half a sovereign. But that disbelieving pawnbroker obstinately persisted in

refusing to have anything to do with the spoon, for he knew the Aultane crest; and Mr. Alfred stood biting his nails in mortification.

"Will you lend me ten pounds on this?" asked Henry, coming in, and not suspecting that anybody was so near.

"Ten pounds!" uttered Rutterley, after examining the watch. "You college gentlemen have got a conscience! I could not give more than half."

"That would be of no use: I must have ten. I shall be sure to redeem it, Mr. Rutterley."

"I am not afraid of that. The college boys mostly redeem their pledges; I will say that for them. I will lend you six pounds upon it, not a farthing more. What can you be wanting with such a large sum?"

"That is my business, if you please," returned Henry, civilly.

"Oh, of course. Six pounds: take it, or leave it."

A sudden temptation flashed across Henry's mind. What if he pledged the gold medal? But for his having it in his pocket, the thought would not have occurred to him. "But how can I," he mentally argued, "the gift of the dean and chapter! But it is my own," temptation whispered again, "and surely this is a righteous cause. Yes: I will risk it: and if I can't redeem it before, it must wait till I get my money from the choir." So he put the watch and the gold medal side by side on the counter, and received two tickets in exchange, and eight sovereigns and four half-sovereigns.

"Be sure keep it close, Mr. Rutterley," he enjoined; "you see my name is on it, and there is no other medal like it in the town. I would not have it known, that I had done this, for a hundred times its worth."

"All right," answered Mr. Rutterley; "things left with me are never seen." But Alfred Aultane, from the next box, had contrived both to hear and see.

Henry Arkell was speeding home, when he heard sounds behind him. "Iss—iss—I say! Iss!"

It was Aultane. "What became of you that you were not at college this afternoon?" demanded Henry, who, as senior chorister, had much authority over the nine choristers under him.

"College be jiggered! I stopped out to see the show; and it isn't come yet. If Wilberforce kicks up a row, I shall swear my mother kept me to make calls with her. I say, Arkell, you couldn't do a fellow a service, could you?"

Henry was surprised at the civil friendly tone—never used by some of the boys to him. "If I can I will," said he. "What is it?"

"Lend me ten bob, in gold. I *must* get it: it's for something that can't wait. I'll pay you back next week. I know you must have as much about you."

"All the money I have about me is wanted for a specific purpose. I have not a sixpence that I can lend: if I had, you should be welcome to it."

"Nasty mean wretch!" grunted Aultane, in his heart. "Won't I serve him out!"

The cathedral bells had been for some time ringing merrily, giving token that the procession had met the judges, and was nearing the city,

on its return. Aultane tore away, and met the advancing heralds, sounding their trumpets, who were followed by the javelin men, their fine horses two abreast, and restive from the snail's pace to which they were condemned. After them came sundry officials in carriages, and then appeared the emblazoned equipage of the high sheriff, its four steeds, richly caparisoned, prancing and pawing. Both the judges sat in it, fully robed, with the sheriff, and his chaplain in his gown and bands. A plain carriage or two, and a crowd of horsemen followed; and thus their lordships were escorted to the guildhall, the sweet bells still ringing melodiously. Oh, poor creatures! those within the dark walls of the city and county prisons close by, conscious that those bells heralded in their doom, perhaps that of death. What a contrast it was! those hopeless men, in their gloomy cells; with the pomp and ceremony, the curveting horses, the decorated carriage, the array of liveried attendants bearing their glittering javelins, and the proud blast of the trumpets; all collected to welcome the two robed men, who were to judge them!

II.

It was Assize Sunday. A dense crowd collected early round the doors of the cathedral, and, as soon as they were opened, rushed in, and took possession of the edifice, leaving vacant only the pulpit and the locked-up seats. It was the custom for the bishop (if in Riverton), the dean and chapter, and the forty king's scholars, to assemble just inside the front entrance and receive the judges, who were attended in state to the cathedral, like they had been attended into Riverton the previous evening, the escort being now augmented by the mayor and corporation, and an overflowing shoal of barristers.

The ten choristers (who were also of the king's scholars) were the first to take up their standing at the front entrance. They were soon followed by the rest of the king's scholars, the surplices of the whole forty being primly starched for the occasion. They had laid in their customary supply of pins, for it was the boys' pleasure, during the service on Assize Sunday, to stick pins into people's backs, and pin women's clothes together, the density of the mob permitting full scope to the delightful amusement, and preventing detection.

The thirty king's scholars bustled in from the cloisters two by two, crossed the body of the cathedral to the grand entrance, and placed themselves at the head of the choristers. Which was wrong: they ought to have gone below them. Henry Arkell who, as senior chorister, took precedence of all when in the cathedral (but not when out of it, and that was a somewhat curious rule), told Prattleton, the senior boy, to move down. Out of the cathedral, Arkell was under Prattleton, the latter, as senior boy, being head of all.

Prattleton declined. "Then we must move up," observed Henry. "Choristers."

He was understood: and the choristers moved above the king's scholars.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Prattleton. "How dare you disobey me, Mr. Arkell?"

"How dare you disobey *me*?" was Henry Arkell's retort. "I am
Jan.—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLVII. D

senior here, and you know it." It must be understood that this sort of clashing could only occur on occasions like the present: on ordinary Sundays and on saints' days the choristers and king's scholars did not come in contact in the cathedral.

"I'll let you know who's senior," said Prattleton. "Choristers, move down; you juniors, do you hear me? Move down, or I'll have you hoisted to-morrow."

"If Mr. Arkell tells us, please, sir," responded a timid junior, who fancied Mr. Prattleton looked particularly at him.

The choristers did not stir, and Prattleton was savage. "King's scholars, move up, and shove."

Some of the king's scholars hesitated, especially those of the lower school. It was no light matter to disobey the senior chorister in the cathedral. Others moved up, and proceeded to "shove." Henry Arkell calmly turned to one of his own juniors.

"Hardcastle, go into the vestry, and ask Wilberforce to step here. Should he have gone into college, fetch him out of the chanting-desk."

"Remain where you are, Hardcastle," foamed Prattleton. "I dare you to stir."

Hardcastle, a little chap of ten, was already off, but he turned round at the words. "I am not under your orders, Mr. Prattleton, sir, when the senior quirester's present."

A few minutes, and then the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce, in his surplice and hood, was seen advancing. Hardcastle had fetched him out of the chanting-desk.

"What's all this? what hubbub are you boys making? I'll flog you all to-morrow. Arkell, Prattleton, what's the matter?"

"I thought it better to send for you, sir, than to have a disturbance here," cried Henry Arkell.

"A disturbance here! You had better not attempt it."

"Don't the king's scholars take precedence of the quiresters, sir?" demanded Prattleton.

"No, they don't," returned the master. "If you have not been years enough in the college to know the rules, Mr. Prattleton, you had better return to the bottom of the school, and learn them. Arkell, in this place you are head. King's scholars, move down, and be quick over it: and I'll flog you all round," concluded Mr. Wilberforce, "if you strike up a dispute in college again."

The master turned tail, and strode back as fast as his short legs would carry him: for the dean and chapter, marshalled by a verger and the bedesmen, were crossing the cathedral; and a flourish of trumpets, outside, told of the approach of the judges. It was the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce's week for chanting, and he would hardly recover breath to begin.

The choristers all grinned at the master's decision, save Arkell and Aultane: the latter, though second chorister, took part with Prattleton, because he hated Arkell: and as the judges passed them in their flowing scarlet robes with the trains held up behind, and their imposing wigs, so terrible to look at, their bows were much more gracious than those of the king's scholars. The additional mob, teeming in after the judges:

procession, was unlimited, and a rare field had the boys and their pins that day.

The hubbub and the bustle of the morning passed, and the cathedral bell was again tolling out for afternoon service. Save the dust, and there was plenty of that, no trace remained of the morning's scene. The king's scholars were already in their seats in the choir, and the ten choristers stood at the choir entrance, for they always waited there to go in with the dean and chapter. One of them, and it was Mr. Wilberforce's own son, had made a mistake in the morning, in fastening his own surplice to a countrywoman's purple stuff gown, instead of two gowns together; and, when they came to part company, the surplice proved the weakest. The consequence was an enormous rent, and it had just taken the nine other choristers and three lay-clerks five minutes and seventeen pins, fished out of different pockets, to do it up in any way decent. Young Wilberforce, during the process, rehearsing a tale over in his mind; for home, about that horrid rusty nail that would stick out of the vestry door.

The choristers stood, five on a side, and the dean and chapter would pass between them when they came in. They stood at an equidistance, one from the other, and it was high treason against the college rules for them to move an inch from their places. Arkell headed one line, Aultane the other, the two facing each other. Suddenly a college-boy, who was late, came flying from the cloisters and dashed into the choir, to crave the keys of the schoolroom from the senior boy, that he might procure his surplice. It was Lewis, junior; so, against the rules, Prattleton condescended to give him the keys: almost any other boy he would have told to whistle for them, and marked him up for punishment as "absent." Prattleton chose to patronise him, because he had recently struck up a violent friendship with Lewis, senior. Lewis came out again, full pelt, swinging the keys in his hand, rather vain of showing to the choristers that he had succeeded in obtaining them; just as two little old gentlemen were advancing from the front entrance:

"Hi, Lewis! stop a moment," called out Aultane, in a loud whisper, as he crossed over and went behind Arkell:

"Return to your place, Aultane."

Mr. Aultane chose to be deaf.

"Aultane, to your place," repeated Henry Arkell. "Do you see who are approaching?"

Aultane looked round; in a fluster. But not a soul could he see, save a straggler or two, making their way to the side aisles, and two insignificant little old men, arm-in-arm, close at hand, in rusty black clothes and brown wig. Nobody to affect him.

"I shall return when I please," said he, commencing a whispered parley with Lewis:

"Return this instant, Aultane. I order you."

"You be——"

The word was not "blest," but the reader is at liberty to substitute that. The little old men, to whom each chorister had bowed profoundly as they passed him, turned, and bent their severe yellow faces upon Aultane. Lewis, junior, crept away petrified; and Aultane, with the red

flush of shame on his brow, slunk back to his place. They were the learned judges.

They positively were. But no wonder Aultane had failed to recognise them, for they bore no more resemblance to the fierce and fiery visions of the morning, than do two old-fashioned black crows to stately peacocks.

"What may your name be, sir?" inquired the yellower of the two. Aultane hung his head in an agony: he was wondering whether they could order him before them on the morrow and transport him. Wilberforce was in another agony, lest those four keen eyes should wander to his damaged surplice and the pins. Somebody else answered: "Aultane, my lord."

The judges passed on. Arkell would not look towards Aultane: he was too noble to add, even by a glance, to the confusion of a fallen enemy: but the other choristers were not so considerate, and Aultane burst into a flow of bad language.

"Be silent," authoritatively interrupted Henry Arkell. "One word more, and I will report you to the dean."

"I shan't be silent," cried Aultane, in his passionate rage. "There! Not for you." Beside himself with anger, he crossed over, and raised his hand to strike Arkell. But one of the sextons, happening to come out of the choir, arrested Aultane, and whirled him back.

"Do you know where you are, sir?"

In another moment they were surrounded. The dean's wife and daughter had come up; and, following them, sneaked Lewis, junior, who was settling himself into his surplice. Mrs. Beauclerc passed on, but Georgina stopped. She was uncommonly fond of chattering to the college boys.

"You were quarrelling, young gentlemen! What is the grievance?"

"That beggar threatened to report me to the dean," cried Aultane, too angry to care what he said, or to whom he spoke.

"Then I know you deserved it; as you often do," rejoined Miss Beauclerc; "and I only wonder he has not reported you before. You should have me for your senior, Aultane."

"If he does go in and report me, please tell the dean to ask him where his gold medal is," foamed Aultane. "And to make him answer it."

"What do you mean?" she questioned.

"He knows. If the dean offered him a thousand half-crowns for his medal, he could not produce it."

"What does he mean?" repeated Miss Beauclerc, looking at Henry Arkell.

He could not answer: he literally could not. Could he have dropped down without life at Georgina's feet, it had been welcome, rather than that she should hear of an act, which, to his peculiarly refined temperament, bore an aspect of such utter shame. His face flushed a vivid red, and then grew white as his surplice.

"He can't tell you," said Aultane; "that is, he won't. He has put it into pawn."

"And his watch too," squeaked Lewis, from behind, who had heard a confused hint of the affair from Aultane.

Henry Arkell raised his eyes for one deprecating moment to Miss Beauclerc's face, and she was struck with their look of patient anguish.

She cast an annihilating frown at Lewis, and, raising her finger, haughtily motioned Aultane to his place. "I believe nothing ill of *you*," she whispered to Henry, as she passed on to the choir.

The next to come in, was Mr. St. John. "What's the matter?" he hurriedly said to Aultane, who had not a vestige of colour in his cheeks or lips.

"Nothing, thank you, sir."

Mr. St. John went on, and Lewis skulked to his seat, in his wake. Lewis's place was midway on the bench on the decani side, seven boys being above him and seven below him.

The dean and canons came in, and the service began. While the afternoon psalms were being sung, Mr. Wilberforce pricked the roll, a parchment containing the names of the members of the cathedral, from the dean downwards, marking those who were present. Aultane left his place and took the roll to the dean, continuing his way to the organ-loft, to inquire what anthem had been put up. He brought word back to Arkell, "The Lord is very great and terrible. Beckwith." Aultane would as soon have exchanged words with the yellow-faced little man sitting in the stall next the dean, as with Arkell, just then, but his duty was obligatory. He spoke sullenly, and crossed to his seat on the opposite side of the choir; and Arkell rose and reported the anthem to the lay-clerks behind him. Mr. Wilberforce was then reading the first lesson.

Now, as it happened, there was only one bass at service that afternoon, he on the decani side, Mr. Smith, the other had not come; and the moment the words were out of Arkell's mouth, "The Lord is very great, Beckwith," Mr. Smith flew into a tamper. He had a first-rate voice, was a good singer, and being inordinately vain, liked to give himself airs. "I have a horrid cold on the chest," he remonstrated, "and I can't do justice to the solo; I shan't attempt it. The organist knows I'm as hoarse as a raven, and yet he goes and puts up that anthem for to-day!"

"What is to be done?" whispered Henry.

"I shall send and tell him I can't do it. Harcastle, go up to the organ-loft, and tell——Or I wish you would oblige me by going yourself, Arkell: the juniors are always making mistakes. My compliments, and the anthem must be done without the bass solo, or he must put up another."

Henry Arkell, ever ready to oblige, left his stall, and, proceeding to the organ-loft, delivered the message. The organist was wroth: and but for those two little old gentlemen, whom he knew were present, he would have refused to change the anthem.

"Where's Cliff this afternoon?" asked he, sharply, alluding to the other bass.

"I don't know," replied Henry. "He is not at service."

The organist took up one of the anthem books, with a jerk, and turned over its leaves. He came to the anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" a solo for a treble voice.

"Are you prepared to do justice to this?" he demanded.

"Yes, I believe I am," replied Henry. "But——"

"But me no buts," interrupted the organist, who was always very short with the quiresters. "'I know that my Redeemer liveth. Pitt.'"

As Henry Arkell descended the stairs, Mr. Wilberforce was concluding the first lesson. So instead of giving notice of the change of anthem to Mr. Wilberforce and the singers on the cantori side, he left that till later, and made haste to his own stall, to be in time for the soli parts in the Cantate Domino, which was being sung that afternoon in place of the Magnificat. In passing the bench of king's scholars, a foot was suddenly extended out before him, and he fell heavily over it, striking his head on a stone step. A sexton, a vergier, and one or two of the senior boys, surrounded, lifted, and carried him out.

The service proceeded; but his voice was missed in the Cantate: Aultane proved but a poor substitute.

"I wonder whether the anthem's changed?" debated the bass to the contre tenor.

"Um—no," decided the latter. "Arkell was coming straight to his place. Had there been any change, he would have gone and told Wilberforce and the opposites. The organist is in a pet, and won't alter it."

"Then he'll play the solo without my accompaniment," retorted the bass, loftily.

Henry Arkell was only stunned by the fall, and before the conclusion of the second lesson, he appeared in the choir, to the surprise of many. After giving the requisite notice of the change in the anthem to Mr. Wilberforce and Aultane, he entered his stall: but his face was white as the whitest marble. He sang, as usual, in the "*Deus misereatur.*" And when the time for the anthem came, Mr. Wilberforce rose from his knees to give it out. "The anthem is taken from the burial service."

The symphony was played, and then Henry Arkell's voice rose, soft and clear, filling the old cathedral with its harmony, and the words falling as distinctly on the ear as if they had been spoken. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." The organist could not have told why he put up that particular anthem, but it was a remarkable coincidence, noticed afterwards, that it should have been a funeral one.

But though Henry Arkell's voice never faltered or trembled, his changing face spoke of bodily disease or mental emotion: one moment it was bright as a damask rose, the next of a transparent whiteness. Every eye was on him, wondering at the beauty of his voice, at the marvellous beauty of his countenance: some sympathised with his emotion; some were wrapt in the solemn thoughts created by the words. When the solo was concluded, Henry, with an involuntary glance at the pew of Mrs. Beauclerc, fell against the back of his stall for support: he looked exhausted. Only for a moment, however, for the chorus commenced. He joined in it; his voice rose above all the rest in its sweetness and power, but as the ending approached, and the voices ceased, and the last sound of the organ died upon the ear, his face bent forward, and rested without motion on the quiresters' desk.

"Arkell, what are you up to?" whispered one of the lay-clerks, the tenor, from behind, as Mr. Wilberforce recommenced his chanting.

No response.

"Nudge him, Wilberforce; he's going to sleep. There's the dean casting his eyes this way."

Edwin Wilberforce did as he was desired, but Arkell never stirred.

So Mr. Tencr leaned over and grasped him by the arm, and pulled him up with a sudden jerk. But he did not hold him, and the poor head fell forward again upon the desk. Henry Arkell had fainted.

Some confusion ensued: for the four choristers below him had every one to come out of the stall before he could be got out. Mr. Wilberforce momentarily stopped chanting, and directed his angry spectacles towards the choristers, not understanding what caused the hubbub, and inwardly vowing to flog the whole five on the morrow. Mr. Smith, a strong man, came out of his stall, lifted the lifeless form in his arms, and carried it out to the side aisle, the head, like a dead weight, hanging down over his shoulder. All the eyes and all the glasses in the cathedral were bent on them, and the next to come out of his stall, by the prebends, and follow in the wake, was Mr. St. John, a flush of emotion on his pale face.

The dean's family, after service, met Mr. St. John in the cloisters. "Is he better?" asked Mrs. Beaucherc. "What was the matter with him the second time?"

"He fainted. But we soon brought him to, in the vestry. Young Wilberforce ran and got some water. They are walking home with him now."

"What caused him to fall in the choir?" continued Mrs. Beaucherc. "Giddiness?"

"It was not like giddiness," remarked Mr. St. John. "It was as if he fell over something."

"So I thought," interrupted Georgina. "Why did you leave your seat to follow him?" she continued, in a low tone, to Mr. St. John, falling behind her mother.

"It was a sudden impulse, I suppose. I was unpleasantly struck with his appearance as I went into college. He was looking ghastly."

"The quiresters had been quarrelling: Aultane's fault, I am sure. He lifted his hand to strike Arkell. Aultane reproached him with having"—Georgina Beaucherc hesitated, with an amused look—"disposed of his prize medal."

"Disposed of his prize medal?" echoed Mr. St. John.

"Pawned it."

St. John uttered an exclamation. He remembered the tricks of the college boys, but he could not have believed this of his favourite, Henry Arkell.

"And his watch also, Lewis, junior, added," continued Georgina. "They gave me the information in a spiteful glow of triumph. Henry did not deny it: he looked as if he could not. But I know he is the soul of honour, and if he has done anything of the sort, those beautiful companions, of his, have over-persuaded him: possibly to lend the money to them."

"I'll see into it," cried Mr. St. John: and he forthwith hastened to Mr. Arkell's. Henry was alone in his room, lying on the bed. "After such a fall as years, how could you be so imprudent as to come back to the choir, and take the anthem?" he began.

"I felt equal to it," replied Henry. "The one, originally put up, could not be done."

"Then they should have put up a third, for me. The cathedral does not lack anthems, I hope. Show me where your head was struck."

Henry put his hand to his ear, then higher up, then to his temple. "It was somewhere here—all about here—I cannot tell the exact spot."

As he spoke, a tribe of college boys was heard to clatter in at the gate. Henry would have risen, but Mr. St. John laid his arm across him.

"You are not going to those boys. I will send them off. Lie still and go to sleep, and dream of pleasant things."

"Pleasant things!" echoed Henry Arkell, in a tone full of pain. Mr. St. John leaned over him.

"Henry, I have never had a brother; but I have almost loved you as such. Treat me as one now. What tale is it those demons of mischief have got hold of, about your watch and medal?"

With a sharp cry, Henry Arkell turned his face to the pillow, and lay there in distress.

"I suppose old Rutterley has got them. But that's nothing; it's the fashion in the school: and I expect you had some urgent motive."

"Oh, Mr. St. John, I shall never overget this day's shame: they told Georgina Beauclerc! I would rather die this moment, here, as I lie, than see her face again."

His tone was a wail of anguish, and Mr. St. John's heart ached for him: though he chose to appear to make light of the matter.

"Told Georgina Beauclerc: what if they did? She is the very one to glory in such exploits. Had she been the dean's son, instead of his daughter, she would have been in Rutterley's sanctum three times a week. I don't think she would stand at going, as it is, if she were hard up."

"Oh, why did they tell her! I could not have acted so cruelly by them. If I could but go to some far-off desert, and never face her, or the school, again!"

"If you could but work yourself into a brain fever, you had better say; for that's what you are likely to do. As to falling in Georgina Beauclerc's opinion, which you seem to estimate so highly (it's more than I do), if you pledged all you possess in a lump, and yourself into the bargain, she would only think the better of you. Now I tell you so, for I know it."

"I could not help it; I could not, indeed. Money is so badly wanted at home; and mamma said the daily worry was wearing her out. I saw a letter, pressing papa for ten pounds, to be paid before to-morrow, or else——" He stopped in confusion, having said more than he meant: and St. John took up the discourse in a careless tone.

"Money is wanted badly everywhere. I have done worse than you, Harry, for I am pawning my estate, piecemeal, to the Jews. Mind! that's a true confession, and has never been given to another soul: it must lie between us."

"It was yesterday afternoon when college was over," groaned Henry. "I only thought of giving Rutterley my watch: I thought he would be sure to let me have ten pounds upon it. But he would not; only six:

and I had the medal in my pocket; I had been showing it to you. I never did such a thing in all my life before."

"That is more than your companions could say. How did it get to their knowledge?"

"I cannot think."

"Where's the—the exchange?"

"The what?" asked Henry.

"How dull you are!" cried Mr. St. John. "I am trying to be genteel, and you won't let me. The ticket. Let me see it."

"They are in my jacket-pocket. Two." He languidly reached forth the pieces, and Mr. St. John slipped them into his own.

"Why do you do that, sir?"

"To study them at leisure. What's the matter?"

"My head is beginning to ache?"

"No wonder, with all this talking. I'm off. Good-by. Get to sleep as fast as you can."

The boys were in the garden and round the gate still, when he went down.

"Oh, if you please, sir, is he half killed? Edwin Wilberforce says so."

"No, he is not half killed," responded Mr. St. John. "But he wants quiet, and you must disperse, that he may have it."

"My brother, the senior boy, says he must have fallen down from vexation, because his tricks came out," cried Prattleton, junior.

Mr. St. John ran his eyes over the assemblage. "What tricks?"

"He has been pawning the gold medal, Mr. St. John," cried Cookesley, the second senior of the school. "Aultane has told the dean: Bright Vaughan heard him."

"Oh, he has told the dean, has he?"

"The dean was going into the deanery, sir, and Miss Beauclerc was standing at the door, waiting for him," explained Vaughan to Mr. St. John. "Something she said to Aultane put him in a passion, and he took and told the dean. It was his temper made him do it, sir."

"Such a disgrace, you know, Mr. St. John, to take the dean's medal *there*," rejoined Cookesley. "Anything else wouldn't have signified."

"Oh, been rather meritorious, no doubt," returned Mr. St. John. "Boys."

"Yes, sir."

"You know I was one of yourselves once, and I can make allowance for you in all ways. But when I was in the school, our motto was, Fair play, and no sneaking."

"It's our motto still, sir," cried the flattered boys.

"It does not appear to be. We would rather, any one of us, have pitched ourselves off that tower," pointing to it with his hand, "than have gone sneaking to the dean with a private complaint."

"And so we would still, sir, in cool blood," cried Cookesley. "Aultane must have been out of his mind with passion when he did it."

"How does Aultane know that Arkell's medal is in pawn?"

"He does not say how. He says he'll pledge his word to it."

"Then listen to me, boys: my word will, I believe, go as far with you

as Aultane's. Yesterday afternoon I met Henry Arkell at this very gate: I asked him to let me see his medal, and he fetched it out of the house to show me. He is in bed now, but perhaps if you ask him to-morrow, he will be able to show it to you. At any rate, do not condemn him, until you are sure there's a just reason. Fair play's a jewel, boys: fair play for ever."

The boys were breaking into a cheer for Fair play and Mr. St. John; but the latter put up his hand.

"I thought it was Sunday. Is that the way you keep Sunday in Riverton? Disperse quietly."

"Poor lad! I'll clear him," muttered Mr. St. John, as he went towards his home. "I see how it was: he made a noble sacrifice to relieve his father. As to Aultane, I don't understand how he could have fathomed it, unless he was in the pawn-shop himself. He is a mean-spirited scoundrel. To tell the dean!"

Indeed, the incautious revelation of Mr. Aultane was already exciting some disagreeable consternation amongst the seniors; and that gentleman, himself, already wished his passionate tongue bitten out, for having made it.

The following morning early the school flocked up, in a body, to the judges' lodgings, to beg what was called the judges' holiday. The custom was, for the judges to send one of their cards out, and their compliments to the head master, asking him to grant it: and the boys' custom was, as they tore back again, bearing the card in triumph, to raise the whole street with their cheers and shouts of "Holiday! holiday!" causing not a few alarmed sleepers to dart out of bed and throw up the windows, in dread belief that the town was on fire. But there was no such luck on this morning: the judges, instead of the card and the request, sent out a severe message—that from what they had heard yesterday in the cathedral, the school appeared to merit punishment, rather than holiday. So the boys went back, dreadfully chafed, kicking as much mud as they could over their trousers and boots, for it had rained in the night, and ready to buffet Aultane as the source of the calamity; while the lie-a-bed-late folks slumbered on in peace.

That same morning, before nine, Mr. St. John was by Henry Arkell's bedside. "Well, how's the head?"

"It feels light—or heavy; I hardly know which. It does not feel as it ought. I shall get up presently."

"All right. Put on this when you do," said Mr. St. John, producing the watch. "And put up this in your treasure place, wherever that may be," he added, laying the gold medal beside it.

"Oh, Mr. St. John! You have——"

"I shall have some sport to-day. I have wormed it out of Ratterley: and he tells me who was down there, and on what errand. Ah ha, Mr. Aultane! so you, peached to the dean: wait till your turn comes."

"I wonder Ratterley told you anything."

"He knew me: and the name of St. John bears weight in Riverton," smiled he who owned it. "Harry, of course you will not go to school to-day."

"It is the judges' holiday."

"The judges have refused it, and the boys have sneaked back like so

many dogs with their tails scowled. I am not at the bottom of that mischief yet: something's wrong. Don't attempt to go to school, Harry, or to college either. Good-by. Oh—should I drop you a line or a message, asking you to send me the medal to-day, you will do so.”

Henry looked surprised. He caught Mr. St. John's arm as he was departing. “How can I ever thank you? I do not know when I shall be able to repay you the ten pounds: not until——”

“You never will,” interrupted Mr. St. John. “I should not take it if you were rolling in gold. I have done this for my own pleasure, and I will not be cheated out of it.”

At eleven o'clock, immediately after morning service, Mr. Wilberforce and the nine choristers having re-entered the schoolroom, the dean and Mr. St. John walked into it. The master pushed his spectacles to the top of his brow, and rose in astonishment.

“Have the goodness to call up Aultane,” said the dean, as he advanced to the master's desk.

“Senior, or junior, Mr. Dean?”

“The chorister.”

“Aultane, senior, walk up,” cried the master. And Aultane, senior, walked up, wishing himself and his tongue, and the dean, and all the rest of the world, especially those within sight and hearing, were safely boxed up in the coffin in the cathedral crypt.

“Now, Aultane,” began the dean, “you preferred a charge to me yesterday against your senior chorister: that he had been pledging his gold medal at Rutterley's. Have the goodness to substantiate it.”

“Oh, my heart alive, I wish he'd drop through the floor,” groaned Aultane to himself. “What will become of me? What a jackass I was!”

“I did not enter into the matter then,” proceeded the dean, for Aultane remained silent. “You had no business to make the complaint to me on a Sunday. What grounds have you for your charge?”

Aultane turned red and white, and green and yellow. The dean eyed him closely. “What proof have you?”

“I have no proof,” faltered Aultane.

“No proof! Did you make the charge to me, knowing it was false?”

“No, sir. He has pledged his medal.”

“Tell me how you know it. Mr. St. John knows he had it in his own house on Saturday.”

Aultane shuffled first on one foot, then on the other; and the dean, failing explanation from him, appealed to the school, but all disclaimed cognisance of the matter. “If you behave in this extraordinary way, you will compel me to conclude that you have made the charge to prejudice me against Arkell; who, I hear, had a serious charge to prefer against you for ill-behaviour in college,” continued the dean to Aultane.

“If you will send to the place, you will find his medal is there, sir,” sullenly replied Aultane.

“The shortest plan would be to send to Arkell's, and request him to despatch his medal here,” interposed Mr. St. John.

The dean approved of this, and Cookeley and Vaughan were despatched on the errand. Henry was out, but Mrs. Arkell looked in the place where the medal was kept, found it, and sent it by them.

"Now, what do you mean by your conduct?" sternly asked the dean of Aultane.

"I know he pledged it on Saturday, if he has got it out to-day," persisted the discomfited Aultane, who was in a terrible state, between wishing to prove his charge true, and the fear of compromising himself.

"I know Henry Arkell could not be guilty of a despicable action," spoke up Mr. St. John; "and hearing of this charge, I went to Rutterley's to ask him a few questions. He informed me there *was* a college boy at his place on Saturday, endeavouring to pledge a table-spoon, but he knew the crest, and would not take it in—not wishing, he said, to encourage boys to rob their parents. Perhaps Aultane can tell the dean who that was."

There was a dead silence in the school, and the look of amazement on the head master's face, was only matched by the confusion of Aultane's. The dean, a kind-hearted man, would not examine further.

"I do not press the matter, until I hear the complaint of the senior chorister against Aultane" said he aloud to Mr. Wilberforce. "But a few extra tasks, by way of present punishment, will do him no harm."

"I'll give them to him, Mr. Dean," heartily responded the master, whose ears had been so scandalised by the mysterious allusions to Rutterley's, that he would have liked to treat the whole school to "tasks" and to something else, all round. The dean and Mr. St. John left the room, the former carrying the gold medal.

"You see what a Tom-fool you have made of yourself!" grumbled Prattleton, senior, to Aultane, as the latter returned to his desk, laden with work. "That's all the good you have got by splitting to the dean."

THE "AUREA CARMINA."

BY "A LITTÉRATEUR."

AMONG those "*tentamina classica*" which men, who *will* dabble in the classics after school days, are so apt to take up with furor, and lay down in fatigue, I once grappled with the "*Symbola*" and "*Aurea Carmina*" of Pythagoras. I was not at the time aware of the reams and tomes already sunk in the insane project of elucidating them, when something in one of these terse and pointed *dicta* so attracted me, that I never rested until I had gotten Iamblicus, and Hierocles, and Dacier, and Marcellius, with other commentators of less note, ranged on my study-table, and then I sat me down in hot haste to the following modest feat: first, to render these ancient Greek enigmas into as pithy and enigmatic English; and secondly, after extracting the essence of the varied and conflicting guesses of commentators at the meaning of the oracular utterances of an uncounted antiquity, to give my own judgment as to the true sense with all that authority which shallow scholarship and a young man's modest assurance combined could impart.

My better genius saved me from becoming the "Boyle of some modern Bentley," and I drew back from my attempt to open the knotty oak trunk of the Samian Sage's meaning before I met the fate of Milo, "wedged in the timber that he failed to rend."* Yet I owed this escape less to good sense than to good fortune and fickleness of purpose. The "Symbols" are not many—the "Aurea Carmina" not numerous; but I had no sooner stepped into the wood of Commentary, which had grown up around them, than I discovered that I was much more likely to lose, than to make, way in my work. My own deductions from *primâ facie* meanings, which seemed to me to lie on the surface of the Symbols, I discovered to be so utterly unworthy the notice of the profound annotators who had preceded me, that some of them I did not find even named among varieties of opinions which were quoted only to be *quoted* away as inadmissible. Where I thought I saw glimpses of meaning as I read at first, I found even these disappearing in the palpable obscure of overshadowing *scholia*; in short, finding that (as Rasselas with his sage) the further I went the less I comprehended, I at last relinquished my whole undertaking in despair, and, among other day-dreams of youth, my projected neat diamond edition of "Pythagoras made Easy" has long since found its shelf in that repository of abortions revealed to us in the imagery of the poet—

that lunar sphere

Which holds things lost on earth all treasured there.

Upon recollection, I think the first distaste to my undertaking began when I became aware of one of "those mixt reports no man on earth may clear"—as to the paternity of the "Golden Verses." I had already

* The reader familiar with the great Phalaris controversy of a former age will remember the two infelicitous hits aimed by Young Boyle and his backers at his great antagonist, which recoiled on themselves with such crushing force of ridicule after Richard Bentley had put in his final knock-down blow to the small wits who had teased him to the putting forth of his giant strength.

ALEXANDER POPE, while the contest was yet young, was so rash as to anticipate Young Boyle's triumph in the following impertinent stanza, easily adapted by a slight transposition to celebrate the success of his conqueror:

"So diamonds owe their lustre to a foil,
And to a Bentley thus we owe a Boyle!"

In the same spirit Young Boyle himself (a *scholar* among lords, but *only a lord* among scholars), when he advanced to the feeble attack which issued in his final overthrow, selected as the boastful motto for his title-page,

"Of Milo mark the end,
Caught in the timber that he failed to rend;"

the vainglorious combatant and his adulators were alike unconscious how very soon it might be written of both taunts:

"Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur."

Often has the literary world thanked the Oxford pertness which drew forth the foremost scholar of his day into the finest piece of critical castigation the world ever saw, and said:

"As diamonds owe their lustre to a foil,
'Tis thus we owe a Bentley to a Boyle;"

and the said Boyle, if not exactly a fly in amber, will stand, while literature lasts, the stripling of his own illustration, held in the giant gripe of Bentley's scholarship.

completed, with much labour, my version, when I found it whispered that this "honourable dittee" (as the Romaunt of the Rose styles it) was not "Peter Gower's"—*alias* Pythagoras's—offspring at all; that it could not with any certainty be affiliated even upon his disciples, whether Lysides or Philolaus; that, in short, no one knew "whose child it was," and that, as one author* pithily says, "if the 'Golden Verses' be not genuine, Pythagoras has not left any remains behind him." At this discovery, I felt something of the disgust which we may suppose a toady to experience, who, intending to pay court to some great neighbour by overwhelming his young heir with cakes and kisses, finds out that all this sweetness has been wasted upon some "*nullius filius*"—some parish foundling—in whose lineaments the carresser fondly imagined that the impress of true aristocracy lay patent. The truth is, I liked the "Aurea Carmina" very much. I thought I could trace in them "sparkles of a better hope," "*disiecta membra*" of those true morals which are eternal and of God, and some surprising anticipatory glimpses of those better things which God, "speaking by his Son," has in these latter days made known to us in a plan "ordered in all things and sure." The only English version of the "Golden Verses" which I ever saw, namely, Nicholas Rowe's, I utterly eschewed. Rowe had beaten the solid bullion of a seventy-lined original into a wordy if not washy paraphrase of one hundred and eighty-one verses; and I felt quite proud of my feat, when I had contrived to condense the terse Greek text within the compass of little more than eighty lines English.

But when it was insinuated that I had been bestowing my labour upon a text of doubtful origin, more probably the offspring of some sophist—of an age when sophist meant humbug rather than wise man—than of "him of the golden thigh," the countryman of Juno, the companion of the Sybil, the discoverer of "the music of the spheres"—I confess I felt my enthusiasms oozing; like Bob Acres's courage, from the top of my pen; thenceforward my task became toil; difficulties, unfelt before, fatigued me now; I no longer worked "*con amore*," and presently the "Pythagoras papers" disappeared from my study-table, as "burked innocents" are said to do from the table of "another place" at the close of a parliamentary session.

I don't know that I ever looked at or for these papers since, until the last *New Monthly* showed me that Pythagoras was still thought "Note-worthy" by a writer of intelligence, and that his title to the "Golden Verses" was not so entirely disproved that they might not still be supposed to convey the utterances of his wisdom, if not at first at least at second hand; whereupon I determined to look up my notes of this "ancient;" and, giving him the "benefit of the doubt" as to the "Golden Verses" being his, to submit them in an English dress to the public, not being aware that they have ever appeared before in similar guise, or disguise, save in the wordy paraphrase before alluded to.

Mr. Rowe, in a brief introduction, confesses his misgiving that he has been ranging "*somewhat at large*" in his version, but excuses himself upon the impossibility of giving within smaller compass "*any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject*." I had before met with

* Kett: "Elements of General Knowledge."

similar assertions of the dryness and infusibility of classic themes pleaded in excuse for prosaic or diffuse renderings, which, nevertheless, others more painstaking, or better masters of the flexibilities of the English language, were able to condense poetically, and, in defiance of Mr. Rowe's "impossible," I have, with no material sacrifice of sense that I am aware of, succeeded in bringing my version within bounds: whether I have done so at the expense of "drying out" the poetic character, the reader must decide:

THE GOLDEN VERSES.

The immortal gods with ordered rites* adore;
 With reverence observe thine oath when sworn;
 Honour with obsequies departed worth,
 Respecting god-like spirits passed from earth;
 To parents and near kindred all extend
 Due duty; by his virtues choose thy friend,
 And never for slight cause that friend repel
 Who practically proves he loves thee well—
 Much as you may, for may oft waits on must,†
 Learn how to conquer each besetting lust,
 Sloth, wrath, and luxury, unchaste desires—
 To strive with these thy self-respect‡ requires.
 Justice should regulate thought, word, and deed;
 To every act, though slight, give constant heed;
 And learn betimes, since all are doomed to die,
 To see unmoved thy wealth flow in, or fly.§
 Take uncomplaining, too, what share of ill
 The gods appoint, with calm enduring will;

* "Ordered rites," Dacier's rendering of this has in it something ludicrously prosaic—"honorez les Dieux comme ils sont établis et ordonnés par la Loi." Among the other mysteries attached to Pythagoras, we must, I believe, reckon the question to "what Established Church he belonged?" Dacier was a man of the old régime, but his idea of *establishing the gods by law* belongs to that after era of France when its enlightened legislators voted the Supreme Being out of existence and into it again by an "ordonnance" of the one and indivisible Republic. Rowe, I incline to think, renders this well as a direction to every man to worship God according to conscience, but I stand more to the letter of the text—(ὡς νομῶν διακέραι).

† The form of this line is suggested by Shakspeare's "*letting I dare not wait upon I would;*" the sense is generally agreed on by all commentators, and is pithily expressed thus, "*facultas vicina est necessitati—hoc est non semper potes quod vis;*" but I venture to connect this axiom not with the foregoing, but subsequent clause, rather with the habitual subduing of "the sins that do beset us," than with the single exertion of forgiving a friend his slight offences. I perceive that Rowe renders this passage in the sense of "necessity being the mother of invention!" but nothing in the context, either before or after, seems to warrant, much less require, such an exposition.

‡ Here the stoic pride of humanity endeavours to hide the lack of that motive which the Christian finds in his obligation to the "Lord who bought him with a price."

§ We sometimes admire as original thoughts of the ancients which are but borrowed from those of "the old time before them;" how much and how often has the Horatian philosophy been admired, when he sings,

"Laudo manentem (fortunam) si celeres quatit
 Pennas—resigno quæ dedit."

Here we have the same sentiment expressed with a far higher reference to the fact that "it is appointed for all men once to die."

Yet, as not often good men thus are tried,*
Mend as you may the evils all must bide.

Since men for good or ill will lightly speak,
Let not their babble thy fixt purpose break;
Nor should a false report thy peace molest,
Who lives a lie down contradicts it best.†
Heed well this counsel, given thy steps to guide:
Though force or guile would turn thy course aside,
By profitable‡ words and deeds abide;
A well-considered plan averts the blame
Waiting on foolish acts, and baffled aim
Saves from remorse and self-accusing shame.
Be naught in ignorance or rashness done,
So shall life's current calmest, happiest run.

The Body, servant of the Soul, claims care,
Plain food and exercise its strength repair;
These in due measure use, not more, nor less
Than in refreshing tires not by excess.

Wouldst thou 'scape envy, thou must never use
That coarse display the ill-taught vulgar choose;
But in expense observe that happy mean§
In which nor show nor sordidness is seen.
What you propose to do weigh well in thought,
Lest rashness rouse malevolence in aught.
Never should slumber close thy wearied eyes,
Till the day's deeds arrayed before thee rise;
As each in order passes, recollect
What has been done—what ill-done—each neglect;
And then, as judging conscience gives the sign,||
For sin, remorse—for virtue, joy be thine.

* Here the author of the "Golden Verses" reasons rather after the manner of men than of God. A higher philosophy than his, even that which men learn by "going into the sanctuary of God," instructs us that it is the wicked and not the good who escape being "plagued like other men."—Psalm lxxiii. 5.

† "*Non magna loquimur sed vivimus*," was the answer of the early Christians to the "railing accusations" of the heathen; it is to be wished that latter-day Christians would so answer a railing world in fuller measure than they do.

‡ A superficial view of the original here (*οτι σοι σεαυτον εστιν*) might induce a supposition that it might be best translated by "every one for himself and God for us all;" that axiom of selfishness which we hear so often when a churlish traveller helps himself to the best bit at supper, the best seat at the fire, sending shivering modesty or diffidence to the "windward side of the coach," the crag-end of the joint, or "the cold corner of the room." But this selfishness is, we believe, a growth of civilisation, and that the meaning of our author will be better found in a study of what the profound Bishop Butler had in view when he wrote his profound sermons on the "Art of living according to Human Nature;" that is, human nature not debased and disorganised by sin, but human nature as it came from the mint of God, stamped with his image, with all its compounds in their due subordination and relation to each other; in this sense the precept, "do what profits you most," would be a rule of universal well-doing.

§ Horace a plagiarist again! He evidently borrows his "*Aurea Mediocritas*" from these "Golden Verses:"

"Auream quisque mediocritatem
Diligit—tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti—caret invidenda
Sobrius aula."

|| It seems to me impossible to find a better illustration than this of the apostle's assertion of the nature of heathen responsibility, when he speaks of these being a "law to themselves," "their conscience bearing witness, and their thoughts accusing or else excusing one another."—Rom. ii. 15.

Each day this scrutiny of self renew;
 So treading virtue's path, you'll love it too.
 This I adjure thee to, by Him who still
 From out his fulness strengthens human will,
 Whose name ineffable* mocks human skill—
 This for the past: but as each day demands
 Its daily duties, strengthen still thine hands
 By prayer-sought help from Heav'n, for in such might
 Dark things grow clear, and weighty troubles light;
 We trace the links uniting God and man,
 The laws and limits of His wondrous plan
 No soul e'er sought in prayer, and sought in vain,
 Nor learn'd to hope for what it can't obtain.
 Here, too, lies patent to the praying mind,
 The self-caused evils of the human kind;
 How few to mercies near at hand awake!
 Few wait God's time an end of ills to make.
 In whirling course each soul augments its woe,
 Hast'ning the depths of wretchedness to know;
 Urged by a connate† fiend, man will not see
 That flight from such a foe is victory.
 Would God to each his destined course reveal,
 How many an ill of life such sight would heal!
 It may not be. Yet, courage!—use the spark
 Of light divine within, and thou mayest mark
 Those holy truths, which, to the patient sage,
 Nature uncovers still from age to age.
 Imbued with these, my rules thou soon wilt learn,
 And from thy healthful soul much evil turn.
 Last, and once more,‡ by rule thy food restrain—
 Excess the body clogs, obscures the brain—
 And when on choice of food thou wouldst decide,
 Let reason, and not appetite, be guide.
 So, when the toils and pains of earth are o'er,
 Thy spirit to its parent source shall soar,
 And, changeless as a god, know death no more. }

R.

* At this point a very little literary labour in the Cabala and Hieroclean Commentary would easily produce a league-long *Scholium*, upon the "*Nomen Tetragrammaton*," the "*Sephiroth*," the "*Azaiuth*," the "*Pythagorean Mystery of Numbers*," and other esoteric matters, of a profundity so deep as to deserve the answer of the old Scotch dame to the inquiry "whether she understood a most mystic and elaborate sermon?"—"Me! Wad I hae the presumption?" As my object is to have my notes rather read than wondered at, I leave these deep things to others, merely observing that, as far as I can peer into the mystery, if the *terpactrus* of Pythagoras and the "*Tetragramma*" of the Cabalists had anything more than a mere verbal and vocal affinity to each other, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

† This reference to a "connate and constant conflict" (*συμμετρος συνωπαδος επις*) is very remarkable. Would not one suppose the doctrine of "all men conceived and born in sin" to be familiar to the author? though, probably, it is but another of the many cases in which men who "know not the Scriptures or the power of God" prophesy unwittingly, and, as it were, in despite of themselves.

‡ "*Ος εσθιεν*." This reference to foregone directions as to food, which are not found in the "Golden Verses" themselves, but which we know to be in the Pythagorean Symbols, seems to me to be a confirmation of the authenticity of this composition, unlikely to occur to a forger.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dumoiad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XV.—THOMAS PELHAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

THE little wisdom that need go to make up a great Minister—great, that is to say, *ex officio*, and as the official world counts greatness—seems to have been memorably instanced in the case of that Duke of Newcastle, First Lord of the Treasury, at whom we have all laughed, as he figures in the pages of Smollett the novelist, and Walpole the letter-writer, and Macaulay the essayist. Oxenstiern's saying to the point, met with a startling illustration in his Grace, if we accept him as historians and memoir-writers, chroniclers and caricaturists, agree in presenting him.

This agreement is strikingly observable, as Lord Macaulay has shown, in the portraiture of the Duke to be seen in two such different writers and men as Horace Walpole and Tobias Smollett—differing in their tastes and opinions as much as two human beings could differ—keeping quite different society, for the one played at cards with countesses and corresponded with ambassadors, while the other passed his life surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers: yet Walpole's Duke and Smollett's Duke are as like as if they were both from one hand.* “No man was ever so unmercifully satirised. But in truth he was himself a satire ready made. All that the art of the satirist does for other men, nature had done for him. Whatever was absurd about him stood out with grotesque prominence from the rest of his character. He was a living, moving, talking caricature.” His ignorance, his blundering incapacity, were the jest of the clubs and the by-word of the people. Yet this man it was who, for a quarter of a century and upwards, held the seals of Secretary of State, and who, for something like ten years, was himself the head and front of his Majesty's government.

Describing the prolonged administration of Villeroy—whom Sully

* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1833.

somewhere depicts as a veritable type of the trimmer—M. Sainte-Beuve calls attention to so protracted a tenure of power, as something highly note-worthy in the official records of France; for Villeroy was minister from the age of twenty-five under Charles IX., minister under Henry III., minister (or as good) under Mayenne, minister from the first year of the restoration of monarchy under Henry IV., minister under the Regency of Marie de Medicis, and minister under Louis XIII. “*Les Anglais*,” M. Sainte-Beuve then adds, “ont le duc de Newcastle qui eut aussi sa longévité ministérielle mémorable.”* The extraordinary fact of this “ministerial longevity” is not to be explained by the Duke’s family influence, or his parliamentary interest, or his great wealth, or all of these combined. His success, in Macaulay’s opinion, is a signal instance of what may be effected by a man who devotes his whole heart and soul without reserve to one object. “He was eaten up by ambition. His love of influence and authority resembled the avarice of the old usurer in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. It was so intense a passion that it supplied the place of talents, that it inspired even fatuity with cunning. ‘Have no money dealings with my father,’ says Martha to Lord Glenvarloch, ‘for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you.’ It was as dangerous to have any political connexion with Newcastle as to buy and sell with old Trapbois.” All the able men of his time, adds the essayist, ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together; and he overreached them all round.

Horace Walpole laughs per letter with George Montague at the management of the British government in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle—“those hands that are always groping, and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person. But there is no describing him,” protests the son of the ex-premier, “but as M. de Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t’other day: *Je ne sais pas*, dit-il, *je ne saurois m’exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonnage*. If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.”† This was in 1745; and the Duke continued to *tatillonner* as much and more than ever, long years after that. The *tatillonnage* was only then beginning; but his Grace gave rare promise from the first, and fulfilled it to the last.

Three years later, Horace writes to another correspondent: “The Duke of Newcastle is not gone;‡ he has kissed hands, and talks of going this week: the time presses, and he has not above three days left to fall dangerously ill. There are a thousand wagers laid against his going: he has hired a transport, for the yacht is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him, and which he seems to think don’t grow out of England. I don’t know how he proposes to lug them through Holland and Germany, though any objections that the map can make to his progress don’t count, for he is literally so ignorant, that when one goes to take leave of him, he asks your commands into the north, concluding that Hanover is north of

* *Causeries du Lundi*, t. x. (“Le Président Jeannin.”)

† Horace Walpole to Geo. Montague, August, 1745.

‡ To Hanover.

Great Britain, because it is in the northern province, which he has just taken : you will scarcely believe this, but upon my honour it is true.”*

So again the familiar geographical vagary ascribed to him : “Oh—yes—to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis—Pray, where is Annapolis?”

One is reminded of a plaintive protest in Mr. Pepys’s Diary (4th July, 1663): “This day, in the Duke’s chamber there being a Roman story in the hangings, and upon the standard written these four letters—S. P. Q. R. ; Sir G. Carteret came to me to know what the meaning of these four letters were; which ignorance is not to be borne in a Privy Councillor, methinks, what a schoolboy should be whipt for not knowing.”†

So true is the saying of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buxite,‡ that “great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment.” How many people there are, remarks Nicole, in his *Pensées*, who accept ministerial offices utterly beyond their intelligence, strength, and virtue; and how very few resign these offices from a conviction of incapacity!§ Among the apophthegms of a later French moralist is this : “Les grandes places dispensent quelquefois des moindres talents.”|| A dispensation procurable, seemingly, in all ages and under all governments. “Somebody said t’other day,” writes Walpole to Mann, in 1762, “‘Yet sure the Duke of Newcastle does not want parts ;’—‘No,’ replied Lord Talbot, ‘for he has done without them for forty years.’”¶

When Smollett’s *Melford* attends the Duke’s levee, his Grace’s map-knowledge is not forgotten by the free-spoken soldier, who entertains the Welsh visitors with a sketch of the ducal qualities: “Captain C—— entered into conversation with us in the most familiar manner, and treated the duke’s character without any ceremony. ‘This wiseacre,’ said he, ‘is still a-bed; and, I think, the best thing he can do is to sleep on till Christmas; for when he gets up, he does nothing but expose his own folly. Since Granville was turned out, there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig. They are so ignorant, they scarce know a crab from a cauliflower; and then, they are such dunces, that there’s no making them understand the plainest proposition. In the beginning of the war, this poor, half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Arcadia to Cape Breton. ‘Where did they find transports?’ said I. ‘Transports!’ cried he; ‘I tell you they marched by land.’—‘By land to the island of Cape Breton?’—‘Certainly.’—‘Ha! are you sure of that?’ When I pointed it out in the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then taking me in his arms—‘My dear C——!’ cried he, ‘you always bring us good news. Egad, I’ll go directly, and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island.’”**

This taking the captain in his arms, too, is genuine Newcastle. Lord Waldegrave says, in his full-length portraiture of the Duke, “Pride is not to be numbered amongst his faults; on the contrary, he deviates into

* Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, June, 1748.

† Diary of Samuel Pepys, vol. ii. p. 20. (Ed. 1858.) ‡ Job xxxii. 9.

§ *Pensées* de Nicole: “De la Prudence dans le Choix d’un Etat.”

|| Vauvenargues: *Réflexions et Maximes*.

¶ Walpole’s Letters, IV. 25.

** “Humphrey Clinker.”

the opposite extreme, and courts popularity with such extravagant eagerness, that he frequently descends to an undistinguishing and illiberal familiarity."* Macaulay describes a scene in the great house at the corner of Lincoln's Inn-fields, whither flocked, during the Newcastle and Pitt partnership, mean and selfish politicians, pining for commissioner-ships, gold sticks, and ribands—eighteen or twenty pair of lawn sleeves appearing at every levee (for there was not, it was said, a single Prelate, who had not owed either his first elevation or some subsequent translation to Newcastle)—and throngs of M.P.s, in whose silent votes the main strength of the government lay—one coming about a place in the excise for his butler, another about a prebend for his son, a third whispering that his last election had been very expensive, and that he hardly knew where to turn for five hundred pounds. "The Duke pressed all their hands, passed his arms round all their shoulders, patted all their backs, and sent away some with wages, and some with promises."†

Pitt held in aversion this system of slobbering and fawning. As he would take no part in it, so neither was he likely to be taken in by it, when the Duke and he fell out. In vain his Grace coaxed, fondled, caressed the great Commoner—"pressing him to his heart," as Earl Stanhope describes the scene, "with his usual profusion of fulsome embraces, empty compliments, and hysterical tears."‡ He abounded, says Macaulay,§ in "fulsome caresses and in hysterical tears." Of kisses the Duke had an inexhaustible store, and all for political purposes. Political like other kissing goes by favour; but the Duke's favourites were legion.

Caris multa sodalibus
... dividit oscula.||

Some liked the osculatory process, whether for itself, or as a foretaste of better things to come. Mr. Hayward represents, for example, the county member, upon whom Lord Chesterfield, with his over-politeness and *trop de finesse*, has been practising in vain, leaving his lordship with feelings of awkwardness akin to those of Squire Western among the fine company at Lady Bellaston's, but anon "soothed into self-complacency and put completely at his ease by the bear-like hugs and cordial caresses of the Duke."¶ The polished Earl's own description of his Grace's *modus operandi* is, "When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and praised everybody, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity."**

"There are no good anecdotes yet arrived of the Duke of Newcastle's travels," writes Horace Walpole in 1748, "except that at a review which the Duke [of Cumberland?] made for him, as he passed through the army, he hurried about with his glass up to his eye, crying, 'Finest troops! finest troops! greatest General!' then broke through the ranks when he spied any Sussex man, kissed him in all his accoutrements,—

* Memoirs from 1754 to 1758. By James Earl Waldegrave (governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.).

† Macaulay's Essays. Art.: "The Earl of Chatham."

‡ Lord Mahon's Hist. of England, vol. iv.

§ Essay on Walpole's Letters.

|| Horat. Carm. I. xxxvi.

¶ Hayward's Essay on Lord Chesterfield, in *Edinburgh Review*, No. CLXI.

** Lord Chesterfield's "Characters."

my dear Tom such an one! chattered of Lewes races; then back to the Duke with 'Finest troops! greatest General!'—and in short was a much better show than any review."*

The voluble nonsense put by Peter Pindar into the mouth of Gorge III. might very fairly represent the colloquial strain indulged in by Newcastle. "Talk with him," says Lord Waldegrave, "concerning public or private business of a nice or delicate nature, he will be found confused, irresolute, continually rambling from the subject, contradicting himself every instant."† Talk with him, or rather let him talk to you on common-place topics, with conventional levee levity, and the result is illustrated in Smollett's fiction founded upon fact, where his Grace hurries up to *Melford*, whom, of course, he mistakes for somebody else, and rambles on almost as infinitely as incoherently: "As Mr. Barton advanced to present me to his grace, it was my fortune to attract his notice before I was announced. He forthwith met me more than half way, and, seizing me by the hand, 'My dear Sir Francis!' cried he, 'this is so kind—I vow to Gad! I am so obliged—such attention to a poor broken minister.†—"

* Walpole's Letters, vol. ii.

† Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs.

‡ When Matthew Bramble and his nephew waited on the Duke, his Grace was no longer at the head of affairs, though still in office, and still keeping up those levees which formed so notable a part of his statecraft. "Though the place he now fills does not imply the tenth part of the influence which he exerted in his former office, he has given his friends to understand, that they cannot oblige him in anything more than in contributing to support the shadow of that power which he no longer retains in substance; and, therefore, he has still public days, on which they appear at his levee."

As to his mistaking Squire Jerry for Sir Francis somebody,—this only exemplifies a constant habit of the fussy old peer. Later on in the same letter, for instance, we read:

"So saying, he wheeled about, and, going round the levee, spoke to every individual, with the most courteous familiarity; but he scarce ever opened his mouth without making some blunder, in relation to the person or business of the party with whom he conversed; so that he really looked like a comedian, hired to burlesque the character of a minister."—*Humphrey Clinker*.

We might multiply parallel passages from Walpole. Here is a glimpse, for instance, of a ball at Bedford House in 1759: "But the delightful part of the night was the appearance of the Duke of Newcastle, who is veering round again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The Duchess [of Bedford] was at the very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they showed so little cordiality to this revival of connexion, that Newcastle had nobody to attend him but Sir Edward Montagu, who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard-room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Bedford, and Rigby; the first of whom did not deign to notice him; but he must come to it. You would have died to see Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure, —nobody went near him: he tried to flatter people, that were too busy to mind him; in short, he was quite disconcerted; his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance; but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I, went and stood near him, and in half whispers, that he might hear, said, 'Lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!' Then I said, 'This room feels very cold: I believe there never is a fire in it.' Presently afterwards I said, 'Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.' In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascogn's powder when he went home." (Walpole's Letters, III. 220-1.) The letter-writer's malice is almost as conspicuous, and quite as characteristic, as the poor *passé* duke's obtrusive fuss.

One other, and still more highly-coloured sketch, we must copy from the same original—descriptive of Newcastle's deportment, some eighteen months later, at the funeral of George II. After depicting, in sober sadness, the demeanour of the late King's son, *Culloden* Cumberland, whose "real serious part" was "heightened

Well, pray, when does your excellency set sail? For God's sake, have a care of your health, and eat stewed prunes in the passage. Next to your own precious health, pray, my dear excellency, take care of the Five Nations—our good friends the Five Nations—the Torryories, the Maseolmacks, the Outo'theways, the Crickets, and the Kickshaws. Let 'em have plenty of blankets, and stinkibus and wampum; and your excellency won't fail to scour the kettle, and boil the chain, and plant the hatchet. Ha, ha, ha!' When he had uttered this rhapsody, with his usual precipitation, Mr. Barton gave him to understand that I was neither Sir Francis nor St. Francis, but simply Mr. Melford, nephew to Mr. Bramble; who, stepping forward, made his bow at the same time. 'Odsol no more it is Sir Francis,' said this wise statesman. 'Mr. Melford, I'm glad to see you. I sent you an engineer to fortify your dock. Mr. Bramble—your servant, Mr. Bramble. How d'ye do, good Mr. Bramble? Your nephew is a pretty young fellow——Faith and troth, a very pretty fellow——! His father is my old friend and companion; how does he hold it? Still troubled with that d——d disorder, ha?' 'No, my lord,' replied my uncle, 'all his troubles are over. He has been dead these fifteen years.' 'Dead! how——Yes, faith! now I remember: he is dead, sure enough. Well, and how does——does the young gentleman stand for Haverfordwest? or—a—what d'ye—my dear Mr. Milfordhaven—I'll do you all the service in my power; I hope I have some credit left.' My uncle then gave him to understand that I was still a minor; and that we had no intention to trouble him at present, for any favour whatsoever. 'I came hither with my nephew,' added he, 'to pay our respects to your grace; and I may venture to say that his views and mine are at least as disinterested as those of any individual in this assembly.' 'My dear Mr. Brambleberry! you do me infinite honour. I shall always rejoice to see you and your hopeful nephew, Mr. Mildfordhaven. My credit, such as it is, you may command. I wish we had more friends of your kidney.'"

Marry, a fair-spoken nobleman; and as false as fair, unless false witness is borne against him. The kisses bore a commercial value only: loud might be the smack of them, but very hollow. They were literally lip-service, and just lip-deep.

*Omnia si dederit oscula, pauca dabit.**

Lord Waldegrave puts the question of his insincerity in the mildest form: "His profession and promises are not to be depended on, though, at the time they are made, he often means to perform them; but is unwilling to displease any man by a plain negative, and frequently does not recollect

by a thousand melancholy circumstances,"—Walpole proceeds to say: "This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocriey, and he ran about the chapel with his eye-glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble." (III. 362.) Himself addicted to burlesque, Walpole found in the "burlesque Duke" a subject seemingly ready made: a travestie touch here and there, and the caricature approved itself at once, to all observers, as true to nature, with more than a soupçon of art.

* Propertius.

that he is under the same engagements to at least ten competitors."* John Lord Hervey took great pains in 1742 to disperse a ballad, which was therefore attributed (and, it seems, correctly) to himself, wherein the ousters of "old Robin" (Walpole) are done into rhyme in a rough and ready fashion—among them the Duke is *dis-honoured* with a place of bad eminence enough; Carteret *loquitur*:

Though Newcastle's as false as he's silly, I know,
By betraying old Robin to me long ago,
As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I leave him in place, but I leave him no power.
For granting his heart is as black as his hat,
With no more truth in this, than there's sense beneath that,
Yet as he's a coward, he'll shake when I frown:
You† call'd him a rascal, I'll use him like one.

That Walpole had foul play, Lord Macaulay accounts almost certain, though to what extent it is difficult to say. "Lord Islay was suspected; the Duke of Newcastle something more than suspected. It would have been strange, indeed, if his Grace had been idle when treason was hatching.

Ch' i' ho de' traditor' sempre sospetto,
E Gan fu traditor prima che nato."

"His name," said Sir Robert, "is perfidy." Under the disguise of levity, Macaulay elsewhere says, he was "false beyond all example of political falsehood."

The cowardice, or personal timidity, imputed to him in the squib just quoted, is a favourite topic with "old Robin's" son. "He never dares lie alone," Horace writes to George Montague, "and, till he was married, had always a servant to sit up with him."‡ So, on occasion of the execution of that hoary ne'er-do-weel, Lord Lovat, in 1747, "The Duke," writes Horace, "who is always at least as much frightened at doing right as at doing wrong, was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying in the Tower."§ And so on, with stories of the same hue, more or less forced and strained to serve the Horatian humour, which was to make Newcastle in every way and by every means as contemptible as possible.

The meanness with which the Duke would sacrifice a dependent or an ally, to save himself, or to strengthen his own position, savours mightily of the coward's disposition. His behaviour in the case of Admiral Byng is evidence of this. "He was most willing," says the present Lord Stanhope, "to sacrifice any of his Admirals, any of his Generals, or even any of his Cabinet colleagues, as a scapegoat for himself. One day, when a deputation from the City waited upon him with some representations against Byng, he blurted out, with an unfeeling precipitation which his folly ought not to excuse,—'Oh, indeed, he shall be tried

* The same noble author says of the Duke: "If he cannot be esteemed a steady friend, he has never shown himself a bitter enemy; and his forgiveness of injuries proceeds as much from good nature as it does from policy."—*Waldegrave's Memoirs from 1754 to 1758*.

† Carteret is addressing the king, George II.

‡ Hence when "the little Newcastle is gone (1746) to be dipped in the sea"—"in one of the rooms [in town] is a bed for her Duke, and a press-bed for his footman."—*Walpole's Letters*, II. 143.

§ *Ibid.* p. 185.

immediately—he shall be hanged directly ! ” On the same principle, it is added, he attempted to cajole Fox into assuming the main responsibility.* Anything for power and place. A grasping tenure of power, says Arthur Helps, is the evidence of selfishness or senility. “ Looking down the long lines of history, it is to be observed, I think, that those who have been most capable of using power well, have clung with the least tenacity.”† Newcastle is *not* an exception, to prove the rule, but falls clearly within it; furnishing the wise saw with a most observable modern instance. His jealousy of rivals, actual or possible, extended in every direction, and to a violent degree. “ As to his jealousy,” says Lord Waldegrave, “ it could not be carried to a higher pitch, if every political friend was a favourite mistress.”‡ Both he and his brother were distinguished, when in power together, by this wretched feeling. “ I cannot be sorry for Lord Granville,” writes Horace Walpole, apropos of a certain ministerial crisis, “ for he certainly sacrificed everything to please the King; I cannot be glad for the Pelhams, for they sacrifice everything to their own jealousy and ambition.”§ At length this jealousy and ambition sundered even the brothers themselves. Lord Chesterfield compared them to Arbuthnot’s *Lindamira* and *Indamora*,|| of whom the latter (standing for Henry Pelham) was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling and kicking, and as they grew together, there was no parting them. Quarrelling and kicking, fussing and fretting, kissing and slobbering, thus the Duke spent his time and pains. Always in a fidget; like Chaucer’s Serjeant of Law,

Nowher so besy a man as he ther nas,
And yit he semed besier than he was¶—

from the perpetual motion and demonstrative fussiness of his manner. Not that it was, wholly or chiefly even, a put-on manner: the excitability of his demeanour was a true index of his oddly excitable temperament. “ In the midst of prosperity and apparent happiness,” thus Lord Waldegrave describes him, “ the slightest disappointment, or any imaginary evil, will, in a moment, make him miserable: his mind can never be composed; his spirits are always agitated. Yet this constant ferment, which would wear out and destroy any other man, is perfectly agreeable to his constitution: he is at the very perfection of health, when his fever is at the greatest height.”** A ludicrous picture, but no caricature, nevertheless, of that impulsive eccentricity which characterised him, so far regardless of “ appearances,” in his sheer anxiety to “ appear ” well with people around him, is given in the levee scene in “ Humphrey Clinker,” where the arrival of the Algerine Ambassador is announced to his Grace *en déshabillé*. “ A door opening, he suddenly bolted out, with a shaving cloth under his chin, his face frothed up to the eyes with soap-lather; and, running up to the ambassador, grinned hideous in his face. ‘ My dear Mahomet,’ said he, ‘ God love your long beard! I hope the Dey will make you a horse-tail at the next promotion, ha, ha, ha! Have but a moment’s patience, and I’ll send to you in a twinkling.’ So saying, he retreated to his den, leaving the Turk in some confusion.”††

* Lord Mahon’s Hist. of England, vol. iv.

† Waldegrave’s Memoirs.

‡ In “ Martinus Scriblerus.”

** Waldegrave’s Memoirs from 1754 to 1758.

†† “ After a short pause, however, he [the Turk] said something to his in-

† “ Friends in Council,” vol. i.

§ Walpole to Mann, 1744.

¶ Canterbury Tales: Prologue.

Public fêtes, "spreads," and entertainments of divers kinds, were an ordinary part of Ministers' policy, in those days, such as few thought themselves at liberty to neglect, and to which his Grace of Newcastle devoted particular attention. Nothing aroused his jealousy more keenly than this open-house system as adopted by others. "The present great disturbance in politics," writes Walpole, in 1745, "is my Lady Granville's assembly; which I do assure you distresses the Pelhams infinitely more than a mysterious meeting of the States would, and far more than the abrupt breaking up of the Diet at Grodno. She had begun to keep Tuesdays before her lord resigned, which now she continues with greater zeal. Her house is very fine, she very handsome, her lord very agreeable and extraordinary; and yet the Duke of Newcastle wonders that people will go thither. He mentioned to my father my going there, who laughed at him; 'Cato's a proper person' to trust with such a childish jealousy! Harry Fox says, 'Let the Duke of Newcastle open his own house, and see if all that come thither are his friends.'"^{*} The Duke did open his own house, and on the showiest scale—turning his grounds into what, he hoped, would seem a sufficient realization of the Elysian fields to lure the faithful to his side, and keep them there, through evil report and good report, through thick and thin. "The Duke of Newcastle's last," writes Walpole in '48, "was a baby Vauxhall, illuminated with a million of little lamps of various colours."[†]

For he was free enough with his purse, when the loosened strings of it would serve to tighten his hold on power. Lord Waldegrave exculpates him from the charge of anything like avarice or rapaciousness: "though he will give bribes, he is above accepting them; and instead of having enriched himself at the expense of his master, or of the public, he has greatly impaired a very considerable estate by showboating, and keeping up a good parliamentary interest, which is commonly, though perhaps improperly, called the service of the crown."[‡] Every effort of his life tended to the formation or confirmation of political connexions, and he certainly so far succeeded, that, for twenty years and more, he was "by far the most considerable subject in the kingdom." We are reminded of what Devereux says to Belingbroke, in Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance: "I will tell you a discovery I have made."—"And what is it?"—"Listen: that man is wisest who is happiest—granted. What does happiness consist in? Power, wealth, popularity, and, above all, content. Well, then, no man ever obtains so much power, so much money, so much popularity, and, above all, such thorough self-content, as a fool; a fool, therefore (this is no paradox), is the wisest of men. Fools govern the world in purple—the wise laugh at them—but they laugh in rags.

terpreter, the meaning of which I had great curiosity to know, as he turned up his eyes while he spoke, expressing astonishment, mixed with devotion. We were gratified by means of the communicative Captain C—, who conversed with the dragoman as an old acquaintance. Ibrahim, the ambassador, who had mistaken his grace for the minister's fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect—'Holy Prophet! I don't wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the counsel of idiots:' a species of men whom all good Mahometans revere as the organs of immediate inspiration. Ibrahim was favoured with a particular audience of short duration; after which the duke conducted him to the door, and then returned to diffuse his gracious looks among the crowd of his worshippers."^{—Humphrey Clinker.}

^{*} Walpole to Mann, 1745.

[†] Ibid. 1748.

[‡] Waldegrave's Memoirs.

Fools thrive at courts—fools thrive in state-chambers—fools thrive in boudoirs—fools thrive in rich men's legacies. Who is so beloved as a fool? Every man seeks him, laughs at him, hugs him. Who is so secure in his own opinion, so high in complacency, as a fool? *sua virtute involuit*. Hark-ye, St. John, let us turn fools—they are the only potentates—the only philosophers of earth. Oh, motley, 'motley's your only wear!'"* The passage may in various and salient points be inapplicable to Newcastle; but it jumps with the spirit of our exordium, on the compatibility of unwisdom with premierships; and certainly, allowing for the wind, is a pretty close hit at his Grace, coming perilously near

Between the wind and his nobility.

A fool, *pur et simple*, he could not be, plentifully as he enjoyed the credit of it. "If we consider how many years he has continued in the highest employments," says Lord Waldegrave, writing in the thirty-fifth year† of the Duke's official course; "that he has acted a very considerable part amongst the most considerable persons of his own time; that, when his friends have been routed, he has still maintained his ground; that he has incurred his Majesty's displeasure on various occasions, but has always carried his point, and has soon been restored both to favour and confidence;‡ it cannot be denied that he possesses some qualities of an able minister." So his Lordship opens his Character of the Duke. And he closes it with the significant intimation: "He is in his sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth year, yet thirsts for power in a future reign with the greatest solicitude; and hereafter, should he live to see a Prince of Wales, of a year old, he will still look forward, not without expectation that in due course of time he may be his minister also."

Lord Macaulay's account of the grand finale to Newcastle's official life, must serve to close this

Farrago of bits, scraps, and sundries—all hasty-work—

Shreds, patches, et cætera—not at all tasty-work—

Mere slips, strays, and cuttings of scissors-and-pasty-work.

"The retreat of Pitt had deprived the government of popularity. Newcastle had exulted in the fall of the illustrious colleague whom he envied and dreaded, and had not foreseen that his own doom was at hand. He still tried to flatter himself that he was at the head of the government; but insults heaped on insults at length undeceived him. Places which had always been considered as in his gift, were bestowed without any

* "*Devsreux*," book iii. ch. v.

† "The Duke of Newcastle is in his thirty-fifth year of ministerial longevity; has been much abused, much flattered, and still more ridiculed," &c.—*Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs*.

‡ Not always. As every dog, so every duke has his day; but then every day has its night. For, as Mr. Massey remarks, when government by the Crown, independently of the great families, was adopted as the principle of the new reign—*regnante Georgio tertio*—the first step taken towards the accomplishment of this object was the disgrace of the Duke of Newcastle: which disgrace was effected without much difficulty; and the man who for fifteen years had been the dictator of ministries, and whose jealous vigilance had hardly ever suffered any statesman but himself to approach the closet of the sovereign, was hurled from power by the first vigorous effort of a strong will. None of the great party leaders, adds Mr. Massey, "were thenceforth suffered to acquire any considerable portion of the power and patronage which Walpole and Newcastle and other ministers in a less degree, had possessed."—*Massey's History of England*, vol. ii.

reference to him. His expostulations only called forth significant hints that it was time for him to retire. . . . Still the old man clung with a desperate grasp to the wreck.* Seldom, indeed, have Christian meekness and Christian humility equalled the meekness and humility of his patient and abject ambition. At length he was forced to understand that all was over. He quitted that court where he had held high office during forty-five years, and hid his shame and regret among the cedars of Claremont."†

* The reader will hardly object, whether familiar or not with Walpole's Letters, to see Lord Macaulay's evidence backed, not to say topped, by Lord Orford. Harry Conway is told in 1762: "They talk of your friend the Duke of Devonshire's resigning; and, for the Duke of Newcastle, it puts him so much in mind of the end of Queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be Minister again for another forty years." (Cunningham's "Walpole's Letters," IV. 20.)

"For the Duke of Newcastle, he only makes one smile as usual; to see him frisking while his grave is digging." (IV. 50.)

But two years later, Horace somewhat moderates his tone. "For the Duke [Aug., 1764], his spirits, under so many mortifications and calamities, are surprising: the only effect they and his years seem to have made on him is to have abated his ridicules." (IV. 260-1.) We continue to hear, nevertheless, of "that old simpleton," and his "having the impudence to talk to me of character" (IV. 353), and his zeal in "restoring clerks and tide-waiters, and offering everybody everything, and patronising the clergy again; not being yet cured by their behaviour, of loving to make bishops" (389). "It is too ridiculous [Jan., 1766] to see Goody Newcastle exulting like old Marius in a seventh consulship" (459). "That old wretch is [July] moving heaven and earth (but heaven and earth are not easily moved with a numbed finger of seventy) to raise dissatisfaction; and I suppose will end, like Lord Bolingbroke, laying plans at fourscore to govern under the Prince of Wales, who is now almost five" (V. 6).—"Newcastle's people are [August] weary of following him in and out, and see what everybody else sees but himself, that seventy-three and ambition are ridiculous comrades" (V. 8-9).

A year later, July, 1767: "A meeting of the two factions was held at Newcastle House, where the Duke of Bedford was agent for the Grenvilles; and the old wretch himself laboured tooth and nail, that is, with the one of each sort that he has left, to cement, or rather, to make over his friends to the same influence" (V. 58-9). A parallel passage ensues some six months afterwards: "The Duke of Newcastle, who had rather make peace than not make mischief, scuttled to Bedford House, and tried to unite the two factions, but could scarcely obtain to be heard; and is gone to whisper anybody that will be whispered, at Bath. However, if he has but three dependents left upon earth, and can make two of them wait in his ante-chamber while he affects to be locked up with the third, he will be satisfied" (73-4). "I cannot," Horace protests, about this period, "like the Duke of Newcastle, sail through life with generation after generation" (75). In the first month of the new year [1768] we are told: "The Duke of Newcastle has been dying, but is out of danger. He says he will meddle no more with politics, and therefore I think I will not declare that I have done with them, for I am sure he will relapse to them, and I should hate to be like him" (79).

That year, however, was the old duke's last. "Your old cousin Newcastle is going," writes Walpole to George Montague on the 15th of November (on the 17th the "going" man was—gone); "he has had a stroke of a palsy, and they think will not last two days." What they thought, turned out to be literally correct. On the 18th this cold, curt paragraph occurs in an epistle to Mann: "The Duke of Newcastle is dead, of a stroke of a palsy. He had given up politics ever since—his illness a few months ago! It does not make the least alteration of any kind" (V. 134, 135). For long years,

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,"—

a veteran who has in his time played many parts, and had his exits and his entrances: but even for the longest lingerer on the boards there is a last exit in reserve—when a stronger voice even than the *vox populi* shall bid him Off, off!

† Macaulay's Essays, vol. iii. Art.: "The Earl of Chatham."

TALES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.*

I. The Arquebusiers.—II. An Arquebusier's Vengeance.—III. The Rival Kings of the Arquebusiers.—IV. The Hermit of Ripaille.—V. The White Hare.

I.—THE ARQUEBUSIERS.

It would scarcely be imagined that the memories of an old sportsman, which at the best cannot go far back into the eighteenth century, should be stored with reminiscences of the cross-bow and the arquebuse ; yet such is the case in the instance of M. Joseph la Vallée, owing to the practice which obtained till a very late period, and which is indeed still upheld in many parts of France, of holding shooting matches of no small provincial import.

A society of cross-bowmen (*Arbalétriers*) was first organised in Compiègne, the ever loyal capital of Valois, when the dauphin Charles took refuge within its walls, after the battle of Poitiers. The company of Châlons-sur-Marne—the capital of Champagne—was only created some time after by the same prince, and still greater privileges were conferred upon the two when he ascended the throne under the title of Charles V. This was in 1358 ; the company of *Arbalétriers* of Paris does not date till the 9th August, 1359.

At the time when Charles V. was founding the first companies of *Arbalétriers* from among the notable citizens of France, the effects of powder were becoming gradually known. The Moors had used cannon for the defence of Algeiras in 1342, and the English used them at Crécy in 1346. The step from great guns to little guns was soon made. The Italians first used the *schiopetti*—the *escopette* of the French—at the siege of Bonifazio in 1421, and these new weapons soon came into common use among the mercenaries of the day. The Spaniards called them *espingarda*. This instrument of offence was, however, gradually superseded by the arquebuse, which was introduced into France in the time of François I.

The example set by Compiègne, Châlons, and Paris of founding a bourgeois militia of *Arbalétriers* and *Arquebusiers* was soon followed by the other provincial capitals. Each company had, besides its local designation, another which was more or less characteristic. Thus, the *Arquebusiers* of Avise were called *les Gouailleurs* ; of Beaumont, *les Chaudronniers* ; of Chauny, *les Singes* ; of Crépi, *les Cochons* ; of Epernay, *les Bons Enfants* ; of Pontoise, *les Usuriers* ; of Saint-Quentin, *les Canonniers* ; of Rheims, *les Mangeurs de Pain-d'épice* ; and so on. Many had also their devices, as the company of Château-Thierry, which had for emblem a branch of holly with the device "*Nul ne s'y frotte*"—another version of the *Nemo me impunè lacerat*.

The companies of *Arquebusiers* had their regular days for practice ; but they had, besides, an especial day in the year when prizes were contended for. The most successful shot was elected king for the ensuing

* *Les Récits d'un Vieux Chasseur.* Par Joseph la Vallée, Auteur de "*La Chasse à Tir et de la Chasse à Courre.*"

year, and he enjoyed many municipal privileges, among others, that of being exempt from taxes during the year. The object fired at was the model of a bird, not larger than a filbert, raised upon the top of a high mast. This was called the "pepegault;" and hence the successful shot was called King of the Pepegault. The companies, which were always founded by royal letters patent, had also their captain, who was elected by a majority of votes; he commanded the company, and enjoyed his rank so long as he remained connected with it. The captain was, like the king, exempt from taxes. There was also a prince—an honour conferred on the highest bidder; a provost, who acted as secretary, adjutant, and paymaster; and lastly, the chevaliers, or members. The Arquebusiers took precedence of all other militia. They not only assembled for trials of skill once a year in their own towns, but they used sometimes to meet at a select spot. Thus, out of sixty companies of Arquebusiers which existed in 1729, forty-eight assembled to contest the public prizes given at Compiègne that year.

The society of Arbalétriers of Senlis, which dated from olden times, was newly organised by Charles VI. on the 1st of February, 1405, and again by François I. in September, 1538, when from Arbalétriers they became Arquebusiers. They were at that time designated as Chestifs, a contemptuous expression said to have been ill-merited, for Froissard records that Senlis having been assaulted after the sack of Meaux in 1358, the citizens drove the enemy off with great slaughter. They were afterwards called Besaciers, from a beggar with his wallet being represented in their colours, with the device "*Florescet sartis innumerabilibus*" (it will flourish with numerous repairs); but some have wished to read "*Florescet sæclis innumerabilibus*" (it will flourish for numerous ages). Certain it is that already in 1588, when the colours of the Arbalétriers-Arquebusiers of Senlis were blessed by the Archbishop Rose, it was impossible to make out if the device was "*sartis*" or "*sæclis*."

The united company of the Arbalétriers-Arquebusiers broke up on the 17th of January, 1601, and the privileges granted to the Arquebusiers by Louis XIII. in 1637 were subsequently confirmed by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Another local body also sprang up during the League: the citizens having so gallantly defended the city, they were enrolled into a corps called the Fusiliers Royalistes de Senlis. These different bodies carried on their practice in different places, and lived on the best possible understanding with one another, till they were all alike suppressed by the great Revolution. It was on this occasion—viz. the 13th of December, 1789, when the colours of the National Guard were blessed for the first time—that Senlis became the scene of a strange and fearful tragedy.

II.—AN ARQUEBUSIER'S VENGEANCE.

It is not always the tallest and the strongest, the bearded and parded, that are the most ferocious. The Arquebusier Billon, watchmaker of Senlis, was a little man, spare, pale, much marked with small-pox, and with deep seams in his face where there ought to have been whiskers or moustache. Billon was a usurer, and was in the habit of lending out money at ten per cent. upon sufficient guarantee. Among his clients was one

Levasseur, who, when his bill became due, refused to pay more than a legitimate interest, and summoned the watchmaker before the Lieutenant-Général du Baillage de Senlis. The trial created a great sensation, and resulted in Billon's being declared guilty of usury. He was in consequence expelled the company of Arquebusiers, of whom M. Delorme was at that time captain, and Prévile, the celebrated comedian, beloved by Garrick, as also Leblanc, Caron, and Pigeau, names not unknown to fame, were members of the permanent committee. Billon attempted in vain to bring the committee to a more lenient view of his case, and at last failing, and having been further somewhat rudely treated by Captain Delorme, he vowed a terrible revenge upon the whole of them.

On Sunday, the 13th of December, 1789, the day appointed for the blessing of the colours of the National Guard, the different armed bodies had been invited to assemble at the town-hall, whence they were to proceed to the cathedral in the following order:

1. A detachment of National Cavalry preceded by a trumpeter.
2. The company of Arquebusiers.
3. The company of Royalist Fusiliers, with the municipal officers, the members of the council-general, the hoquetons, and the valets de villa.
4. The staff of the National Guard.
5. The colours, with a detachment of fifty men selected from all the armed bodies.
6. The select companies and the central companies of the National Guard to the number of seven.
7. Lastly, the procession was to be closed by the rest of the National Cavalry.

The procession, as thus determined, was advancing slowly up the Vieille Rue de Paris, when, passing the house of Billon, the report of a gun was heard. The first thought was that a musket had gone off accidentally, but this impression did not last long. Cambronne, drummer of the Arquebusiers, fell, struck by a ball on the brow. At the same moment M. Leblanc, son of the deputy of the National Assembly, and one of the chevaliers of the Arquebusiers, received a ball in his left arm: he was also struck by buck-shot in the breast and other places. Captain Delorme was rushing forward to see whence the disturbance came, when he was struck by three balls in the chest, and died in a few minutes. He was the man whom Billon hated the most.

The fury of the assassin did not, however, vent itself solely on the chevaliers of the arquebuse. M. Deslandes, lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Senlis, was also hit. Luckily the magistrate, having made a movement as if in the act of bowing, the buck-shot intended for his breast hit him on the top of the head, and only made seven slight wounds.

The National Guard had in the mean time rushed to the door of Billon's house. It was soon broken open, and among the first who obtained admission were M. Hamelin de la Bruyère, lieutenant of the *maréchaussée*; M. Boitel de Dienval, *maréchal des logis* of the cavalry; M. Roulier, sub-lieutenant of the *maréchaussée* at the residence of Compiègne; Lanier, brigadier; and several other brave fellows.

M. Boitel broke open a glass door which led to the ground-floor, but nothing was found there. The first-floor was next quickly reached. A

few blows with the butt-end of a gun broke open the door of the front room; still nothing was found. Another doorway led from this to Billon's bedroom. This was solidly barricaded with furniture. They were obliged to wait till a pioneer could come to their assistance. The latter broke through a panel with his axe. It was then found that a heap of fagots and straw had been piled up in the centre, and this heap was already lighted. MM. Boitel and Lanier were the first to make their way into the room, and in doing so they heard a door closed upon them. This door led into another room, which was lighted by a window which looked upon the street. It was from that window that Billon still kept up his murderous fire upon his fellow-citizens, and dealt death among their ranks. M. Lanier threw himself against the door, and made vain efforts to open it, whilst M. Boitel tried to stop the progress of the conflagration, little aware of the danger that threatened him in so doing. As the fire, however, continued to increase, M. Boitel hastened down stairs to obtain further assistance. As to M. Lanier, believing that the room had no other outlet, and that it was Billon's last place of refuge, he remained at his post. He was, however, mistaken: there was a staircase which led to the garret. Hence, when M. Roulier succeeded at last in obtaining access to the Arquebusier's fortress, he was at once tumbled over by a pistol-shot, whilst Billon effected a safe retreat to the garret, whence he continued to rain down a perfect shower of balls and buck-shot. M. de la Bruyère, however, pursued the miscreant up to his last place of refuge, and succeeded in fastening upon him. Whether it was that Billon still entertained hopes of escape, or that he really felt some compunction, he said, "Save yourself, M. de la Bruyère; get away as fast as you can! I have no ill-will towards you; make your escape before it is too late—you will be blown up!" The gallant lieutenant, however, did not let his victim go, but endeavoured to drag him away. At this very moment the mine exploded, and the house crumbled to pieces with a loud noise, burying in its ruins all the brave fellows who had so heroically assailed it. The force of the explosion was such that no less than sixty-six neighbouring houses were shaken and damaged. The one that was next to it fell to the ground, crushing in its fall a woman, who alone remained within, and a stone was shaken from the roof of the cathedral, which was more than two hundred yards distant.

As soon as the first moment of stupor occasioned by this terrible catastrophe had passed over, people set to work to endeavour to extricate the unfortunate victims from the ruins under which they were buried. When they found M. Hamelin, "Go to those who are worse off," he said; "the support is a good one." This was in allusion to a great cross beam that had fallen on his legs. When he was carried to his home he refused to receive the attentions of a surgeon till the others had been attended to. He was so covered with wounds and contusions that no one thought he could survive, yet he seemed to have no feeling but for others. "If I were the only sufferer," he said; "but my poor companions!" In reward for their courage on this momentous occasion, M. de la Bruyère and M. Hamelin received the cross of St. Louis. The number of citizens who perished by this terrible catastrophe was thirty, among whom were several Arquebusiers and three Royalist Fusiliers. As to the wounded, there were upwards of forty, and that without enumerating those who were

only slightly injured. Thus we do not find M. Prévillé's name in the official list of the wounded; yet we read in his *Memoirs* that he received such a concussion on this occasion that his left eye remained paralysed ever after. As to Billon, he was among the first discovered, and he still breathed, but the populace soon put him out of his misery by stoning him to death, after which they carried his body to the gaol, and the next day he was condemned by the bailiwick to the most ignoble burial. Several pairs of pistols were found in his waistband. He had still twenty cartridges in his pockets. An order of the bailiff's condemned the house to be levelled to the ground, and it was prohibited to ever after build on the spot.

Shortly after this terrible event, a decree of the National Assembly, dated June 12, 1790, incorporated all the companies of *Arquebusiers* into the National Guard, and another decree of the Convention, dated the 24th of April, 1793, finally suppressed them.

We shall now abridge a story of older date, one in which the company of *Arquebusiers* of the capital of *Soissonnais*—*Château-Thierry*—is concerned, and in which the rival kings of the *Papegault* and the aged captain of the company play the principal parts.

III.—THE RIVAL KINGS OF THE ARQUEBUSIERS.

THE angelus had just rung in *Château-Thierry*. It was the evening of Pentecost, in the year 1557. An aged man, but of stalwart frame, and still vigorous both in mind and body, was busy cleaning his arquebuse by the side of a capacious fireplace. A young girl with light hair, blue eyes, and angelic shape—one of those figures that Leonardo da Vinci or Raphael would have delighted to transfer to their canvas—was busy at the fire melting lead and moulding balls. A young man was seated between the two, dressed in the extreme fashion of the day, with pointed hat and green feather and long pointed shoes, but his looks were not propitiatory; there was something very repulsive in his haughty indifference and smirking self-conceit.

Traunel—for that was the young coxcomb's name—rocking himself on his chair, said to the young girl:

"Well, Isabella, do you always think of those who are away? Believe me, you had much better have me. My father has left me some little property, and I am king of the *Arquebusiers*. It is true that the term of my royalty expires to-morrow, but the competition is open to all the chevaliers of the arquebuse, and if I hit the bird again I shall be emperor."

"Ah!" interposed the old man, "it is now four years since Chauvet went off with M. Sampierre to join Marshal de Thermes in Corsica. Heaven knows what may have become of him. I too, Isabella, have been captain of the *Arquebusiers* now nine long years, and I should like the most skilful to win your hand."

Isabella did not answer, but her hand trembled, and a drop of molten lead falling on her fingers extorted an involuntary shriek. At that moment a vigorous hand knocked at the door, and the old man, having opened it, Chauvet himself came in in soldier's garb, and, throwing himself

into the old man's arms, he had no sooner embraced him than he hastened to greet the fair and blushing Isabella almost as warmly.

"Now that you are come back," said the maid, after the usual inquiries, "I hope you will not leave us again."

"Alas!" replied the soldier, "I am only a bird of passage; I have still one more campaign to follow in Flanders. I have come to take my place as arquebuser to-morrow, just to show that the mountains of Corsica have not put my hand out; but the campaign once over, I shall return to Château-Thierry for good. In the mean time, here, Captain Thierry, is a new lock for your arquebuse: it is from Florence, an amalgam of wondrous virtue; and you, Isabella, will not refuse this necklace: it was the ransom of a Genoese officer. You must see how pretty you are, too." And he drew from his haversack a bit of Venetian-looking glass, as large as the hand, but not the less valuable, for the invention was not known at that time at Château-Thierry.

"I suppose you have made your fortune?" spitefully observed Traudel.

"Not quite," said the soldier, "but I have got a few pieces of gold wherewith to add a few perches to the paternal acres I left behind. Sampierre was as generous as he was brave. 'Ecco due zecchini,' he used to say, 'for him who can hit a Genoese sentinel;' and it was seldom that I did not get them."

The next day the Arquebusers went in procession to Saint-Crépin to have their banners blessed, after which they repaired to the Hôtel de l'Arquebuse to draw lots for turns to shoot. They then marched to the scene of trial, where a bird not larger than a filbert was fixed on the point of a sword, and the sword itself was tied to a mast forty feet high. Traudel won the fifth shot, Chauvet had been unlucky; he was the last on the list. None, however, succeeded in hitting the bird on the first trial. It was Chauvet's turn. He knew that Captain Thierry wished to give his daughter to the most skilful, and he strained every nerve for success. Nor did his devotion fail him: his shot was followed by a little cloud of sand, dispersed from inside the bird the moment it was struck.

"It is killed! it is killed!" was shouted on all sides. The bird was picked up, and Chauvet was led away in triumph, drums beating to the hall where he was elected king for the ensuing year; nor did the happy young soldier leave Château-Thierry till he had obtained the promise from Captain Thierry that Isabella should be his wife on his return.

Some time had elapsed, when a strange scene was being enacted at a wild barren spot called les Friches de Coinci, situate at a short distance from Château-Thierry, and where are some giant relics of Druidical times. A kind of sabbath of sorcerers was being held. Hideous figures were dancing round a fire, laughing and singing with satanic glee. "What do you want here?" at length said a black man, who seemed to be leader of the party, to a stranger among them.

"What I want," replied Traudel, for he it was—"I want the King of Papegault to be defeated! I want him whom I hate to be thrown upon the bodies of his comrades in arms, and his carcase to be given up to the dogs and crows!"

"Hold your tongue, sorcerer!" interrupted a loud voice, as he seized the impious man by the throat with a vigorous hold. It was Chauvet. His clothes were covered with dust and blood, his helmet and breastplate

bore the marks of recent conflict, his face was out, but not deeply. It was evident he had just left the field of battle. "Hold your tongue, sorcerer!" he said, "your wishes are already in part gratified. Yesterday the French army was defeated before the walls of Saint-Quentin. The Connétable de Montmorency is in the hands of the enemy. I was despatched by him to give the alarm to Laon, La Fère, and Château-Thierry, and by the grace of God your last wish shall not be fulfilled."

At the name of the Creator sorcerers and fire suddenly vanished. Traunel alone remained in the hands of the soldier, who hesitated a moment if he should not purge the earth of such a miscreant; but old memories prevailed, and he allowed him to depart.

No sooner had Chauvet arrived at Château-Thierry with the news of a defeat than the town was put into a state of defence, nor was it long before the Spaniards laid siege to it. Thanks, however, to the courage and skill of the Arquebusiers the defence was successful, till a traitor—he was supposed to be Traunel—informed the enemy of a weak point, where, bringing a gun to bear, they were enabled to break down a gateway, and the town had no other alternative but to capitulate.

The terms of the capitulation ensured safety to the inhabitants and protection to property; but the Spaniards, once in possession of the town, paid little regard to them. Houses were pillaged, persons were ill-treated, and corn was seized and exported, till a famine became inevitable. The King of the Arquebusiers had recourse in this dire extremity to his skill to support himself, and to obtain food for Captain Thierry and his fair daughter. He used to go out in the woods to shoot boar, deer, hares, or rabbits, or even any smaller game that might come in his way. These excursions threw him in the way of the Spanish officers, who did not fail to admire his skill, and they challenged him to a contest, from which he came off the winner of large stakes in corn (he had refused to enter the lists for gold, when gold was of no avail), and he at once conveyed the much-coveted grain to the house of his betrothed.

Traunel, whose implacable hatred hovered over the house, had witnessed the conveyance of the corn, and he hastened to report to the governor that a robbery had been committed. The Spaniard at once gave the informer an officer's guard, with orders that if the robber was detected such punishment should be inflicted upon him as he (Traunel) should consider expedient.

The rival King of the Arquebusiers preceded his satellites, and entering first into the house he threw down his hat, lounged back in the arm-chair, and coolly declared the nature of his mission, to the unbounded wrath and indignation of the veteran captain. Chauvet, whose company had, since the display of his remarkable skill, been much sought for by the Spanish officers, to assist them in their shooting excursions, was, unfortunately, absent at the time.

"I know," said Traunel, with his imperturbable impudence, "that you are incapable of a bad action, but appearances are against you; the corn is in this house; the very sacks have the Spanish arms on them, and only I can save you. You know the price: I love your daughter—give her to me, and I will befriend you."

"My daughter," replied the captain, with concentrated ire, "shall never be the wife of a traitor, of a man who has sold himself to the

Spaniards and to Satan. Who will give credit to such an accusation? I can prove my innocence."

"No you cannot," replied the villain, "for I am your only judge."

"You!—infamous traitor and liar—my judge!"

And the old man, no longer able to restrain himself, rushed upon his enemy, who, shouting aloud for help, the soldiers hurried in to his aid. By his direction they took the captain, and gagging him, they bound him down to a stout table. In this position the vile traitor renewed his application, but with no better success.

In the mean time Isabella had heard what was passing, and dreading some serious danger to her father, she hastened out of the house by a back door in search of Chauvet. Guided by the clamour and firing of guns, she was not long before she joined the sportsmen; and among them, and looked up to by all, was the King of the Arquebusiers. Isabella, nothing abashed by the crowd and the strangeness of her appearance there, hastened up to him.

"Come, come quick!" she exclaimed; "they are going to murder my father!"

Chauvet did not hesitate a moment; he at once took his way back with Isabella to the town. When they arrived, a large body of citizens surrounded the house of Thierry, consternation and rage depicted on their countenances, and when Isabella and Chauvet approached to enter, "You come to late," shouted out a voice with a satanic expression in it—"you come too late."

And, from an upper window, a heavy bloody mass was thrown down at their feet. It was the body of a man who had been flayed alive.*

"My father! my poor dear father!" exclaimed the miserable girl, lifting up the head of the mutilated body.

As to Chauvet, he had precipitated himself into the house sword in hand; but the dastards, cowardly as they were cruel, and taken aback by the sudden onslaught, did not await his blows; they at once made their escape by the back way, leaving the skin of their victim, and the very scalpels which had been the instruments of his torture, as evidences of their barbarity behind them. The King of the Arquebusiers, seizing the gory trophy, held it out from the window.

"Vengeance, citizens!" he exclaimed; "here are the remains of one of your countrymen!"

"Vengeance! to arms!" was shouted out in response from every person present.

In a space of time so brief as to be almost magical, the citizens of Château-Thierry and the Spaniards were at blows. Nothing was heard but the clashing of arms and the loud report of arquebuses. The company of Arquebusiers, headed by their king, who bore the skin of the unfortunate Thierry aloft on a pike as a standard, swept the Spaniards, taken by surprise, before them. They would even have expelled them from the town altogether, had it not been for a veteran, who re-formed their ranks at the gate of Saint Crépin.

"Take those lions from your colours," he exclaimed, "and place hens

* A house is still shown in the Rue du Pont, at Château-Thierry, to which tradition has attached the memory of this fearful tragedy.

in their place, since you allow yourselves to be thus beaten by the Gallic cock."

Thus taunted, the Spaniards rallied. They were more numerous and better trained to war than their opponents. The citizens were decimated, and gave way before them. The company of Arquebusiers alone held their ground. Among them was a young woman covered with blood, cheering them on, succouring the wounded, picking up arms, and supplying ammunition. It was Isabella, who now and then whispered a magic word to inspire them with renewed courage. But all in vain; the few who remained, after keeping up the fight for some time, were obliged to take refuge in the convent of the Cordeliers, and for three long days the vengeance of the Spaniards exhausted itself before the stout walls of that extemporised fortress. At length Traunel found an opening by which lighted brands could be thrown in to where the monks kept their wood, and soon the whole place was in a blaze of fire. The Arquebusiers continued their desperate struggle amid the flames and smoke, disputing the calcined walls to their assailants. Soon the chapel alone remained intact.

"We shall soon perish," said Chauvet to Isabella; "before we die let us be united."

The young girl went up to the altar and kneeled down by his side, A monk, the only one that had not fled, pronounced them to be man and wife.

The ceremony was indeed very brief, and Chauvet soon got up to fight again. Around him were twelve arquebusiers, all that remained of that gallant company. At this instant Traunel made his appearance through the fire and smoke, leading on the Spaniards.

"The sorcerer!" exclaimed Chauvet, "he has not his brand on his forehead; it avails him not at the foot of the altar. He rushes to his fate!" And so saying, the King of the Arquebusiers took aim at the miscreant, who fell, hit on the forehead.

At the same time the vaulted roof of the monastery crumbled, and the ruins of the falling church separated the combatants.

"Is it useless resisting any longer," said the monk; "we shall be all buried in the ruins." Saying which, he led the way to a secret door behind the altar, and bade them all follow him along a subterranean passage which led to the walls of the castle. Once there, they soon reached La Barre, and gained the open country. Thence they took refuge in the forest of Barbillion, where they remained until the troops of Philip II. having been expelled the province they were enabled to return to Château-Thierry. Chauvet became the chief of an honourable family, who supplied the company of Arquebusiers with captains and kings for two long centuries after.

IV.—THE HERMIT OF RIPAILLE.

Two travellers were following a little-frequented pathway by the side of a little river that flowed into the lake of Geneva. Their horses were jaded, and their dusty apparel testified to their having come from afar. The one was clothed in rich furs, and his spurs were of gold. The

other wore a military costume. They were followed by six armed domestics, who guarded a mule laden with baggage.

"Aujehan! Aujehan!" exclaimed the first, turning round, "do you think we shall soon arrive at this hermitage of Ripaille?"

"My lord," replied the other, "if we do not, it is not for want of diligence on your part. I should like to know the cause of these rapid proceedings on the part of the Sire Jean Poton de Saintrailles."

"Well, then, as we are approaching the end of our journey, I may as well inform you," replied the knight. "Amédée, the hermit of Ripaille, is not a hermit like most others. He was formerly Duke of Savoy, and was renowned for his wisdom and goodness. Having lost his wife, he became disgusted with power, gave over Savoy to his son Louis, and the country of Geneva to his second son, and he himself withdrew to a mansion on the banks of the lake, which he calls a hermitage. Now, the Council of Basle having deposed Pope Eugène and elected Amédée in his place, I am deputed by the king to strengthen the hermit in his resolutions to live retired, and to refuse the tiara."

"Ah! ah!" laughed the esquire, "to prefer being a humble hermit to sovereign pontiff! Not very likely, I should say."

"Stop till you see the hermit and his cell," the Sire de Saintrailles contented himself with observing.

Nor were they long in gaining sight of its roofs, just tinged by a setting sun. The hermitage of "la Ripaglia," or of "the shore," was beautifully situated. It had been erected by Amédée on the site of an ancient priory. It was a retreat from which nothing that could render life agreeable had been omitted. A little harbour sheltered the boats which were used for excursions on the lake, for fishing, and shooting water-fowl. There were vast and well-aired stables, kennels for hounds, lodgings for the huntsmen and falconers. Nothing was wanting. There were cellars filled with the choicest vintages of different countries and of different seasons, and kitchens replete with conveniences and contrivances that would put modern art to blush.

"If this is a hermitage," said the esquire, as he stepped from his horse, "où diable l'humilité va-t-elle se nicher?"

As soon as Saintrailles had dismounted he descended into the court, guided by the sound of hunting-horns, and he found himself in the midst of a brilliant crowd. Amédée had instituted an order of knightly hermits under the patronage of Saint Maurice: they were twelve in number with the ex-duke. They wore a simple tunic of grey cloth, but of the finest Segovian tissue, and bound to the waist by a rope embroidered with gold, while on their heads was a cap of scarlet velvet. A cardinal of the holy Church with his suite was also present. The whole party were still on horseback, clamorously assisting at the cutting up of a magnificent boar, the prize of the day's sport, and which, when accomplished, the remains had, by the laws of venery, to be given over to the dogs, amidst the acclamations of the sportsmen.

"It is our turn now," said Amédée, descending from his horse. "Does not your eminence," he added, turning to the cardinal, "feel that hunting gives an appetite? And travel," he further said, turning to the French knight, "does it not have the same effect? Sire de Saintrailles, whatever may be the mission our cousin Charles of France may have

entrusted you with, he could not have selected an envoy whose arrival could give greater pleasure to the hermits of la Ripaille."

The banqueting-hall of Ripaille was very capacious, yet an agreeable warmth was kept up by vast fireplaces at either extremity, well fed by logs, which were neither more nor less than the trunks of whole trees. The panes of glass, artistically soldered in leaden frames, kept out the cold air. As a further precaution, all possible crevices were well covered with tapestries of various designs. Lastly, numerous wax-lights diffused a subdued yet pleasing light over the whole scene.

After the pages had offered scented waters in silver ewers to each guest wherein to bathe his hands, and grace had been duly said, Amédée remarked: "We must now lay aside the cares of this world; that is the aim and object of our institution. After prayer and hunting, I see nothing more worthy than the table to occupy the leisure of a brave man."

It would require the pen of a Borehour, a Brillat-Savarin, or a Blane, to give an idea of the gastronomic luxury which greeted the eyes and nose almost to insatiety. Such an abundance prevailed in the hermitage of Amédée, there was such a profusion of all that can render existence agreeable, that it has passed into a proverb, and after the lapse of four centuries, when people wish to say they are going to indulge in unwonted excesses, they say "*faire ripaille*."

In the midst of the table, on a capacious silver dish, there lay a whole boar extended on a bed of pistachios. At one end a peacock displayed the brilliant colours of its tail—the artist had preserved that part of the plumage intact—but the breast, cleverly larded, was not the least interesting portion. The art of larding has been attributed to the cook of Leo X., but this effort of genius dates a century before that: the world is indebted for it to the inventive power of the hermit of Ripaille's chef.

The peacock stuffed with truffles, the smallest of which weighed a pound, and reposing on a bed of these precious tubercles, exhaled that delicious aroma which the smell of the rose or the perfume of amber cannot come up to. At the other end of the table a swan, with white head and wings, surrounded by lemons and Seville oranges, swam in a precious green sauce à la cameline, which just reminded one of the flavour of garlic, without having its acridity.

There were also trout from the lake of Geneva, upwards of three feet in length, and weighing some thirty pounds, and carp from the Rhine equalling them in size. These were mostly served en galantine or as brawn. Add to this, pastes of eels, fat pullets, water-hens, and quails in various forms, and hashes of game with quintessenced sauces, and some idea may be obtained of all that "*l'art de la gueule*" can imagine that is most tempting and exquisite.

"Sire de Saintrailles," said Duke Amédée, "shall I send you some of this *salmis* of heron?"

"Thank your highness, but it was precisely in consequence of a vow made upon a heron, now a century ago, that Edward III. invaded France. I have made a vow on my part not to eat of the fatal bird."

"Is it from patriotic motives only that you don't eat heron?"

"Heaven forbid that I should say anything against that which is shot

and that which is eaten; I know that in falconry the heron is the most amusing of all birds to fly, but if you appeal to my candour, I will acknowledge that I deem the regard for its flesh a matter of taste. To me it appears fishy, and I think the fashion will go by."

"What a heresy!" interrupted the cardinal.

"Oh, what a word!" ejaculated the hermit. "Are we going to get into controversy or politics?"

"Your highness will excuse me, but since the ice is broken, I must acknowledge that I should like much to know how the offers which I brought in the name of the Council are received by you."

"Your eminence knows what our life is. To us each day resembles another. This day we killed a boar, to-morrow we may take a stag, and we hope that you will do us the favour to accompany us on our hunt. We have neither ministers nor anxieties in our retreat. We have few courtiers and all the more friends. We do as we like. If it pleases us to wear our hair long and to have beards, nothing prevents us. On the chair of St. Peter we should not know what freedom is. Ecclesiastical discipline would exact that we should wear our hair short and shave our chins."

"That is true," observed the cardinal.

"We should not even be allowed to keep our name."

"Your highness could take that of Felix."

"No doubt the name of Felix is better than that of Amédée, but I am accustomed to the latter; and, sincerely, does your eminence think that I should do a reasonable thing in changing the happy life I lead in my hermitage for all the cares of the papacy?"

"But the interests of Christianity?" interposed the cardinal.

"Is your eminence acquainted with the romance of Fauvel, written in 1310?" continued Duke Amédée; "it is a poem replete with morality and pretty verses:

Vins y eut bons et précieux,
A boire moult délicieux,
Vins vieux, musqués, rosés, florés,
Vins de Gascoigne colorés,
De Montpellier et de Rochelle,
Et de Garnache et de Castele;
Vins de Beaune et de Saint-Pourçain,
Que riches gens tiennent pour sain.

Which shall I send you, Sire de Saintrailles?"

"One after the other, if it pleases your highness," answered the knight.

"I was telling you, then," continued the duke, "that the author wished to represent, in the person of Fauvel, the vanities of the world, to which each in his turn does homage, or '*un chacun va torchier*,' to use the old French of the poet,

De Fauvel que tant vois torchier,
Doucement sans lui echorchier,
Suis entré en mérencolie.

I have also paid my tribute in my time, but I have now definitely re-

nounced the world—I will not *torchier Fauvel* any more. So, Monsieur le Cardinal, I intend to keep my name and my beard."

All night long after that banquet and that conversation did the cardinal lay tossing in his bed. "Are there no means by which to make him change his mind?" he repeated to himself. At length the happy inspiration came. "It is the pleasure that Amédée enjoys that makes him refuse the tiara. I will trouble his felicity, and then try again." No sooner thought of than acted upon. The sleepless cardinal rang up his slumbering servitors, and planned a campaign for the next day, which was to entail nothing but disasters. Above all, huntsmen and helps of all descriptions were to be well bribed.

That day the duke sat down to table vexed and disappointed. The gloom of the host extended itself to the guests. The dishes seemed tasteless, the wine had no flavour. An icy silence prevailed, which no one seemed tempted to break.

"What a horrible change!" at length exclaimed the hermit of Ripaille; "a doe for a buck! Such a thing never happened to me before. What a disgrace! Well, one must resign oneself;" and two great tears furrowed his old cheeks. "Monsieur le Cardinal, I will shave my beard."

"If such is the pleasure of your holiness," replied the prelate, "we will proclaim him under the name of Felix V."

With a furious blow of his knife Saintrailles made the precious plate of Limoges enamel that was before him fly into pieces.

"Au diable les biches!" muttered the knight; "because the hounds made a mistake are we to have an anti-pope?"

"Sire de Saintrailles," interposed Felix V., "if we had not accepted the papal authority it might have fallen into hands which would have abused it. Carry word to your most Christian monarch that I will endeavour to restrain evil by my prudence and moderation." After that he was for a short time silent. "Ah!" he said, rising from the table, "if it had only been a buck!"

Felix V., however, returned, weary of the tiara, to his hermitage in 1449, and never left it more.

And now for a fairy tale of Brittany, which concerns a Breton marksman of more modern times.

V.—THE WHITE HARE.

"MANY thanks, my dear Hubert," said a bedridden old woman, as she gave back the cup she had been drinking from—"thanks, my dear boy, and may Heaven reward you for your kindness to your old mother. Ah! if we were only in Brittany I would invoke the fairies that people our heaths, and they would grant me my wishes: I should see my dear old country again."

"Come, mother dear, don't grieve about that; let us trust in a kind Providence, and we will see our native land again."

And as he said so Hubert looked up from the fireside, where he had taken his seat, at his long fowling-piece, carefully folded in green baize. "Ah!" he said to himself, "if I had only wherewith to put my stakes

into the shooting match to-morrow, I might win something that would help to relieve my poor mother." And so saying, he sighed deeply.

Sick people have quick ears: the mother overheard the sigh.

"You grieve, Hubert," said the mother; "you were looking at your fowling-piece—you would like to be a gamekeeper like your father? Oh, poor Hubert, it is a bad business. If the gamekeeper does his duty, he is condemned and vilified by all; if he is lenient, he is calumniated and reproached; if he uses his arms, he is taxed with barbarous cruelty; if he does not use them, he is assassinated like your father, my poor Roblot?"

"Dear mother, do not talk that way, the doctor said it would do you harm. If you will talk, I will close my ears not to hear you."

"Well, then, I will talk you to sleep, as I did when you were a child. It relieves me to talk. You were very young when we left Ploërmel to come and take up our home on the banks of the Morin. Ah! shall I ever again see my dear Brittany? But sleep away, my good son," said the old woman, lowering her voice, "and may the angels of Heaven bring you dreams of happiness!" She saw that Hubert had his feet on the extremity of the logs, his arms extended, his head bent over his chest—that he had really fallen asleep. No wonder; he worked all the day for his mother, and he nursed her all the night.

Hubert had not slept long when he felt something pull his great toe. At the same time a little personage, not longer than the fore-arm, got up on his knee. "Hubert," said the little personage, "I have come for your sake, and at your mother's prayers, all the way from Brittany. If you want to gain a prize to-morrow, go out with your gun; I will send you game that will pay for your stakes." And so saying, the little fairy slipped down the hunter's leg, and disappeared in the smoke of the chimney.

Hubert rose up at once, and seeing that his mother was dozing, he took down his fowling-piece, and went forth into the valley of the Morin. Day was just dawning as he got to a well-known spot on the borders of a wood. He had not been there long before he saw a white hare coming towards him. For a moment he hesitated shooting so rare an animal, but remembering what the fairy had said to him, he fired, and the hare tumbled over. At the same moment the fairy issued forth from a bunch of thistles. "Well," she said; "Hubert, there is wherewith to pay your stakes; but before you sell your game, cut off the right foot, and preserve it carefully, for the possessor of the foot of a white hare will succeed in all his undertakings. But remember that moderation in your wishes can alone ensure happiness." And so saying, the fairy disappeared before the young man had even time to express his gratitude.

Notwithstanding the protection given to him by the fairy, Hubert could not disguise his trepidation when he entered the lists of the marksmen of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, who celebrated the fête of their patron, Saint Léger, by shooting for prizes. The other competitors laughed at his nervousness. "He is going to sow parsley," said one. "He ought to have had a glass of wine to steady his hand," added another. But all jokes ceased when Hubert, having fired, the marker quickly raised his cap. "In the black ring!" exclaimed the competitors; but the marker had thrown his cap in the air—the bullet had passed right through the ball's eye!

"Morbien!" exclaimed the competitors, "who would have expected that? Hubert will take after his father, the gamekeeper—a good dog of a good breed. Three fine pieces of plate, worth twelve pistoles if they are worth a farthing!"

Hubert, so pale a moment before, was now red with excitement. "Forty crowns to take to my mother!" he said; and he was ready to dance for joy. Others, however, quickly followed in his footsteps, anxious for the second prize. Hubert remained, looking on. "Since I won the first prize by a single shot," he began to say to himself, "why should I not win the second? The white hare's foot will ensure success for the one as well as for the other." So he entered the lists for the second, and won it. Then he entered the lists for the third and the fourth, and one after the other he carried off all the prizes, to the infinite astonishment of the lookers-on, who could not understand whence such surprising skill came from. When Hubert started for his home, he bore away with him prizes of the value of eight hundred francs. As he followed the banks of the Morin, he began to reflect upon what he would do with his money. He would have a bit of land, he said; but he should also want a cottage and some furniture; his mother must be made comfortable, they were so poor! After all, eight hundred francs was very little, he wished he had more. Just as he had arrived at this conclusion, a gun went off from a bed of osiers close by, and he fell to the ground. A moment after a man rushed upon him, and after stunning him with the butt-end of his gun, he robbed him of all his money. When Hubert recovered his senses, he reproached himself bitterly. "Ah!" he said, "I was warned to be moderate in my desires. If I had been satisfied with one prize, I should not have excited the cupidity of others. I shall know better another time." At this moment he heard the sound of a cart approaching. It was a farmer, who was returning from the festival with his wife and daughter. Seeing Hubert lying by the roadside, he got down to his assistance, and on discovering what had happened, he lifted the wounded man into his cart, and conveyed him to his own house.

Hubert was a long time in recovering. During his illness he was kindly attended to by Lise, the good and pretty daughter of the farmer, and gratitude, it is well known, is akin to love. So he resolved, if ever he got well, to make his nurse his wife. But Thomas le Tellier, the farmer, knew the value of money, and he was not the man to give his daughter to the penniless son of a murdered gamekeeper. So Hubert determined to work, and he did so with so much success, that he was soon enabled to enter into business for himself. Business prospered in the same remarkable manner to the possessor of the white hare's foot, and Hubert soon became wealthy. There was only one drawback to his happiness, and that was that Lise loved another. But this did not make him the less resolved to make her his own, and as he was now rich, Thomas le Tellier backed his suit, and they were married. He was not long, however, before he repented of his folly. Saint Julien is the patron alike of sportsmen and of jealous people. Hubert was both. One day, being out shooting, he became disgusted with the sport, and resolved to vary it with *la pèpee*. This amusement, which Alexandre Dumas describes at great length, and no small exaggeration, in his pseudo-sporting

books, consists in imitating the cries of the jay and the magpie, which brings other birds around to see what has befallen their enemies. But when Hubert went into a wood to practise this "recondite art of venery," it did not answer; no birds came. There must, he thought, be some one else in the wood, so he determined to explore, and what should he find but his wife, in company with her lover. In the passion of the moment Hubert fired, and killed his rival.

Hubert was taken off to prison, and as if the cup of bitterness was not sufficiently full, news was brought to him that his mother, now long neglected, had died. "My mother! my good mother!" he exclaimed "who will give me back my mother?" The fairy appeared to him in his grief, and said to him, "Hubert, you ask for what is impossible; but ask for anything else and your wishes shall be granted to you."

"No!" exclaimed the prisoner, "I will ask for nothing more. If I had not asked for the prizes, I should not have been wounded; if I had not obtained wealth, I should not have been married; if I had not wedded, I should not have been betrayed; if I had not wished to know the truth, I should not have killed my rival. Above all, if all this had not happened to me, I should not have quitted my good mother." And he wept in the depth of his agony.

"Hubert! Hubert!" he suddenly heard in a familiar voice, "take care what you are about, you are burning your shoes. What a troubled sleep you have had. What have you been dreaming about?"

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" exclaimed the young man, as he gradually came back to his senses; "it is all a dream, and my mother has not been taken away from me, nor have I killed my rival."

At this moment some one knocked at the door, and when Hubert opened it a stranger walked in, and inquired if he was the son of Antoine Roblot? To his answer in the affirmative, he said, "I am the steward of M. le Comte de Bersigny, and he has sent me to tell you that as you cannot, on account of the prejudices of the neighbourhood, be appointed to your father's place, he has interceded in your favour with the Marquis de la Garangère, who has named you one of the gamekeepers to his estates in Brittany. You are to have a cottage on the borders of the wood, and here are fifty crowns in advance. Your mother is to be employed at the Château la Garangère."

"There is what I call an honest master!" exclaimed the sick woman—"a master who does not forget the child of an old servant. Oh, I will pray Heaven for him!"

Hubert embraced his mother, and he said to himself, "Well, Heaven knows best what is good for us; we must leave to Providence the superintendence of our destiny, and we must be thankful for that which is refused as well as for that which is given to us. He knows best."

MY FRIEND PICKLES;

AND SOME SOCIAL GRIEVANCES OF WHICH HE DESIRES TO COMPLAIN.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

IV.

THE LAW AND PRACTICE OF COUNTY COURTS.

I BELIEVE my estimate of human character is generally and in the main correct, although it is rated at much under its value by Mrs. Pickles, who generally sees the opposite side of the subject; and consequently, like the two knights in the old story, we seldom form the same opinion of the same man, woman, or child. To say nothing of her never appreciating the literary taste which, I will not say adorns, but softens down my own character, I have only to express an opinion that the servant-maid is pretty, good-tempered, or obliging, to elicit from Mrs. P. a conviction that she is a brazen, good-for-nothing drab; and if I so much as breathe a suspicion that Mrs. Potter is torturing poor Potter into his grave, I am called to order, and requested to observe that she is a strong-minded woman, and is leading poor, weak, silly Potter through the world. She is leading him at a great pace, and will soon have him out of it, I still maintain, and, if he don't make a stand and declare he'll go no further, he's a lost husband.

But although our opinions of people in general, and of individuals in particular, frequently differ—and I generally defer to Mrs. Pickles's judgment—I often have cause afterwards to feel that mine was right, and that I ought to have acted upon it. There was that fellow, Scamp, the builder, for instance, who erected our modest villa, with his ten-inch walls and his dummy drains—why, that infamous tradesman had “Rogue” branded on his forehead, lurking in the corners of his eyes, playing about his great mouth, and yet Mrs. Pickles wouldn't see it. He talked her over with fair promises of large cupboards in every room—pooh! they will not hold two rows of jam-pots; in fact, contain nothing but wind, which they send out into one's neck and ears from their deceitful keyholes. Now this fellow, who robbed me of my healthy gravelly soil, and gave me in exchange those hideous remains which were discovered under the kitchen floor, not content with defending an action which I brought against him for breach of contract, and then passing through the Insolvents' Court for damages and costs, was no sooner set up in business again upon a third-class certificate (which, like railway carriages, is as good as the second class), awarded him by a doting commissioner who pities the poor debtor, but has not a grain of commiseration for the poor creditor—no sooner, I say, was this fraudulent man again started on apparently a larger way of business than before, than he sent me in a claim for seven pounds thirteen shillings for work which he pretended was not included in the contract.

“Of course you will not pay it, my dear,” said Mrs. Pickles, whose eyes were opened to the enormity of this builder's villany at last.

“Pay it!” cried I, “of course not! I will rot in gaol first!”

This was a mere figure of speech, of course, but it made a great impression upon little Master Willy, my youngest boy, who, with a large piece of very much buttered bread in each hand, clung to me frantically, and vowed he would go with me.

"What shall Mary tell him when he calls again?" asked Mrs. P.

"Tell him? To go to the——"

"Mr. Pickles! Mr. Pickles!" cried my wife, very properly. "Remember, you are a family man!"

"Tell him simply, then, my dear," I replied, recovering my composure, and with calm dignity, "that I decline paying him."

Next day, when I came home, I was greeted with the information that "that Scamp" had been again, and was exceedingly abusive.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, in my wrath, "I will take a summons out against that fellow!"

"He says he will take one out against you," rejoined my wife.

But I knew better than that; I always read the law reports, and I knew well enough that his insolvency was a bar to his claim.

That he intended to try the effect of a reckless threat was, however, soon made manifest by the arrival of a summons, citing me to Steeple Bumpkin County Court, in whose district Prickleton was situated, to answer the unjust claim of Mr. Scamp, the builder.

Now I am exceedingly averse at all times to making a public appearance—because I have generally come out of such exhibitions with a considerable sacrifice of dignity—and especially so to being made the sport of counsel in a court of law. I never was successful in that line; nor do I believe anybody ever was. I have no faith in your Sam Wellers who can talk down a counsel or bully a judge; I'm sure I cannot. Mrs. Pickles says I'm too meek—in fact, she goes so far as to deny my power of saying "Bo" to a goose. But as I should, of course, never think of saying or doing anything so ridiculously childish, I do not consider *that* any great disparagement. I remember being made to cut a terribly foolish figure at Westminster once, by the unfeeling brutality of a judge, who no doubt saw I was rather nervous. I was serving on a jury: the case we had to try was so simple that the judge suggested an amicable arrangement, and the counsel assented. Whilst they were in consultation, the judge, who appeared in a jocosse mood, and was walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, awaiting the result, addressed us of the jury in a friendly, colloquial strain.

"I know they will agree," said he, with a merry twinkle of the eye. "It's the best course in a case of this kind, and saves unnecessary expense."

The jury concurred with a smile, but as the judge's merry eye fixed itself so intently upon me that I thought he must be addressing me particularly, and it appeared excessively foolish, not to say rude, for twelve men to sit grinning at a judge, I felt called upon to reply to his observations.

"To be sure, my lord," I assented, politely. "I remember reading of a case once——"

My goodness! What had I said or done *now*? The judicial countenance positively swelled with passion, the merry twinkle was no longer in the judicial eye. But, in a transport of fury, while the breath of the entire court was suspended in awe, his lordship stormed out:

"How dare you address the bench, sir? What do you mean by it?"

Here was a pretty thing! I, *Civis Britannicus*, and something more—a British juryman—was asked in a public court of justice, before a tittering bar and a staring audience, how I dared to open my mouth, when to have done otherwise would have appeared grossly unpolite and even idiotic.

"Dear me, sir," I began, calm, but apologetical——

"My lord," the clerk was heard to suggest.

"My lord, I beg pardon——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" roared the frantic figure on the bench, "or I will commit you!"

Oh, horror of horrors! to some mouldy, rat-infested dungeon, perhaps, under the court; for it was now sufficiently plain to me that I had been guilty of some terrible breach of its rules.

"Sit down, sir! sit down! You ought to be ashamed of yourself," continued the judge.

I sat down, of course, hot, flurried, and abashed, but not yet done with; for on the counsel announcing that their clients had agreed to terms, and the judge dismissing the jury without calling upon them for a verdict, he took occasion to observe that perhaps it was the most fortunate for all parties, "with such an impracticable juror in the box."

I am sure I was very near apoplexy on that occasion. Suppressed passion, smothered pride, burning shame, and mortal fear, had nearly made wild work of me. Yet, well remembering this terrible and humiliating scene, I was resolved to stand up like a man, and resist the claim of my fraudulent builder.

So away we started—I and two respectable tradesmen, who were prepared to prove a monstrous overcharge—in the cab (by the way, Mrs. Pickles insists on calling it a fly; but for the life of me I cannot discern the difference, and the proprietor himself calls it a cab) which carried me to Dr. Flashley's, but with a degree or two more confidence, for, as I exclaimed, on entering the——vehicle:

"Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just!"

"Mind, Felix," cried Mrs. Pickles, with her parting benediction; "mind, be firm—don't give way, now."

"I feel a rock of firmness here," I replied, smiting my bosom. "Give way! I should think not, indeed!"

It was a pretty country drive of four miles; for here be it explained that the desirable freehold estate which has been parcelled off for building purposes—the *Turtledove* district, as I may call it—stands so delightfully aloof from the bustle and nuisance of business, that the nearest shop (except a miserable attempt at selling ginger-beer, a penny paper, "best shag tobacco at 3d. an ounce," apples and barley-sugar, very much by retail, and by the light of a small window by day, and a single candle by night)—I say the nearest shop, in the metropolitan sense of the word, is two miles nearer London, and the poor-rate collector's, the church, the parish surveyor's, in fact, all the parochial offices, including the fire-engine and police-station, and the County Court, four miles lower down the road, in the old village, or little market-town, as it calls itself, of *Steeple Bumpkin*.

My two witnesses made quite a holiday of it. They suggested a smoke

in the cab, and I had not the heart to refuse them, but it was rather vexatious, as it irritated my asthma and impregnated our clothes; but they seldom had "an out," as they called it, and one of them said this was "an out-and-out out." In fact, I felt rather disposed to enjoy it myself, for we had several glasses of ale on the road (they would keep drinking "Success to the defendant!" which I did not much like. Why should they keep proclaiming me, at every inn on the road, a defendant?—it sounds so like a prisoner!), and I was now prepared to stand a trial for my life.

The seat of justice at Steeple Bumpkin is, it must be confessed, very much out of repair, and looks as if Justice were here in very dilapidated circumstances; and I grieve to say that when her representative made his appearance, my suspicions were strengthened by finding that she employed a man half blind and quite deaf.

"Got cheap, I dare say," suggested one of my witnesses; but I have since inquired, and find that his honour the representative of Justice receives a very considerable stipend. The court opened at ten, but as the judge did not make his appearance until twenty minutes past eleven, we had ample opportunity of observing the crazy state of the house of law. As the time wore on, I inquired of an attendant whether his honour was sure to come. "Oh, most likely. You see," he added, in a confidential whisper, "the court is supposed to be open every day, but he lives so far off—Oh, here he comes."

He came in in a hurry, took his seat in a hurry, and went to business in a tremendous hurry. The clerk had informed him that there were a hundred and fifty cases to be heard, and he was engaged to dine at the other end of the county. So at it he went. It made one wink to see the cases knocked off. No evidence was required; the plaintiff, or his agent, produced his accounts; the defendant opened his mouth to reply—whew! the judge had rammed judgment and costs down his throat! At length came the case of "*Scamp v. Pickles*." His honour heard the plaintiff's statement, which I need not say was as false as his honour's teeth.

"Well, defendant," he snapped, "how is it you have not paid this man?"

"Firstly, your honour——" I began.

"Come, we want no sermons, sir, here," he cried, testily.

"Well, your honour, I really don't know——"

"Ah, I thought so! Judgment——"

"Stop, your honour, you confuse me—I *do* know."

"Well, sir?"

I jerked out "Never indebted," for I saw the hammer of justice was going, going, and nearly gone.

"Oh, that's another thing," cried the judge, and I got a breath.

"The claim was never made, your worship——"

"Did you object to the work at the time?"

"The work was never done."

"The plaintiff says it was."

"And I will swear it was not," I rejoined, reddening, for was not my word as good as his?

"Silence, sir; don't be impertinent!" was the electrifying reply.

"Impertinent, your honour! I can assure you——"

"Don't interrupt me, sir! Not having objected to the work at the time, you clearly made yourself liable——"

"But, your honour, he is barred from recovering——" I was proceeding.

"Oh, if you are going to argue a point of law with me, you should have brought your attorney. Judgment for the plaintiff—costs, of course!"

"But, your honour, will not you hear my witnesses?"

"Call on plaint 547!"

"His honour is a little hard of hearing," suggests the usher; so I slightly raise my voice and say, "Will not your honour please to hear my witnesses?"

"Don't stand holloaing there, sir; the case is settled!"

There, my masters! I pledge you my word that was the scene in which I was so prominent an actor at the County Court of Steeple Bumpkin.

As far as I was concerned I would not have complained: the judge might have been bilious, or I may have looked on that occasion like a swindler; but I hear that his honour is no isolated figure behind the counter of these little law-shops, which, set up with the alluring sign of "cheap justice," have left off dealing in the commodity altogether; or else, in the spirit of the age, sell it very much adulterated, at a very high price. Several respectable solicitors to whom I mentioned my discomfiture, assured me that Steeple Bumpkin County Court may be taken as a pretty fair average sample of county courts in general.

It's all very well for Mrs. Pickles to talk, but who is to put down a judge armed with powers of fining or committing, or perhaps everything short of hanging, for contempt of court. She said if there were ever occasion to attend the County Court again, *she* would go: I wish she would! By Jove, that high-pressure judge would silence—*HER!*

V.

THE SAVAGES OF ENGLAND.

I WAS lying in that grey dawn which comes with so cold a look through Venetian blinds into one's previously warm, close bedroom, and makes the candle in the night-light burn so dimly and ghostly pale—not exactly awake, not exactly asleep, conscious that my faithful spouse had just risen (as is her wont a quarter of an hour before me, to get a fair start with the children)—when Willy, who sleeps in a crib in our room, gave forth symptoms of impatience, as if, three years old as he was, he were going to take a flying leap over the crib side.

"Wait a minute, darling, mam'll take you up presently!" says his fond parent.

Prostrate goes the little figure, pacified by the assurance, and contents itself with rolling restlessly from side to side.

Presently a small voice is heard to utter these remarkable words:

"Dam de bed: how hard it is!"

"What?" I exclaim, opening both my eyes, and springing up—

JAN.—VOL. CKV. NO. CCCLVII.

G

"There!" says Mrs. Pickles, with a sort of mild, complacent triumph in her air. "Now you see what comes of giving way so! A pretty thing, indeed, to teach your own children to swear!"

"I teach them, my dear!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, I am most particular; and when my feelings want relieving, I always go into an empty room by myself and let them off by anapping my fingers, as you well know."

"Ah! it's all very fine, Mr. Pickles, but where *should* he have picked it up. You don't suppose or mean to insinuate that *I* indulge in such language, I should hope, sir? You really?"—my wife proceeded in a kindly reasoning sort of way—"you really should be more careful, Mr. Pickles; you don't know how soon children pick up such things, especially boys."

"God bless me, my dear! how can you go on so?" I exclaimed, with some impatience. "I never uttered such a word in the presence of any of the children."

"Well, I don't know," replied Mrs. Pickles, in that peculiarly gratifying tone, which you know is meant to indicate non-acquiescence—"you heard him with your own ears, didn't you?"

I assume the stern father, and, bending over that little sinner's crib, demand in an awful voice:

"Now, tell me, sirrah, where did you hear that wicked word?"

But the tone and the look are too much for the little sinner, who sets up a dismal howl, and is caught into the arms of his affectionate mamma, who demands of him several times, "Did they, then—did they—did they, mam's precious darling?" And of me, only once, but in a reproachful voice, "How can you do so, Pickles?"

The little blasphemer is carried away to look for sugar, without which he will not consent to be comforted; and I am left alone to speculate how this mere infant of three years old, surrounded only by females who do not swear, and a father who, when he has occasion to do it, does it very mildly and in secret, picked up his first oath.

Where did he get the last mouthful of fresh air? There, on our public roads, in our public streets, in our daughters' ears, under our policemen's noses, the stream of vile and filthy language flows unchecked. I remembered how only yesterday, as I walked across to the omnibus, in the bright sunshine of a lovely morning, beside a flowering hedge and lofty trees, and along a country road, with nothing to suggest an impure thought, nothing in sympathy or common with any but the language of love, I had heard some honest, hard-working mechanics going up to their work upon the new houses in our road, deliberately, in cool blood, uttering the foulest and most obscene language, simply by way of garnishing or illustrating, or, perhaps, strengthening the current subject of their conversation. I had not been surprised at it, for I well know it is the favourite slang of a better class than what we understand as "the lower orders"—a class that is forming between them and the middle class. Every day you will hear it in the streets, not in the language of passion, exasperation, or heat, but without provocation as it is without application or rational meaning. An otherwise worthy and orderly young carpenter is behind you, with his basket of tools on his shoulder, on his way home from his day's work, and perhaps proudly relating to his mate some of

the incidents of that home, the thoughtfulness and thrift of his saving wife, the gambols and merry pranks of the children who are waiting for him, the success he has had with the flowers in his little garden; and all the way, most unaccountably, he is heaping upon his wife, children, flowers, home, and all, the most disgusting mass of filthy language that he can lay his tongue to. It positively seems to well up spontaneously—perhaps he is not aware of it himself, certainly, I believe, he means no harm by it—but oath after oath backs up the picture he is drawing of goodness, innocence, or beauty. Nor is this the worst: he does not leave the filth in the streets or outside his cottage-door, but salutes his wife good-naturedly, with a string of his favourite epithets, caresses the children with them, makes them “household words” indeed! The thrifty wife—in her neat print dress and clean white apron, who has been a saving servant, and got together the stock of furniture of which she is so proud—soon picks it up; the apron gradually gets dirtier; she is seen to mix with a lower class of women than of old; the cherished furniture begins piecemeal to disappear. Or the children pick it up; they find home-life tame and insipid, and hanker for the society of the noisy boys who are indulging in the same strain in the streets. Tell me, my masters, shall not a home be soon demoralised in this insidious way? I say nothing of the ill-conditioned, the drunken, or obscene, or those who were never taught another language; the evil is sufficiently threatening among the better class of workmen.

Such were my reflections as I still lay a-bed thinking of my promising son.

“There is a remedy,” cried I, coming to a fixed resolve. “The Metropolitan Police Act provides a remedy. I will put it in force upon the very first occasion. I will seize the stalking monster and drag it to gaol.”

“There, hold your tongue, do,” said Mrs. Pickles, entering the room. “Don’t lie talking that rubbish, for goodness’ sake, but get up. Do you know it’s ten o’clock, and you have got to go to town to see about that piano for Sarah Jane?”

Ah! to be sure, that piano! And a bale of music! and a music-stool! and a secretaire! Faith! I had better be off: there goes a pound a second!

Now what a famous trade piano-making *must* be! My friend Racketter recommended me to the quiet little firm of Hammer and Pedal, who supply some professionals of his acquaintance. Now they could not, I think, have taken me for a professional, but on my demanding the usual discount, and mentioning Racketter’s name, they took off one-fourth of the price! Suppose I had not known Racketter! Hammer and Pedal would have got eighty pounds for what they could well afford, and were well pleased, to sell me for sixty. Then the music—fifty per cent. off—half price, my masters! “If you are not a professional yourself, then, or do not know one,” thought I, as I closed the door, well pleased, “you will innocently pay two-and-sixpence for those pieces of music which can be got for half the sum, and are intrinsically worth—” Well, I am no judge of that. What a glorious trade! Willy shall be a pianoforte manufacturer, or music publisher. Which? But hark! as I live, a cannonade of oaths between two costermongers! and a policeman looking

down the street. Poor fellow! he must be deaf. The idea rather tickles me as I think of a deaf policeman. So, touching his elbow, I inquire in an elevated voice, pointing to one of the belligerents,

"Do you hear that?"

The policeman innocently, and without the slightest intention of applying his answer to the state of the case, replies in the idiomatic English,

"What's the row?"

"Why, can't you hear, man?"

"Hear what?" asks Z 22.

"Hear that fellow's language," I cry, impatiently.

"Oh, is that all?" inquires the guardian of the streets, much relieved, for he had pricked up his ears for some seconds and was tired of listening.

"All!" I repeat, indignantly; "will you allow that to go on?" But the policeman turns on his heel without remark: he *must* be deaf.

The noisy costermonger has had an eye of fell intent upon me, and now advances.

"What are you grumbling about, old borrowed lights?"—(this must be some coarse allusion to my spectacles)—"what's the matter with you, I should like to know? Who was a-talking to you! Go home! GO HOME!" with increasing energy and vehemence.

Affairs were threatening—people were stopping—and I distinctly heard one bystander, when questioned as to the cause of the disturbance, say, "The old boy's drunk." I began to feel excessively nervous.

"Come, I say, old City mission," continues the costermonger, getting highly figurative, "what about that poor gal—eh? You know!"

Oh! my goodness, what a position to be in! A mob had closed round, and began to scowl: I caught a faint sight of a pump not far off, and shuddered.

But my guardian angel had returned, and Z 22, parting the crowd, says, "Come, move on here! Come, hook it, Tom Swizzle!" But Tom is in a sparring attitude before me, urging me to "come on," so Z 22 varies the form of his advice, and says, "Come, step it, Tom!" Tom rings out a baker's dozen of oaths, and Z 22 calmly tries the effect of another form of speech, "Come, cut it!"

"Take him into custody," I cry, indignantly, "for making use of foul and obscene language in the streets."

The policeman smiles incredulously, then shakes his head, and says, "Twon't do."

"Won't do! What won't do?" I exclaim.

"No go," replies this immovable man.

"Do you mean to say you cannot take charge of persons using this diabolical language in the public streets?"

"I never had no orders to. You can summons him, I suppose, if you like."

"Yes, summons me," cries the costermonger, getting frantic again. "Go it, old Skyrocket!" and away goes a Catherine-wheel of oaths in all directions.

"Policeman," I said, seriously, "I think you are unacquainted with your duty. A respectable passer-by demands of you to take into custody this ruffian——"

("Who are you calling a rough'un, I should like to know?" from the costermonger. "You're another!")

"For uttering obscene language, and you refuse. There is my card, to convince you of my respectability."

The policeman took my card, glanced at it, and smiled; though why a public functionary should smile at a private gentleman's address card, with nothing but the words "Mr. Felix Pickles, Turtledove Villa," on it, I confess I could not see.

"Come, brush it, Tom!" says Z 22, having recourse to a fourth form of entreaty. "And you, too, governor; I can't have a row here."

Well, to be sure!—this was what had come of it! "You too!"—"governor!"—"can't have a row!"

"Policeman, what do you mean——"

"There, go on—go on!"

"But I say, sir——"

"Will you move on?"

"I will report you."

"Report and be ——!" I saw it on his lips, but cannot swear I heard the words.

Remonstrance was in vain; so I moved on, with a retinue of rags behind me, a string of street boys, grinning loungers, and jeering louters, who accompanied me the whole length of two streets, to my great chagrin, now running ahead and looking back into my face, ducking under horses' heads to keep pace with me, never stopping to inform inquisitive passengers what's amiss, but only adding to their stupid curiosity by crying, as they run, "Here's a go!"

Now, I maintain that such a state of things as this should not be tolerated in the metropolis of the most civilised nation. Pray, my noble lords and worthy gentlemen who sit at Westminster to legislate for us, forget for a little while what a very free country this is, wherein every man can speak and do as he listeth; and, excellent commissioners of police, to whose hardly-earned salaries I have the privilege of contributing, do see if something cannot be done! I don't want to see a working man looked up for using a thoughtless oath; but, when a string of foul language is being left behind him, like the stream of smoke from his pipe as he goes along, I *would* have a policeman touch his elbow, and expostulate: "Nicer language, my good fellow, in the public streets." If the law is powerless or unwilling to protect our necks and limbs from the "nursing" freaks of an overreaching omnibus company, if it won't look to our lives in the roadway, let it turn nurse itself, and see if it cannot look to our children's morals on the path.

VI.

PAROCHIAL AFFAIRS.

WE are astonishing the old neighbourhoods of Steeple Bumpkin and Prickleton! We are driving them, with their great old red-brick houses, park fences, oil lamps, old trees, rocks, and all, into modern notions and the nineteenth century—that is, we are driving them into it, or driving them away. We have had a great meeting at the Turtledove Arms, and raised a subscription for lighting “the freehold,” as our neighbourhood is popularly called, and we have got huge pipes as big as Lord Rosse’s telescope, that would admit of a fat dean with his umbrella up walking through them, deposited by the old gone-by country road, which still clings to its hedges here and there, and would, I dare say, like to see stage-coaches again. We have got an omnibus down Turtledove-road, too (a well-conducted omnibus, for it is unconnected with the great nursing system of the metropolis as yet; our cab and fly proprietor is trying it, and the great company do not at present think it worth their while to run it off or confiscate it); and this accommodating vehicle the great guns, with their carriages, call an innovation and democratic. We are pulling down the old trees as injurious to the health of the neighbourhood. We are going a great pace, I can tell you! We are agitating! agitating!! agitating!!!

Old people of the neighbourhood miss the great trees, the rocks, the red-brick houses (and perhaps some of the good things of this world they used to get at then), shake their heads, and say, “Ah! Prickleton isn’t the sweet old place it used to be before this building affair began!” Of course it isn’t! It isn’t our mission to let it be so!

We have a District Parochial Reform Association to look into and set to rights the affairs of the parish—to put down the great nohs of the old neighbourhood—to amend, reform, enlighten, and alter everything, with a shrewd fellow, clerk to a London attorney, for its secretary; and we hold our meetings weekly at the Turtledove Arms. We have taken a good deal of the parochial business out of the hands of the old red-brick inhabitants. We have rallied round our secretary, and turned out two collectors, whom they had elected and re-elected for thirty years, and got in young blood. It argues nothing against our cause that one of our new collectors went off the other day with twelve hundred pounds; for if we had not forgotten to take security, it would not have mattered how much he went off with. My friend Tallow, the retired candlemaker, who has four freehold plots of his own; Grit, the great unadulterated farm-house bread-baker of London and—of London, who holds two allotments; the shrewd attorney’s clerk, our secretary—such men as these are *heard* now in the parish, and have a voice, my masters—a voice in matters parochial! Think of that! a voice, as every free-born Briton should have! The immediate effects are a doubling of the rates throughout the parish; but this, as Snap very justly says, is only to make them equitable, and, as soon as they are adjusted, we shall see how parish affairs *ought* to be administered! We have astonished the old rector, who was leading his easy life, just going round among the red-brick houses, or taking a lazy walk across the fields to drop a paltry half-crown into the hands of the

poor people in the frosty weather. We have shown the poor people what nonsense that was, and proved to them that they have a right—a positive right—to the shelter of the Union. We have raised their standard—we have shown them that to receive the parson's half-crown was mendicancy, and they now clamour for their rights at the Union gates.

A clever fellow among us has lately raised a tremendous storm against the red-brick men and their rooks. There was a right of way which crossed the garden of one of them, cutting it in two (and, I must admit, as useless a right of way as could be well conceived, but yet it ~~was~~ a right of way, and must be maintained, or else where is the liberty of the subject?). Well, this old Red Bricks wanted to take in this right of way (offering us, it is true, another perhaps more convenient, but then we should have been sacrificing our rights), but our sturdy Wachterblacher, a retired sugar-baker of our association, issued, at his own expense, hand-bills, warning us that the iron heel of despotism was upon us, and we opposed it with success.

I am—may I say it in all humility after this?—the unworthy president of the District Association; but—

“What is all this nonsense that you are *now* writing to the papers, Mr. Pickles?” asks Mrs. P., over my shoulder. “You know that it was only this morning at breakfast you said you would not have anything more to do with that nasty, low, upsetting lot; that you *knew* they wanted to pull down everything; that you had even heard that Snap had offered to sell you all—opposition, great principles, enlightenment, reform, and all—for the vestry clerkship, as soon as poor old Mr. Parker dies; and that you always took too much at their meetings.”

“More than I am used to, Mrs. Pickles,” I suggest.

“More than did you good, sir, were your own words.”

“Well, my dear, I confess I *have* lost faith in them. I believe they are all trying to get places, but then what else do the great state parties do? It is only the same game of politics.”

“Yes, and you are the pawns! Psha! to compare those men of the Turtledove Arms with Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston”—(the ladies *will* stand by him)—“or——”

Well, there is sense in what Mrs. Pickles says; I will not contend that Prickleton looks any better under the sun for its odd-and-even houses than the Prickleton of fields, and trees, and rooks. But then there is the high moral view of it to be taken. “Consider what a blessing that the highly-taxed, the overworked, and underfed should be enabled to live in the country!”

“Country once—country do you call it now? Where is its clear air undefiled by smoke?—its clover-fields?—its——”

“Its gravelly soil!” I moaned, in anguish.

“Oh, *that's* there, of course, and always will be; but where, after all, are the overworked and underfed? I don't see them here. Highly-taxed we all are, sure enough, since this association's been working for our good! Come, put down your pen for to-night; I will write about a social grievance one of these evenings.”

There, now, as Mr. Pickles has gone to bed—and the best place for him after he has been attending these meetings (for he's got at it again)—I will

first ask if this pipe-and-porter politician work isn't a social grievance? I don't blame Mr. Grit or Mr. Tallow—they are only tools, like poor Mr. Pickles himself—but it's that Snap; always hunting after abuses, as he calls them—a nasty little, pettifogging, mischief-making peace-and-quietness-upsetting fellow! He's set the heads of the others crazy. Mr. Wachterblacher is nearly insane, and (his name isn't pronounced as it's spelt, but I can never get hold of it, so I will say) *Mrs. W.* is quite annoyed, as well she may be. We have got up a Dorcas society for visiting, and making pretty little ornamental things for the poor—not exactly flannel petticoats or stuff gowns, of course, but knick-knacks—and have an opportunity of mixing in good society down here; and then, when we walk out with our husbands, one of these red-faced, loud-voiced men meets us, and says, "How are you, Mr. Pickles," or "Mr. W.?" and makes some grossly familiar remark about the missis or the kids! It's very unpleasant, not to say low. But Mr. Pickles is such a good, easy sort of soul, and, having nothing to do, he so soon takes up what seems to him a case of wrong or hardship; and they know it, and have got hold of him. Oh! he's a nasty fellow, that Snap! He never did any good for himself, I know, and is only working for a place that he'll afterwards lose by embezzlement or misconduct.

"Well, it shall all go as it stands," I say next morning, with a dreadful smell of tobacco in my clothes, a slight inclination to headache, and a great loss of faith in agitating attorneys' clerks in a new neighbourhood; "only give up your Visiting Society; let us attend to our own concerns, give our own charity, keep ourselves to ourselves, and I give up the District Parochial Reform Association. Surely I may be better employed in putting my own house in order than pulling down my neighbour's, even if it *be* built of red bricks—in keeping my own garden tidy than tearing up his—in attending to Sarah Jane's linnet than scaring away his crows! They are shams, and failures, and causes of dissensions and heartburnings, half these Parochial Reform Associations. Not but what they may be useful sometimes, under particular circumstances, and at particular seasons—perhaps. But I'll have no further hand in bringing St. Pancras or Marylebone down to once peaceful Prickleton, although a hundred lawyers' clerks might get places by it. And, besides, I hear that Scamp, the builder, is to be proposed as treasurer, and, after what has passed between us, I shouldn't like to meet him at our board."

A FROST SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF A PAIR OF SKATES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

DRAWN each strap through the buckle tightly,
 Blocks screwed home to the dapper heel—
 Away! on the iron skates so lightly
 One scarce may the slippery surface feel :
 Aha! for the whirl of our gliding motion,
 With a joyous rush through the wholesome breeze,
 Of which none yonder can form a notion,
 Shivering under the snow-plumed trees.
 Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
 Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Not jockey blithe on his blood-mare riding,
 With foot well poised in the stirrup thong ;
 Not swiftest swimmer through green wave gliding,
 With nerveful wrists and with ankles strong :
 Oh, none but one as with buskin and sandal,
 Thus reared on the crest of a steel-blue keel,
 Can twit the sluggard a scorn and scandal,
 With a twirling whirl and a wheeling reel.
 Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
 Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

With sudden twist on the back-turn flashing,
 True to the metal as round it swerves,
 Thridding the maze of a throng oft clashing,
 Carve we some name in elastic curves—
 Some dear name cut on the granite waters
 With the rapid gleam of a grinding edge,
 Twining for one of Earth's rosy daughters,
 A lover's knot as our Gordian pledge.
 Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
 Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Driven by a force that like fury lashes,
 As though we were charging with pike or lance,
 Swift—right and left—in alternate dashes,
 Then feet together straight on we glance :
 Till drifting by as in whirlwind eddy,
 We deftly skim round the Danger pool,
 Ne'er slackening our pace, being rarely ready
 To halt, upon grating heels, by rule.
 Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
 Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND MARCELLUS.*

THE design of M. le Comte de Marcellus in his new volume on "Chateaubriand and his Times," is to put together, once again, such written notes and personal souvenirs as remain to him, relating to their intercourse when living together in London, their rencontre in Rome, their later friendship in Paris, and their epistolary correspondence, which was of long duration and of the friendliest-familiar kind. The volume takes the form of a series of annotations on the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*. Not having either the right or the wish to publish a new edition of those Memoirs, the author of this commentary (for such, in effect, it is) adopts the method of succinctly extracting from them such passages as are to be illustrated by his own reminiscences, éloges, critiques, and memoranda of conversation with his sometime Guide, Philosopher, and Friend. Chateaubriand professes to have wished to defer for half a century the publication of his *d'outre-tombe* or dead-alive Memoirs. Two of his political rivals, who preceded and followed him in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, M. de Talleyrand and M. Molé, have traced, as M. de Marcellus expresses it, "dans leurs volontés suprêmes, un premier cercle de silence autour des Mémoires de leur vie," whether out of regard to the fellow-statesmen who figured on the stage with them, or as a kind of homage or tribute of modesty to the age they were leaving. J. J. Rousseau and Lamartine, with more audacity, have published while yet living their *Confessions* and *Confidences*. But the former, notwithstanding his political writings, occasioned the government no great disquiet while he remained in life; the latter, while laying bare his heart in his confiding discourse, makes us love his youth, and when he passes judgment on the events of his time, those wherein he has been sufferer or actor, his universal benevolence is extended to nearly the whole of his contemporaries.

"The publication of the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* was an act beyond all precedent. Less personal than the *Confessions*, more acrid than any known Memoirs (Saint-Simon's excepted), they involved their author in a weight of reproach that no devotion on my part could either dissemble or entirely destroy. Indeed, for one withdrawn from the lists, and now invulnerable, to take shelter behind the tomb, in order to hit with his arrows so many men yet struggling against the ills of life, when they are unable either to defend themselves or attack him in return, is to avail one's-self of all the advantages of an unequal strife, and the doing so, it must be confessed—a bad example to set—is neither chivalric nor generous. Nor has less fault been found with M. Chateaubriand's avowed wish to remain master of his work, and even to keep it in manuscript. Persons whose fortune the revolutions have respected or improved, have imputed to him as a crime this act of publication, which was enjoined on him by the constancy of his faith, and, above all, by the exigencies of life. But

* Chateaubriand et son Temps. Par le Comte de Marcellus, ancien ministre plénipotentiaire. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1859.

I, the humble disciple whom he called his friend, discover in these regrets a pretext for the critical labour I now undertake, and this, in some manner, constitutes my excuse. M. Sainte-Beuve has said that 'all who were acquainted with M. de Chateaubriand are aware that his *Memoirs* do not contain all about him [*tout sur lui*], unless to these be added something in the way of commentary or supplement.' "

Such a commentary or supplement, then, is provided by the noble Vicomte's admiring Comte, in the five hundred octavo pages now before us. M. de Marcellus is discreetly reticent where scandal-mongers would have him speak out. For example (p. 120), quoting from the third volume (p. 328) of the *Mémoires* this pregnant bit of sententious sentiment, "N'aimez qu'à l'âge où vous pouvez être aimé," our commentator appends this comment: "I could tell what the occasion was that made the author slip [*glisser*] this counsel, so sad, so sweet, into a purely historical summary; but indiscretion must not catch me again, and I have not promised to reveal everything." Chateaubriand was the object of his youthful hero-worship; to travel eastward in Chateaubriand's track, and verify the dazzling descriptions of the *Itinéraire*, was the delight of his early manhood; and when the royal pleasure was conveyed to this enthusiast, that he should wend his way to London, in the capacity of first secretary to the ambassador there, M. de Chateaubriand himself, his rapture can—or rather, by ordinary souls, can *not*—be easily imagined. He was to be in daily intercourse with his hero; to see him as he was; to catch his inspirations fresh as they fell; to observe the methods of his art, the modes of his composition, the undress and toilet-tactics of his muse. Who that had a drop of Boswellian blood in him but must leap at the prospect!

M. de Marcellus accordingly came to Portland-place—came, saw, and was conquered. He listened to the oracle, he tells us, with the most scrupulous attention, greedily swallowed his every word, eagerly provoked his "confidences," and hazarded objections for the pleasure of being well refuted. The first secretary could not withstand the temptation to indite "a sort of daily protocol of our conversations," wherein he reproduced, unaltered, the expressions and ideas of his chief. His chief knew of the "protocol," and smiled assent, and even prophetically remarked that a time would come, no doubt, when this arsenal might be of some service to him—adding that, as he was now forewarned of its existence, he would be on his guard against furnishing it with any but good weapons of war. He would live henceforth as with a Boswellian eye upon him, must be careful what he said, and mind what he was about.

In the *confection* of the first part of the "*Mémoires*," M. de Marcellus in some sort assisted—meaning the French sort of assistance; and his recollections of that labour of love lead him to give a description of the mode of composition daily practised by Chateaubriand. It was his Excellency's habit to dictate to his private secretary, as he walked backwards and forwards across the room; but when the secretary was away, and yet the inspired hour was come, M. l'Ambassadeur sat himself down at a little table near the window, whereon were laid, ready for use, heaps of half-sheets of writing-paper, which he proceeded to cover, in hot haste, with penmanship of the largest size, and with almost as many ink-blots

as there were words. One leaf finished, he flung it aside, and dashed off at the next—writing only on one side of the page; and a pretty heap of blotted confusion was rapidly raised—no such thing as sand or blotting-paper being concerned in the construction, but each slip tossed away dripping wet, to blacken and be blackened by its predecessors. Often he would jump up from this running-hand exploit, “*cette coulée primitive*,” as he called it, to stride around the little table, and eye the palpable progress of his work, or look out of the window in expressive silence, as though asking help of sky or street; then he would resume his pen, and stick to it like a man—that is to say, like a thorough-bred pen-man—until the chapter in the Memoirs, or the despatch for Versailles, was brought to an end.

He would then collect all the scattered leaves, duly number them, and deliberately revise them. The labour of revision was an elaborate one, in which he had no fancy to be disturbed. The process was reiterated, with sedulous precision. Here a word was altered, there a period was shortened; incidental phrases were properly adjusted, ambiguities were ruthlessly disposed of, and so were superfluous *qui's* and *que's* (the “*écueil de notre langue*,” he called them); he seldom diminished from the original thought, but more frequently made additions to it. During revision number two, he encumbered his text with such a crowd of erasures, that all the experience of his private secretary was in request, to find the way out of the jungle. This useful adjutant would copy out the *brouillon* on slips of paper exactly resembling the first, and like them written on one side only, and with the lines far apart, to leave room for corrections, &c. The second copy was then read aloud to the author, who followed the reading, as well as he might, on his own *informe manuscrit*. This third trial enabled him better, he alleged, to judge of the phraseology under examination, of its “transparency” and “euphony;” once more, therefore, he corrected the composition, and if it was a despatch, gave the copy thus finally corrected into the hands of M. de Marcellus, who transcribed it for minister or majesty across the Channel. This transcript he would himself read over aloud, in the transcriber's presence, in a low, modulated voice, keeping rigorous watch the while on the distribution of points and commas, and inciting and encouraging the listener's “humble observations,” generally to refute, sometimes to adopt them; after which final sifting, he would sign the despatch, and the courier would be summoned to hie with it to France.

The *labor limæ* was familiar toil, therefore, to Chateaubriand. He used often to say to his first secretary, “Louis XVIII. is a connoisseur; so no slips, mind you.” Which injunction he would follow up by precepts of the following kind: In the beginning and the body of the despatch, never be poetical—facts are the thing, facts in their simplest expression. Immediately afterwards, the reflections occasioned by these facts, and their practical lesson. This much for the Council of Ministers. But when that Council is presided over by a King who knows Horace by heart, some kind of digression is allowable at the conclusion by way of peroration; and at Paris, at the present time, the monarch alone will seize upon it. Above all, we must distinguish well between letters on political combinations, which are the food [*aliment*] of statesmen, from

letters of business, which are the provender [*pâture*] of bureaux. In the latter, we must keep *terre à terre*, without ever quitting the positive; but there again, as elsewhere, repeat the same terms, to make your meaning clear. I cannot say it too often: the trite even, yes, the trite and trivial rather than the bombastic.—Poor M. de Marcellus seems to have had much of his work to do over again—for a pitiless *Refaites-moi cela* met him whenever Chateaubriand failed to catch his meaning at first sight: if the meaning was not clear at first sight, that must be because it was not intelligible enough; so set to work afresh, and elucidate your meaning this time, mind your stops this time. An austere censor was the Ambassador in his day. And now the Secretary's day is come, and he, in return, not in revenge—for he is still the grateful, revering, attached admirer—plays the censor on his old master's style, and exposes its transgressions, and complains and explains how its last state was worse than the first.

The commentary avowedly follows its text with as much jealousy, in matters literary and grammatical, as if the object concerned were a new-found manuscript of ancient date. Indeed, the commentator reproaches himself at times for dealing overmuch, in these pages, with *remarques pueriles* and *minutieuses chicanes*, and then, he says, "I curse the censor's trade, so far as it is severe." Again: "Pardon, O my master, these cavillings of a disciple whom your instructions have doubtless made too severe. He is jealous for your glory; and his respectful hand has been trying to shake off the withered leaf, scarcely discernible, which time has introduced into the green and immortal coronal upon your brow."

Accordingly, M. de Marcellus points out, as he goes along, his author's "rare grammatical negligences" as well as beauties of style. If Chateaubriand writes, for instance, "*le vieil Océanus*," M. de Marcellus is down upon him with the protest: "If it be French we are talking, then we must say *le vieil Océan*; if Greek, for Homer is alluded to, then we must say *le vieil Océanos*; but never, in any case, *Océanus*; and I will denounce, even with my last breath, the Latin termination, when there is nothing to authorise it, and everything to oppose it." Elsewhere the Comte rates the Vicomte for using *prosterner* as an active verb—for saying, "while we were eating our *gamelle*," instead of *à la gamelle* ("for we must not allow the affectation of a familiar style to make us forgetful of language or grammar"), &c. The Vicomte's neologisms are scrupulously weighed, and commonly found wanting. *Déshabillé* "is not yet French." *Futuritions* "is too far-fetched a term." *Vastitude*, however, "seems a happy innovation." *Ménager*, on the other hand, for *heurter du nez*, or *casser le nez*, "is not deserving of adoption," being far from dignified and not altogether "intelligible." *Imbelliqueux*, "which is not even Latin, bears too close a resemblance to *imbécille* ever to make its way into our French language." *Immémorable* is "a new word that does not seem to me to be quite clear"—though in a subsequent page the objector relents, and thinks better of it. *En tardivité* "is not French." A *délivré*, "c'est l'arrière-faix en termes de sage-femme. L'image est peu gracieuse." *Tombales* is merely "invented to vary the adjective 'sépulcrales.'" *L'incroyance* is gratuitous, "since we

already had 'l'incrédulité.' *Salvation* is a doubtful sort of Latin. *Comfort*, a not doubtful bit of English. And so on.

Believing that the writings of Chateaubriand will one day be, if they are not already, an authority in the French language, M. de Marcellus holds himself to be well justified in applying to them "this *chicane grammaticale* which Quintilian did not spare towards Cicero, and thus treating them as he would the ancients." "I say it again, I have chiefly studied this text from a literary point of view; if some few political reflections escape me, few and far between, it is because I am carried away by former habits, or impelled by some memory of my old *métier*, or because I seek in this way to give a better development of the character and talent of a man who so frequently confounded literature and public affairs in one and the same thought." Elsewhere we read: "My temerity, I must needs say, is not limited to an examination of form; I have gone far beyond that, perhaps too far. My remarks sometimes bear on the substance [of Chateaubriand's writings], and my corrections tell against certain appreciations of men or of things, when they appear to me to have been too precipitous or too rigid." Thus, the Comte would soften down the asperities of the Vicomte against certain political rivals and literary contemporaries. He lived too intimately with the great man not to be aware of various characteristic foibles and inconsistencies. Marcellus could see, and says with a *hélas!* what he saw, that Chateaubriand "loved far less than he was beloved." The prose-poet was better at regretting the dead, we are told, than at showing his affection to the living. His vanity and arrogance are mildly illustrated by examples. "Once for all, let me be allowed to vindicate my sometime colleagues, one and all, both at Berlin and in London, from the disdainful indifference here manifested towards them by their chief." We need not enter into the explanation, who have never paid too much attention to the grievance. But it was not uncalled for, in a commentary on the *Mémoires*, and those chapters in particular which detail the Ambassador's in-door doings in Portland-place.

Of course the Secretary has frequent occasion to correct the mistakes of the Ambassador—of so imaginative a temperament withal, and so fond of writing for effect. Here, for instance, is a scrap of the Portland-place text, followed by the corrector's emendation. "My people," writes the autobiographer, "Peter, Valentine, Lewis, go by turns to the tavern; the women, Rose, Peggy, Maria, to walk about the streets. This delights me" [*i.e.* to have the house all to himself]. Now for the Secretary's comment *in loc.* "The Ambassador never had a man-servant of the name of Lewis, nor a housemaid called Peggy. My word may be taken as to all these details of his household, for I was the manager of it. The rest is correct. But we [the secretaries] only went into the world of an evening, after our chief had again and again refused to take us there." Chateaubriand imputes to his secretaries a habit of neglecting him, to go pleasure-hunting on their own account. M. de Marcellus treats the imputation as a mere bit of bad temper. His emendations in dry matters of fact are sometimes amusing, as bearing on character. The Ambassador crows about a "grand dinner" he gave to "the Duke of York, brother to the King of England" (my stars—and garters!), and a "fête on the

anniversary of the King of France's return to Paris," which fête, he magnificently adds, "cost me forty thousand francs." Was it as much, M. de Marcellus, for you had the management of all this magnificence? No, says that matter-of-fact witness. The dinner to his Royal Highness of York cost 8000 francs; the other affair, 12,000. M. de Marcellus can produce the bills, if necessary, and prove his case. We need not trouble him. In such a dispute we would, as Hamlet with the Ghost, take his word for a thousand pounds. The Ambassador's we would not for those forty thousand francs.

Quite alive, too, is the Comte to the Vicomte's indulgence in "words, words, words" (Hamlet again), that must be taken at a very reduced meaning. As where Chateaubriand says he could sometimes wish to be minister or king, in order to laugh at his enemies—but would certainly, before twenty-four hours were gone by, pitch his crown and portfolio out of window. This flight of fancy the commentator statistically reduces to its lowest terms. Here, again, is a similar bit of falsetto. "The Marquis of Londonderry is coming, do you say? Merciful Heavens! where shall I hide myself? Who will deliver me, who will snatch me away from these persecutions?" The Secretary's comment is: "I recognise myself here. It was I, in fact, who announced to M. de Chateaubriand these *prévenances* of the English Ministers and aristocracy towards the representative of the King of France; but there was no persecution there; and the ambassador would have complained a great deal more if these attentions had been wanting." Surely the Secretary reads the Ambassador aright. Nothing apparently galled that sensitive spirit like indifference or neglect.—But peace be with him: he had his good qualities, and great endowments, and of these M. de Marcellus takes due note, though we have been less generously employed. The reader will see Chateaubriand to signal advantage, as well as some disadvantage, in the work under review.

Except, however, to those who are conversant with Chateaubriand's life and writings, this series of *Etudes* will be found on the whole deficient of interest. And even the initiated will find it expedient to have a copy of the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* lying open on the table, if they would keep up with the commentator, and appreciate his comments.

J. C. X.

GETTING MARRIED.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

It is astonishing how in this world teachers abound. Charming little books are constantly issuing from the press upon every conceivable subject whereon men, women, and children require to be taught. Innumerable are the essays on the care of the soul, endless the treatises on the management of the body, and never does any passing event discover some point upon which mankind know little or nothing, than immediately there start forth a number of handbooks, and guides, and explanations, which would really seem to show mankind upon that very point to be peculiarly well informed. Unfortunately, it is the ignorance which is the fact, and the asserted knowledge the falsehood. The best advice, and the best mode of giving advice, for rendering the soul righteous or the body healthy, need much more thought than the majority of easy authors seem to bestow. We have pretty good evidence of this in the world still. Plaintive tales of repentant cottagers and angelic, but phthysical Sunday scholars, dying on fine summer evenings, may, for a moment, move good little hearts to supply a tear to pretty little eyes, but the emotion is past directly—impression there is none. Stronger medicine than this must work the soul's cure. The powder was wholesome physic for the child, but its effect was neutralised by the jam in which it lay hid.

So, it is easy enough to bid people neither eat, drink, nor sleep too much. The agricultural labourer who supports eight people upon ten shillings per week, is not likely to disobey you. Quite right it is to caution against insufficient nourishment; there is a huge class who are not in the least likely to disregard the hint. The fact is, that while medical men continue to make the blunders they do daily, we begin, naturally, to doubt their knowledge altogether. The reader will remember it being stated, not long ago, in the House of Lords, that of three eminent medical men who were past cure, and were very quickly about to journey to their long home, two acknowledged that they had entirely lost faith in their system, and one actually expressed an opinion that it did more harm than good. So that we must be excused for shaking our head to medical advice. It is too doubtful an article to our taste. We look upon it as a publican looks at a dull sovereign handed him by a man in corduroy in payment for a half-pint of porter. "It *may* be all right, but—we'd rather not."

Not, after all, that it would make much difference, had we supreme faith. If we, and all the world beside, had the profoundest veneration for the healing art, and listened with abject reverence to its professors, should we obey them? No; we should eat and drink too much or too little, as we felt inclined, and in all other points follow our disposition, just as before. How is it, reader, that whereas we claim to know the right courses of soul, mind, and body, we will insist upon turning out of them? It really is a curious inquiry. In the case of the soul, we know that preachers give us some explanation; that not the most thorough

conviction will ensure conversion, and that that great *change* must be wrought by an influence from Heaven. And in the affairs of our daily life we are conscious that, notwithstanding the most vigorous dictate of our judgment, our will often refuses to obey. We seem as though we *could* not do that, the necessity for which is so clear, and the propriety of which is so manifest. That beautiful temple of the mind, so perfect and harmonious in its proportions, which the Creator raised in our first parent, is defiled and disorganised now, and only fitful and meagre is the light which fills it. We can but wait patiently for its restoration, and long for the time when bright beams from the Eternal throne shall flood it with light for ever.

So, from one cause or another, the Guides and Handbooks do not make many converts. Sometimes the authors know little more than the confessedly ignorant whom they set themselves to teach. Sometimes the lesson is good, but so awkwardly set forth that none will listen to it. Sometimes the advice is so unpalatable, that scarce any will follow it. The world is a thick-headed, obstinate scholar, and makes such little progress, it seems always to be a reproach to the instructors who would bring it to mend its ways.

These remarks form an appropriate preface to any article from our pen on the subject of getting married. In the first place, as a bachelor, it is a subject upon which we can know little or nothing; in the second place, in regard to the few hints we purpose throwing out, we ourselves shall be exceedingly doubtful as to their soundness; and lastly, even assuming them to be valuable, we may incline to the belief that the likelihood of their being attended to is beyond all description remote. It thus becomes manifest that the way is perfectly paved for our outpouring, and we apply ourselves to the task accordingly.

It is not long ago, by-the-by, since we saw an advertisement from some awfully-gifted personage, who offered for the startlingly miserable consideration of a few postage stamps, to impart to any gentleman the astounding secret how he might completely secure the affections of any lady in the briefest period of time. This, indeed, was a secret with a vengeance. Papas and mammas might well turn pale on reading this tremendous announcement, and if there be anything in it, widows with fortunes had better subscribe to build a sort of widows' castle, to which they may retire, and where, by contrivance, they may receive food and all necessities without any enforced communication with the opposite sex.

Very poor and insignificant are the jottings which we proffer, in comparison with this exciting tender of service. In fact, we have yet to settle the question with ourselves, Can we honestly and conscientiously, after contemplating and weighing the whole subject with headachy intensity, recommend marriage under any circumstances? Let us see.

Take the case of a married man, with what is termed a "moderate income," and *also* with a family of four children; Lucy, the eldest, a girl of eighteen, being very fond of dress and display; Charley, the next, sixteen, having a *few* companions who *might* be more respectable and more discreet; Harry, the next, fourteen, who keeps the house, and perhaps the neighbourhood, in continual uproar; and Mary, the pet, ten,

who is sickly, cross, plain, and stupid. Poor married man, here are a few of the joys of wedded life. How saving he is in all matters of personal expenditure. New coats, how rare are they, and how remorseful is he after the consumption of an extra bottle of old port cruelly abstracted from the little stock which should be entirely devoted to the recovery of the dear child Mary.

Now against this dreary picture set the bright aspect of a bachelor's life. He can spend all his money on himself. You may laugh at the plainness of the statement, and may mutter something about selfishness. Our position will remain unaffected. We are now asking you to look at the pleasant side of a bachelor's existence. Behold the said bachelor never caring a straw about quarter-day debts, or thinking for a moment of such utterly foreign matters as children's ailments or requirements, or women's dresses, or boys' jackets, or girls' frocks, or doctors' bills, or schoolmasters' accounts, or of any other sources of care which bewilder and half frenzy the married man. The bachelor can wander over the globe upon an income which would scarce keep decently a wife and four children. He can indulge a fondness for the fine arts, he can be noted for his charities, or he can be a rake, if he be so minded. Either in right or in wrong doing he has only himself to consider. His independence is glorious, his freedom is supreme.

How is it, then, we have any married men? Well, the answer is not difficult. How is it that Jones, knowing that Smith ruined himself at rouge-et-noir, and finally blew his brains out, continues playing at rouge-et-noir, falling surely and certainly into the same ruin which overtook Smith? How is it that Robinson, while well aware that Brown is at this moment in a lunatic asylum as the penalty of constant intoxication, nevertheless revels in brandy morning, noon, and night? What influence is exerted over me by my knowledge that though Tomkins married Henrietta Bethell through sheer love, it is now a question whether any moral consideration would prevent Tomkins beating his Henrietta day by day, through sheer hatred? Does this warning in any degree diminish my idiotic tendency to dawdle in places where I may chance to meet Esther Simpkins, or prevent my seeking to dissipate the gloom of my soul by vivid recollection of her sister Agnes's bright eyes? I take it that, assuming all who become married men to be blockheads in that respect, there will still claim yearly the honour of "blockheadship" an enormous number of men who up to that time might be considered wise and prudent. Misery through marriage is everywhere. It stares us broadly in the face in newspapers, and its existence is betrayed by Mr. Jones's clouded brow and Mrs. Smith's weak eyes. Who shall question the assertion that at least one half the number of marriages bring but very diluted happiness? Who will dare to say that Robinson, who always addresses his wife as "my dear," and is thought a devoted husband, has not hundreds of times been amazed at his stupidity, in the first place in marrying at all, and secondly, in making the selection he did. Show me the man who will not blush a deep red at the recollection of the preposterous notion he had of the excellence of his wife before she filled that relationship. Let him call to mind how she danced about in his thoughts day and night—how he found himself influenced in

almost everything he did by hopes and fears in which she was mixed up. Let him remember how incomparably superior he deemed her to other women. Not that he could at any time have given any intelligible reason why he so thought. It was a delusion; even at the time he had a sort of misty notion that he was crazed, but like as a man getting maudlin drunk with gin-and-water, having a wretched feeling that he ought not to drink another drop even while mixing a fifth tumbler, so the infatuated victim, while conscious that his repeated draughts of love had already rendered him nearly imbecile, nevertheless found a certain deplorable consolation in becoming reckless and effecting a ghastly consummation. Let the married man, we say, call all this to recollection, and, even assuming the state of things now to be tolerably comfortable, even taking the bright view, and supposing Lucy, or Jane, or Mary, to have played her part as a wife in manner beyond reproach, yet the husband cannot forbear a smile at thought of the strange spell by which he was enthralled, and the (now) utterly inexplicable delusion which coiled round and enslaved him.

But now it is only fair to admit that something may be said on the other side. A bachelor, confessedly, is, in some sense, looked down upon. After all, a man who represents himself, his wife, and sundry children, has a certain degree of weight and importance about him which can never attach to a bachelor. When I look upon Jones I always fancy I am looking at six human beings. I not only see the man himself, but I see his wife and four children. If I turn to Green, I behold a solitary creature. He represents no one but himself, and he dwindles in consequence. Then it must be admitted that with all their failings, though they are very far indeed from being angels, yet that the Esthers, the Agneses, the Lucys, the Marys, the Seraphinas, the Carolines, and all the party of sweet-named and ugly-named entrappers of men, can and do, for the most part, help the summer sun to shine more brightly, and can and do lighten and alleviate the winter gloom. White knows full well that during that long day of trouble which visited him there was a sustaining influence which never drooped or failed. When blow followed blow, he knows the heart which never sank, the face that never grew clouded, the voice which never waxed faint. When the slightest vestige of passion had disappeared, and years of married life had produced some degree of indifference so long as the sky was clear, he knows who, when the storm arose and threatened to overthrow the dwelling, became animated with fresh vigour, threw aside the apathy which quietude might have engendered, and displayed, in all its broad and noble proportions, a wife's fidelity. The bachelor is ignorant of all this. He fights the battle of life alone. No heart beats madly at his triumphs, no tear falls when failure is his lot. No eye, fading with his own, turns to God in humble hope that it may close upon this world first. His is the solitary course. In life he is alone; in death alone.

Then the bachelor has his petty worries and annoyances. Assuming him to be in by no means an elevated position in life, yet, being a bachelor, he will probably save money. And as there is no one to whom, almost as a matter of course, he will leave this money at his death, it will come to pass that every one of his relatives and friends will have an

eye to the possibility of a share. The bachelor, being perfectly well aware of this, questions the sincerity of the whole body. It may be very unjust, but he cannot exclude the feeling that when needy brother Charles has sighed out to his wife, "My dear, poor Harry's gone!" speculation will immediately arise as to what "poor Harry" has done with his money. Should the well-off bachelor fall sick, he will not be at all surprised at the amazing number of affectionate inquiries which are made as to his state. A horrid doubt and question will lower over each act and word. A morbid feeling that "poor Harry" under the tombstone will be much more pleasantly thought of than Harry alive and well, will fasten on the heart and rob it of its sunshine. "I don't know that I am of very much use in the world," the old bachelor may sorrowfully murmur. "What difference would it make my passing from it? The old port wine in the cellar would lose none of its flavour, the silver spoons would not alter in value, and that trifle in the Three per Cents. would be found secure. Whoever has that port wine may, on some winter afternoon, when it is cold and dark and the snow is falling, sit by his fireside, and as he enlivens himself with an extra glass, and appreciates its excellence, he may involuntarily think of the wine's former owner. And when he remembers the winter afternoons gone by, when he sat with that owner as near relative with near relative, or close friend with close friend, and calls to mind the difference *now*—the snow-covered grave having become *my* home—perchance a truer emotion will fill him than ever he entertained towards the living man."

Yes, the would-be married man has something to say in behalf of his view of the question. But if we were to adduce all the arguments on both sides the reader would be out of all patience. We can but present an idea or two, and that in a rambling, "Christmas-ease" fashion. We are inclined to believe, on the whole question, assuming all things to be favourable and in order, marriage to be the happier state. But what a tremendous assumption! We are almost afraid to mention it. All things favourable and in order! When are they so? When is there harmony on all points—age, station, temper, taste, money? Are we even sure that we have a right view of wherein consists harmony as applied to the tempers and dispositions of lovers? You have heard, reader, the old adage about liking our opposites. Is this verified in the case of lovers? We are inclined to think that, in a qualified sense, it is. A meek woman may, on a surface view, seem suitably married to a meek man, a woman full of vivacity to a man of red-hot temperament, a woman ever smiling to a man perpetually on the guffaw, a woman always mournful to a man from whom laughing-gas would shrink in dismay as a hopeless subject. But this notion is dissipated by a deeper dive into the human heart. The true source of admiration, respect, love, is the being only a *little* akin, holding some faint approach to the position occupied by the esteemed object. There can be no love without sympathy, but there must be no such likeness as to provoke antagonism. If there be a total contrast, there can indeed be no sympathy, but if there be equality there can be no esteem. My possession, in a limited extent myself, of the qualities in which another shines, is most provocative of warm feeling, my heart then responds at once to the claim upon its reverence, its

friendship, or its love. So we hold that abiding love—love based on esteem—is most likely to exist where there is the same tendency, the same direction of mind and heart, but where the development of that tendency in the one case is so much more marked than in the other as to give the appearance almost of contrast. Behold an illustration: A man admires in a woman the vivacity of which he himself has just a spark, the gaiety which he endeavours, but with only partial success, to induce within his own heart, the grace which he can only clumsily imitate. A woman loves in a man the breadth and strength of character, the vigour and intensity of purpose, ay, the sternness of resolve, which she has an undefined feeling that, had she been a man, she should have proudly exhibited. But this is rather prosy, somewhat in the style of the guide-books before alluded to. Getting married is an easy subject, but what constitutes true love causes a whirl in my brain threatening apoplexy. Wherefore, avaunt! Only, dear young friends, so *very* anxious to be married, do ye sit yourselves down to the study. Perhaps ye may rise up sadder—and wiser. But if, after six hours' pondering, you have the conviction still that you are in love, you are probably right. Then, if you can, get married. If you cannot, you must treat the heartache as you would the toothache—go to bed and try to forget it.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

TELL me, maiden, what thou lovest?

Say what objects most impart
Pleasure to thy varied fancy,
Sunshine shed around thy heart?
"Laughing streams and dancing billows,
Birds that sing in summer-time,
All that fills the earth with gladness,
Making true the poet's rhyme!"

Tell me, maiden, *who* thou lovest?

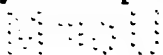
Summer roses soon decay,
One there should be to protect thee,
When thy spring hath lost its May!
"Ask me when the streamlet flows not,
When the rose-leaves, wither'd, fall;
Now all nature seems rejoicing,
I have love enough for all!"

THE SPECTRE'S VISIT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

TOWARDS the close of the year 18— I went with my children to spend some time at the quiet watering-place of S——. I had just recovered from a dangerous illness, and had been recommended by my medical advisers in London to pass the ensuing winter in the mild climate of the south-west of England. At S—— I found a house, which in all respects suited me, and I took it by the month, wishing to give the place a trial before fixing myself there for the winter. The house I hired was handsomely furnished and fitted up, pleasantly situated, with a sloping lawn in front, and a garden, sheltered by some fine old trees, behind, and the rent was, all its advantages considered, uncommonly low. I soon established myself in it, much to my satisfaction. But the weather was becoming cold, and I found it necessary to have a fire in my bedroom. Unfortunately, the one I had selected, from its being a cheerful, airy apartment, smoked, and the art of the chimney-sweeper was resorted to in vain. I am rather asthmatic, therefore I was compelled to evacuate my otherwise pleasant room, and to take possession of a large, gloomy-looking apartment in what seemed to be a wing of the house. This remote chamber was situated at the extreme end of a long narrow passage; it was spacious, and opened into an inner room, or dressing-room, which again communicated with a private staircase.

The windows of these rooms were in the Gothic style, high and arched, the papering was of a dusky hue, and the curtains of the bed were of the darkest shade of green. In short, all around was so sombre that I felt a corresponding tinge of gloom as I retired to my new apartment for the night; but I stirred the fire, it blazed brightly, and as I was free from my enemy—*smoke*—I committed myself to my pillow, and soon found the repose I sought. How long I slept soundly I do not know, but after a time my dreams became dreadfully disturbed; I started up, and I thought I heard the door of my room, which led to the dressing-room and to the back staircase, open and shut. I listened—there was no repetition of the sound—all partook of the deep, dead stillness of night: I felt extremely drowsy, and soon slept again. Again my fancy was busy with horrid things, and I dreamed that a wild-looking, bloody figure was standing by my bed, and glaring with fiery eyes at me from fleshless sockets. I was sensible of intense agony, and I thought I fainted from absolute fright. After a time I seemed to come to myself; the dreadful figure had vanished; I attempted to scream out, but the power of utterance seemed denied to me. At length, after long struggling with what I afterwards concluded was an attack of nightmare, I shook off my uneasy sleep, and hailed, with a sense of transport and security, the first faint dawn of day. I rose unrefreshed, but after breathing awhile the pure morning air, its vivifying influence restored my harassed spirits to their usual equanimity, and the little duties and occurrences of the day banished from my mind the painful impression of its midnight vision. As night



approached, however, I felt some reluctance to retire to my gloomy and distant dormitory, but I was not so weak as to give way to such folly, and, conquering my unpleasant sensations, I again took possession of the couch with dark-green curtains. I slept calmly and well, and after occupying that apartment for a few days, I began to forget altogether my singular dream.

About this time I was invited to spend an evening at the house of the oldest medical practitioner in the town. He had been called in previously to attend one of my children who was unwell, and his wife had, in consequence of this introduction, paid me a visit. I was a stranger in S—, and Dr. and Mrs. Graham were noted for their hospitality, which they were so good as to extend to me. On arriving at their house I found about fourteen persons assembled, to some of whom I was introduced. Cards were the order of the evening, for the good people of S— were inveterate card-players, and whist was the favourite game. I never play at cards, and whist is to me an unfathomable mystery; so, after much entreaty, many excuses, and repeated protestations of my utter incapacity to "take a hand," I made good my escape from the card-tables, and was permitted to join two ladies, who, like myself, preferred conversation or silence even if there were no other resource. My companions were not very similar in age or appearance; the one was an old lady, who had assuredly passed the whole of that undefined and undefinable period known by the uncertain name of "a certain age;" the other was a young married woman, whose Hebe countenance and laughing black eyes plainly told that she was little acquainted with care, and that she preferred "L'Allegro" to "Il Penseroso." After discussing the pretty scenery and the pretty walks round S—, the accommodations it affords for strangers, and the prices and qualities of its markets, the advantage of its climate was mentioned. "I don't know," said the black-eyed lady; "I cannot quite agree in the mildness of its climate—at least, we don't experience it where we live, on the top of that horrid hill."

"It is a very airy situation," observed the old lady.

"Yes," said the younger, "it is so airy that we might as well live in the open air; but my husband, who is a captain in the navy, and who has all his life been accustomed to a fresh breeze, as he calls it, cannot bear to live except in what I call a gale of wind. For my part, I should much prefer that pretty-looking house at the foot of the hill, which has quite enough of the sea-breezes in front, and is sheltered so well from the northerly winds behind."

"I am surprised to hear you say so, ma'am," replied the old lady; "if you were in *that* house, I don't doubt you would soon be glad to get out of it."

"Why, pray?" asked both the other lady and myself at the same moment.

"Oh," she replied, "you are both strangers here, or you would not ask that question;" then, dropping her voice, and looking very solemn, she continued, "that house is haunted, they say."

"Good Heavens! haunted?" I exclaimed.

"Haunted? that's delightful!" said the other lady, laughing violently.

"Of all things I should like to live in it, then, it would be so droll to see a ghost."

"Droll?" repeated the elder lady, in a tone of grave rebuke; "I do not think that word applicable to anything which belongs to the other world."

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the black-eyed lady of me, with a gay smile and a suppressed sneer.

"I believe that nothing is impossible with God," I replied.

"Well," said she, "I would as soon expect to see these tables and chairs begin to dance about,* as dead people get out of their graves to perambulate the earth; but I should like vastly to see what the ignorant and superstitious would call a ghost."

"Then, ma'am," resumed the old lady, "if you occupied the house you fancy so much, you would be very likely to see one."

I felt annoyed at this intelligence, and I dare say I turned pale, but the ancient narrator of the ghost story was purblind, and neither heeded this symptom of particular interest on my part, nor the winks and warning looks of Mrs. Graham, who, being a prisoner at whist, could not come to the rescue, nor succeed in stopping the old lady's unlucky communications. She went on:

"In that house a fearful deed has been done, a murder was committed there, and that worst kind of murder which leaves no time for repentance, no hope of forgiveness. The monster who deprives his fellow-being of life may yet live to repent of his crime, and to have his guilt washed out in the blood of his Redeemer, but the misguided wretch who lays violent hands on himself, and takes that life which God had given him, rushing uncalled for into the presence of his Eternal Judge, what time has he to breathe even one repentant prayer to the Throne of Grace? What right to hope for pardon of his guilty deed? The late owner of that house committed suicide; it is charity to hope that his intellects were deranged, but there is much reason to fear that his conscience was bad, for he had led anything but a correct life."

"Who was he?" asked the younger lady.

"A Mr. Norton, a man of some property, although he had squandered the greater part of his fortune in gambling and extravagance. It was said that he had been a sad profligate in his youth, and had been quite devoted to pleasure, until a series of disappointments and mortifications disgusted him with the world, and changed him into a misanthropic recluse. He was a middle-aged man when he came here to live. S—— was not then so much frequented as it is now, and only a few families came here for sea-bathing occasionally in summer. He bought the house and grounds at the foot of the hill, and built an addition to the house, and there he lived in the utmost seclusion. But he was not quite alone, for two young ladies lived with him who were said to be his daughters, though they did not bear his name. They were of course illegitimate children. Two fair lovely girls they were, but so drooping and sad-looking! They seemed to feel the disgrace of their birth, and to shun all notice, never even walking but in the most unfrequented places. I have heard that their mother was governess to his sister's children; that he persuaded her to elope with him, and afterwards kept an establishment

* Table-turning and spirit manifestations were not in vogue then.

for her at a village near London, where he frequently visited her. It seems he spared no expense on the daughters' education, but they were very unhappy, for after their mother's death he took them to reside with him, and he was to them the most cruel of tyrants. His temper was dreadful, and it became daily more morose and more violent. No servant would have remained with him but for the enormously high wages which he gave. Well, he had been quite outrageous for some time, and one night, as our friend there, Dr. Graham, was passing down the lane that runs almost close to one side of the house, going on a night visit to a patient, he was startled by seeing a figure all bloody at a window in Mr. Norton's house; he thought it was fancy at first, but the moon was shining brightly, and on looking attentively he became convinced that he saw a human being covered with blood, and holding up its hands apparently in supplication to Heaven. He went to the house, and with much difficulty roused the servants. When he described what he had seen, and at which window the bloody figure was standing, they said that it was the window of their master's chamber, and that they dared not disturb him; but the doctor insisted that Mr. Norton might have burst a blood-vessel, or be ill in some way, and that he was determined to inquire into the matter; so a man-servant and he proceeded to the room occupied by Mr. Norton. They knocked. No one answered. As they stood waiting at the door they heard a deep groan within, so they burst open the door, which was locked on the inside; and you may imagine their horror when they found the miserable man lying on the floor, at the foot of the window, weltering in his blood! There was a wide gash in his throat, and surgical assistance was in vain. He expired a few moments after. But I should tell you that before he died he expressed by signs much anxiety to have pen, ink, and paper brought to him. It was done, and he tried hard to write a few lines, but death soon arrested his progress, and the writing he had accomplished was so indistinct that the only words which could be made out were 'daughters'—'sealed papers'—'proofs'—'marriage.'

"What became of the unfortunate girls?" I asked, forgetting, in my interest about them, the appearance of the spirit in the house I occupied.

"Ah! poor things," said the old lady, "they have been very badly off since, I fear. They were terribly shocked at their father's death, and much grieved, though he had been such a cruel and unkind parent to them; but their minds were in some degree tranquillised by his body being allowed Christian burial, for at the coroner's inquest it was brought in 'Insanity.' So he lies in the churchyard yonder, but not very quietly, if all tales be true.

"As soon as his relations got notice of his death, his nephew, a rich lawyer in London, came down here and took possession of all the papers and effects of the deceased; no will was found, so this gentleman and his family, being the legal heirs, claimed and got all his property. No provision had been made for the two poor girls by their father, and the heir, who was a hard-hearted, miserly sort of man, refused at first to give them anything, saying they might go to be chambermaids; but he was at length shamed into giving them a few hundred pounds, and with these he turned them adrift.

"They went to London, where they struggled with many difficulties,

and the last time I heard of them they were keeping a little day-school in the village where their mother had resided, and which afforded them but a scanty pittance, hardly sufficient to maintain them."

"Could nothing have been done for them here?" I asked—"no subscription entered into for them?"

"I dare say," replied the old lady, "had they stayed among us, something might have been done to assist them, but their dispositions were very shy; they left S—— immediately after the father's shocking death, and they took great pains that every trace of them should be lost. The absent are apt to be forgotten, and to be poor is far from a claim to remembrance."

"But," interrupted the lady with the black eyes, "the ghost—you have forgotten the ghost—I want to hear about it. No doubt it is the cut-throat gentleman."

"Yes," said the old lady, sinking her voice to a mysterious whisper, "they say *he* walks. His heir endeavoured to sell the house, but no one would buy it; he then left instructions to have it let furnished, but the rent he asked was so high that the house remained long unoccupied."

"It was about a year after Mr. Norton's death that a man, passing one clear moonlight night down the lane I mentioned before, saw a figure standing at the window of the room in which Mr. Norton had committed suicide; it seemed covered with blood, and its clasped hands were apparently raised to heaven."

"The man was terrified out of his wits, and not venturing on a second look, he never stopped running until he reached his own door, where he fell down in strong convulsions. The old woman, too, who lived in the house to take care of it, was one night about the same time disturbed by the distant flapping of doors; she supposed that she had inadvertently left a window open in the old part of the building, and on going to ascertain, she encountered at the head of the back staircase some dreadful object, the sight of which frightened her almost out of her senses. She could never exactly describe what it was, but she thought it seemed a figure covered with blood. She took shelter that very night at the house of her nearest neighbour, and no entreaty could prevail on her, or on any one else, to stay again in 'the haunted house,' as it has been called from that period."

"And so," interrupted the sceptical dame, "this poor house has been denounced as haunted upon the testimony of a country booby who was probably drunk, and that of a sleepy old woman whose brains, if she had any, were no doubt stuffed with nonsensical stories about witches, and charms, and hobgoblins."

"Have any other persons seen anything in that house to frighten them?" I asked, in a tone of eager inquiry.

"Yes," said the old lady. "I was going to tell you that last summer a gentleman took the house for six months. He had a large family, and brought his own servants; therefore, as they had no introductions or acquaintances here, it was not likely that they could have heard any of the stories relative to the spirit that haunts it. When they had remained here three months exactly, they suddenly took their departure without assigning any reason for going, and forfeiting the rent of the other three

months. They did not complain of any nocturnal visitor, but the washer-woman, who was sent for to receive the amount of her bill, said she heard among the servants that some members of the family had been much alarmed by something they had seen in the dead of night, and that this was the cause of their unexpected removal."

"But," persisted the lady with the black eyes, "the house is occupied at present, and the family do not seem to have been disturbed with ghosts; at least, they take the visitations of the dead man very quietly."

"Wait a little," replied the pertinacious supporter of the ghost story. "They have not been there long yet, but if they remain there they *will* see him, depend on it. By-the-by, this is the anniversary of the night on which he committed suicide; it was on a Christmas-eve, like this. I should not wonder if he walks to-night."

Supper was just then announced, and our conversation was broken off; but, urged by a painful curiosity, I seized an opportunity before leaving Dr. Graham's to ask the communicative old lady what particular apartments were said to be haunted by the restless spirit of the unhappy suicide. As I had surmised, she described the very rooms which I myself occupied! It was in one of them that he died, to them his wandering ghost was said thus frequently to return, and that very night I might become the witness of a spectacle terrible to behold! My spirits sank within me, and I returned home in no enviable mood. Persons of vivid imaginations, whether they do or do not believe in ghosts, will understand my sensations as I entered my remote apartment—the scene of a bloody murder, if not the haunt of a damned spirit! I became so nervous that I thought of desiring my waiting-maid, on the plea of indisposition, to sleep on the sofa near me. But how could I pretend to be ill when I had just returned at a late hour from an evening party? I would seem unreasonable, and I never liked to appear whimsical to my servants.

For this night, then, I determined to brave the terrors of the haunted chamber; to-morrow I would return to the smoky room, and no longer expose myself needlessly to uncomfortable feelings. Committing myself to the benign protection of Him who watches over the universe, I trimmed my night-lamp and retired to bed; but, alas! not to sleep. I endeavoured to chase from my mind the gloomy subjects which had taken possession of it—to think of cheerful things, or to recal the cherished remembrance of scenes long past; in vain, fancy would have its own way, and, to my distempered imagination, the pale moonbeams, as they glanced from the high arched windows, assumed spectral forms, that flitted in shadowy mockery before my aching sight. I closed my eyes, and lay in that breathless state of vague apprehension which is too dreadful long to endure. All was stillness around me; the plaintive whistling of the wind had hushed, the very waves of ocean seemed to slumber; there was no sound but the quick throbbing of my own heart. A cold chill crept over me, and I became sensible of an undefinable sensation of solemn awe. Presently I heard the door of the inner room which led to the back staircase open softly; there was a pause of total stillness, and the door of the room I occupied opened gently and slowly as the other. Again all was still; no footfall met my ear—no sound to betray that a living being had entered my lonely chamber. For some moments I lay in an agony

of suspense, my face covered with my hands; but a curiosity, too painful to be restrained, overcame my dread, and raising my eyes I beheld an object more fearful than words can describe! Oh! the intense horror of that dreadful moment! There it stood—the unearthly gory figure, with its blood-stained hands lifted in apparent supplication to that distant Heaven whose laws it had violated, whose promised blessings it had forfeited for ever! It stood at the identical window at which Mr. Norton had been seen by Doctor Graham the Christmas-eve on which the suicide was committed. I tried to scream—to rise and make my escape from the apartment—but I had no power either to move or to speak, nor had I the power of averting my gaze from the appalling object. It turned, and its hollow eyes fell full upon me; it advanced, slowly extending its right hand, and with a finger (from which drops of blood appeared to fall, although they left no trace on the floor beneath) it pointed to a remote corner of the chamber, in which stood an old-fashioned bureau. Earnestly it pointed, and earnestly was its unearthly look riveted upon me! Cold dew poured down my face, my teeth chattered, and, in the emphatic words of Scripture, my very “flesh quaked.” Human nature could bear no more! my head reeled, and I fell back totally insensible. When I recovered from my long fainting-fit the morning was far advanced—the bright rays of the joyous sun enlivened my gloomy chamber. I heard the dipping of oars, the boatswain’s shrill whistle, and distant rattling of wheels, and I thankfully welcomed the stirring sounds of animated life. I heard, too, and hailed with transport, the gay voices of my children as they pursued beneath my window the innocent sports of happy infancy.

Blest hours of cheering day! How I rejoiced in their return! How I loathed the sable night—

When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And naught is wakeful but the dead!

To remain in the haunted house was impossible, and I determined to leave it that very day. It was necessary for me to return to the scene of the preceding night, in order to remove some papers I had placed in the old bureau. Whilst I was engaged in searching the different drawers, I felt something give way beneath my finger; surprised at this, I continued the pressure, when a secret drawer suddenly flew open, and discovered to my amazed view a bundle of old papers, tied with a black cord, and labelled “Certificate of the marriage of Oswald Norton with Matilda Manners.” “Will,” &c. &c. I stood for some moments lost in astonishment, but having no time to spare, I speedily determined on sending for Dr. Graham, and communicating the discovery to him.

I related to him in strict confidence the awful scene of the past night, the apparent anxiety of the unearthly intruder to direct my attention to this bureau, and the chance which had just led to the extraordinary fulfilling of his restless wish. The worthy doctor heard me with the most profound attention and the deepest awe.

“It was most strange, most startling!” he exclaimed, “even if it had been but a sleeping vision.”

“We will not discuss that subject further at present,” I said. “But I shall leave these papers with you, in the hope that you who were pre-

sent at Mr. Norton's awful death will take the necessary steps to restore his injured daughters to the rights which have so long been withheld from them."

I received his promise to this effect, and that day I quitted S—— for ever. Circumstances soon after called me abroad; I remained absent some years, and on my return to England I felt a wish to learn if the papers I had found had been instrumental in placing the Miss Nortons in the situation they were born to fill. I despatched, accordingly, to Dr. Graham a letter of inquiry, and heard from him in return that the proper legal proceedings had been instituted with success, and that the daughters of the unfortunate Mr. Norton had received, along with the acknowledgment of their legitimacy, the sum of five thousand pounds each, which had been left to them by their father's will. Dr. Graham added, that the haunted house was haunted no longer, and that the restless dead, its errand on earth accomplished, returned no more from the silent, though populous mansions of the grave!

DIARY OF THE DREAMER OF GLOUCESTER.

Southampton, Friday, June 19, 1854.

I LEFT Gloucester yesterday, and to-morrow will sail from this by the brig *Wally* for the Black Sea. I may therefore consider my travels commenced, and accordingly ought now to journalise the incidents of yesterday, and describe the different people I met. But now-a-days there are no incidents while travelling in England except railway collisions, which they who witness are in general incapable of relating; and as for the people you meet, it seems the inflexible rule that, from the time you enter a railway carriage until you reach the end of your journey, not one word is to be spoken, and the polite thing is to hide your face behind the cushioned arm of your seat, and either fall asleep or pretend to do so: at any rate, to behave as if you were utterly unconscious of the presence of any other individual in the carriage. I think I played my part well yesterday, as I was too pleasantly occupied imagining the course of my voyage to be at all inclined to break our railway etiquette; and as to-day I have been the only occupant of the "travellers' room" in the *Star*, I have had no opportunity of adding to my stock of ideas.

The brig *Wally*. From Saturday, June 10,
to Tuesday, June 13.

We have had foul weather, and I have been very, very sick. However, I have got the better of the enemy to-day, having managed at last to take dinner. We have been two days in the Channel, and are now out of sight of land.

I have purposely avoided bringing books with me, or anything which

might serve to amuse me. I wish to know how I get on by myself—I wish to acquire some idea how I would enjoy or endure the separate state, assuming that to be merely a disembodied existence. Here I am, I may say, to myself, with my mind such as education and circumstances have made it, but otherwise completely cut off from all the incidents which used to surround me—all old amusements, all my old pursuits—nay, from all communication with my fellow species. Here, it is true, the picture requires some correction, for I must abstract eleven material substances, in the shape of the captain, mate, and crew, and I must conceive the good ship *Wally* to be the phantom envelope of my spiritual being. Well, it is done—the abstraction is made. How do I get on?

I cannot as yet answer the question, but there is something in the idea which may be profitable. Undoubtedly we will all sooner or later be absolutely isolated from matter and all its accompaniments. How will we get on without it? If our minds have conversed only with matter and sense, here is an abyss of *ennui* opened up which contains all possible misery. But if our pursuits have been intellectual—if we have acquired regular habits of thought and treasured up the truths of abstract science—if we have loved to trace law and order pervading the universe—then have we something to take with us to our phantom home. The mind, with all its garniture, will keep us company, and images will arise, combine, and develop with a facility never experienced while trammelled with matter. There is a higher appreciation of our idea; the nature of the other world has been disclosed to us, and we learn that, to secure participation in its felicity, we must cultivate our moral and religious as well as our intellectual nature, otherwise, though our intellect be increased a thousand-fold, we may find ourselves hereafter in as solitary an isolation as the mere votary of sense.

Wednesday, July 14, 1854.

We were becalmed from noon yesterday till four o'clock this morning. To get over the time I went to bed about two o'clock, but slept very uneasily, the vessel pitching in the long, heavy swell, and the gearing of the helm thumping directly at my back. I awoke in the horrors of a nightmare, having resigned my throat in despair to the Lascar, one of the sailors, who, with his dirty copper face and long black locks, had been, it seemed to me, for hours attempting to force back my head into such a position as would facilitate his surgical operation.

My theory of dreaming is, that in sleep we are reduced to a lower state in the scale of existence. Reason is wholly or partially withdrawn; so that, if educated men, we are reduced to the level of the most uncultivated; and if ignorant or savage in our waking hours, we sink into brutes under the influence of sleep. Hence our dreams are in general of a degraded type compared to our waken thoughts. They want logical coherence and moral beauty. A man of fastidious taste dreams of scenes which would be rejected at the Surrey Theatre; a man of humanity dreams of cruelty; a man of purity revels in pollution, and waking, starts in disgust at the vague recollection of his dream, which seemed to open up abysses of wickedness within him until then unthought of. The religious man is oppressed in his dreams by some incoherent, shapeless doubt which he cannot bring to light, yet cannot dissipate, and feels his

faith gradually giving way, beaten by the mere spectre of infidelity. May it not be that sleep, which is so like death in outward appearance, has also an inner analogy to it, teaching capacities and tendencies of debasement which a change like death may bring into unchecked activity? Nor, taking this view, do we want compensation, for there are moments in the waken hours of all of us when the heavens seem opened up, and our intellect and heart elevated to a higher and holier existence. Who will not recognise in these moments indications of capacities of moral improvement which may be realised when our aspirations after purity are no longer checked by sense or sin?

Friday, July 16. Noon.

We sighted a rock to-day, known on the charts as the Devil's Rock; whether from our old enemy of the horns and hoof, or some unfortunate captain of inauspicious name, who was there wrecked, I know not.

We have passed a number of ships of various sizes and nations; among others, two men-of-war, an Englishman and Frenchman, both frigates. They were evidently sailing in company, and were probably transports, bound with warlike stores for the fleet.

Until this war, French and English ships never sailed together in perfect amity. If they met in time of peace, it was not as allies, but as gentlemen mutually bound over to keep the peace; in general, when the ships of the two nations met, it was for the purpose of mutual destruction. Now we are allies; but the change has been so sudden and the alliance so close, we can hardly believe in its reality.

About this time two years ago England was in a panic of an invasion from France, and Louis Napoleon, who had just seized the supreme power, reviewed his fleet, grouped together at Cherbourg, as if to show by the magnitude of the force he had concentrated, and its proximity to England, that the panic was not unreasonable; while we, by the unmeasured abuse we at this time levelled at him, did our best to precipitate the danger we so much dreaded. Luckily, Louis Napoleon was more sagacious and prudent than his censors, else he had every provocation to attempt an invasion, were it only to avenge his *amour propre*. Nor would such an attempt have, in the circumstances, been altogether impolitic, as it would have conciliated popularity from a great body of the French nation, who then desired, and probably now desire, nothing so much as an atonement for Waterloo.

While thus, with or without reason, heaping every epithet of insult and contempt upon Louis Napoleon, Nicholas, Emperor of the Russias, was enjoying the approbation of our government; with the exception of some radicals he was popular with the nation, and so disinterested seemed his interference in Hungary and his attitude relative to the war in Holstein, that those who still distrusted him were driven to assume hidden motives and ulterior designs on his part to justify their instinctive dislike. Nor did his short occupation of the Danubian Provinces justify their distrust. Indeed, his actions generally seemed in every respect to corroborate his sincerity in the object he professed to have in view—namely, to stem the course of revolution, and maintain intact the existing balance of power.

Yet even then, had we more attentively studied his actions, we would

have had reason to suspect that he and not Louis Napoleon was the enemy to the peace of Europe. During the whole course of Nicholas's reign his policy had been one of studied aggression in the East, which, although unmarked by us, had resulted in an acquisition of territory nearly equal in extent to the Russia at the death of Peter the Great; so that the balance of Europe was practically at an end. During the same period he was constructing his formidable fortifications in the Black Sea and the Baltic, equally unnoticed by our statesmen, but yet clearly with a view to a war with England, sooner or later. For, against what other power than England could these impregnable fortifications have been intended? They were defences against maritime assault, and ours was the only navy which sufficiently preponderated over Russia to excite her fear.

Now, all the time these fortifications were being constructed with so evident an intention, Nicholas was in the closest alliance with our government; which trusted to him, more than to any potentate on the Continent, to restrain the ambitious projects which it was thought animated Louis Napoleon.

This position is now altogether reversed, and the one autocrat has in every respect taken the place of the other, relative to England—Louis Napoleon is our closest friend, Nicholas our deadly enemy.

Both are remarkable men, and somewhat similar in character. Stern, independent resolution is a conspicuous feature in each. Both regard government in its primitive signification as the exercise of control, and despise those theories of liberty by which this essential meaning is often concealed. Both are silent and reserved, patient in preparation, obstinate and unscrupulous in execution. They stand out from other men as much by the peculiarity of their minds as of their position. It is not that they are more sagacious than other statesmen, but that they think on principles peculiar to themselves, and thus their actions are not only energetic, but, being totally unexpected, secure all the advantages of a surprise.

We are now disposed to judge of the conduct of Louis Napoleon with greater candour than we were two years ago, and to admit that at that time the moral indignation of our press was excited without sufficient reason. It is now generally admitted that the *coup d'état* only forestalled some measure equally as violent and unconstitutional which the Assembly were quite ready to take against him. But those who still condemn Louis Napoleon ground their censure on his violation of the oath he took to maintain the constitution.

Now in any other nation, and even in France at any other time, this might be visited with the severest moral censure; but, if it be considered that Frenchmen of that day had repeatedly violated constitutional oaths, we must abate some of our indignation in respect of the moral atmosphere in which the alleged perjury took place. Nor are we to consider treason to a constitution so eminently tentative and provisional as that of the French Republic, in the same light as treason to a constitution hallowed by antiquity. The one is merely adopted as a temporary resting-place in the revolutionary progress, a breathing time, to allow men to consider what they have done and where they are going; the other comes recom-

mended to us by the adherence of generations, by deliberate treaties between contending parties, and by the great social contract involved in prescription.

In the special case of the French constitution, it may besides be asked, To whom was the oath taken? who are the parties entitled to reclaim against its violation? The Assembly had shut themselves out of court, not only by their own treacheries to Charles X. and Louis Philippe, but by a violation of the very constitution in question, whereby they disfranchised fully one-third of the French nation, and refused to submit to the remainder, the question whether or not Louis Napoleon's presidential power should be continued. On the other hand, if it be said that it is the French nation who have the right to call Louis Napoleon to account, we have their answer in their votes, when, by overwhelming majorities, they confirmed the powers he had assumed by the *coup d'état*, and when they subsequently voted for his assumption of the imperial title.

On these and other grounds we have now attained, I think, a juster view of Louis Napoleon's character, but it is plain that it is only lately we have allowed these considerations their due force. Now, at this moment, we regard Nicholas with as much dislike as we did Louis Napoleon, and are unwilling to listen to what may be said in mitigation of the charges against him. But in a year or two we may come to look on him as a sovereign whose faults may be chiefly ascribed to an excessive nationality. His patriotism, it may be argued, swallowed up his philanthropy. There are plenty of facts to support such a judgment. No man ever did more for the aggrandisement of his kingdom than he has done; and with respect to his foreign policy, at least in the case of Turkey, history may think he had very plausible grounds for believing that the decease of the sick man was imminent, and for inferring that in that event a general war was inevitable; which, being admitted, he may hereafter be excused for attempting to turn the position to the advantage of Russia, even although his measures precipitated the collision.

History may also demur to judging Nicholas and his Russians by the refined standard of English international justice. She may say that Russia belonged to a different phase of civilisation—somewhat similar to that which obtained in England in the reign of Henry VIII.—and may compare Nicholas with that monarch, who was very popular with his subjects, and held in considerable repute abroad; or, suppose history has to plead his case against a Frenchman, it will be allowed that civilisation in France was at a greater height in the time of the Grand Monarque than it is at present in Russia, and it will hardly be denied that the ambition of Nicholas was moderate in comparison; but Louis XIV. was considered by the French as a model monarch—an opinion in which the English concurred till he went to war with them. Or, to bring the parallel nearer to the present day, Napoleon Bonaparte exceeded Nicholas in ambition and in disturbing the peace of Europe, as much as he exceeded him in intellect.

But, in truth, the ethics of the class of men to whom Nicholas and Louis Napoleon, Louis XIV. and Bonaparte belong, is not of a very high standard. Their actions in history differ from those of ordinary men in being chiefly characterised by destruction, and they have a language of

their own—that of diplomacy—the object of which is to deceive. Peace to the manes of those who are dead and to the souls of those who live! Let us not too narrowly look at them, lest we become iconoclasts of hero-worship.

Saturday, July 17.

A light wind directly in our teeth, so that I suppose we will make no further progress to-day than yesterday.

Eleven A.M.—We hear the sound of cannon in the distance, proceeding from a steamer, whose smoke only is seen above the horizon; probably a war-steamer practising her men at the guns. It is a solemn sound that of a cannon at a distance, and well described by the word “boom,” having in it somewhat the tone of a bell. We are approaching classic ocean; another day or two and we will sail over the scene of the battle of St. Vincent, and that greater, Trafalgar. So not inappropriately do we hear now the note of war.

What is war? It is the *ultima ratio*, the last method of deciding a dispute after reason and persuasion have failed. It resembles a thunder-storm. The clouds have all gathered into one centre, and seem driven back by some invisible power—there is a choke in the atmosphere—but when the storm bursts, when the battle of the clouds is fought, and heaven’s artillery has made its last discharge, then the air again circulates freely, and a feeling of freshness succeeds to the previous oppression. So, in the present case, the clouds of diplomacy must be rent asunder by the collision of armies, and when the battle is over we will have again a freshening circulation of human interests.

This figure is defective as applied to the present case, for the triumph of Russia will perpetuate the pent-up state of the political atmosphere—perhaps will throw back for a century the civilisation of Europe. And yet the very reverse may be the result. Political prophecy is a game of pitch-and-toss, all pure guess work, and history is nothing else than a record of the fallacy of contemporary vaticinations. Nearly every great change in our own history has turned out contrary to the intentions and anticipations of those whose acts most energetically conducted to it, or whose intellects were considered at the time most profoundly to fathom it. Moreover, Providence works in history in long cycles, and thus ages and generations may suffer during the working out of those mighty problems, whereby ultimate good results from evil. *We* may be the propitiatory victims of some such cycle. Our civilisation, on which we pride ourselves so much, may, like that of Rome, be doomed to perish before the march of the barbarian, in order that its elimination may remove an obstacle to a civilisation to be perfected centuries afterwards, as much surpassing the present as its antecedents. We must consider what time is to God, and that the whole course of human progress, which may stretch forwards for myriads of ages, probably is the more prominent object of his solicitude than any one generation of men, however important they may esteem themselves. We look back on the Greeks and Romans as in the infancy of the world—an equal space of time may again elapse—and the occupiers of the world, then, may look back upon us as having advanced but a step further in the progress of man. To these, our successors, even our boasted discoveries in mechanical science may appear to be but the

alphabet of their more perfect knowledge, which may force into the service of mankind powers of nature now unthought of, and subject those we know to a perfect control.

Such reflections are melancholy. We like not to contemplate the time when we will be no better known than the ages which are past. We are so full of the ardent life of the present, so wrapped up in our own schemes, so proud of our own discoveries, that the thought the time will come when our history will interest our successors no more than a page of Livy, comes on us like the breath of the grave. And it is the breath of the grave which gives such thoughts their significance. "That contemplation of inexhaustible melancholy, whose shadow eclipses the brightness of the world," alike obscures our public as our private lives, tinging with the sombre hue of the vanity of vanities the pride of the nation and of the individual.

Sunday, July 18.

Noon.—We have made very little progress by tacking. Saw a few ships, but owing to a slight fog we could not see any distance.

Six P.M.—The wind has been all day against us. I have tired a good deal. If I could, I would run away. I can no longer flatter myself that my internal resources are sufficient to save me from *ennui*. I must find amusement of some kind—reading, conversation, variety of scene—anything rather than prolonged self-communion, so that I can now answer the question I put at the beginning, by admitting that I would be very miserable as a disembodied spirit.

Eight P.M.—It is no wonder maritime men differ from others. How different is their daily life and habits! Shut up in a ship with few associates, for days and weeks out of sight of land, given up, as it were, to the other elements, air and water; instead of the firm earth the ever-heaving ocean, which is traversed by aid of the heavenly bodies, the connexion of which with navigation must ever be to the common seaman somewhat mysterious. No wonder he is superstitious. Everything about him is plastic, capable in the fog or twilight of being shaped into any form by the imagination, nor—except the ship itself—is there anything to give substance to the phantom world in which he exists, and even the ship, moving by unseen and capricious influences, is half a spirit.

Contrast all this with the landsman's life: his solid house of stone; his scenery of immovable land in vale or mountain; his journey by macadamised roads graduated by milestones, or by railways, suggesting, in their iron lines and motive machinery, more and more the idea of substance. Consider him sheltered from elemental vicissitude in his stone and slated house, sleeping on a bed which never rocks; follow him through his daily business, ever meeting men separately pursuing their own way to material aggrandisement; think of his banks, his counting-houses, churches, markets, and in general of everything which constitutes the medium in which he lives; they all tend to dissipate the shadowy and spiritual and to develop the material.

Under such contrary discipline the wonder is that the difference betwixt a seaman and a landsman is not more marked.

Monday, July 19, 7 P.M.

Becalmed all day—very hot; felt extreme lassitude, and a difficulty in doing anything. What must a hot day be at the line?

I wonder how long this will continue; northward, southward, eastward, and westward, far as the eye can reach, it is smooth as a mill-pond; the only object in sight two vessels becalmed like ourselves, and which we have seen all day, precisely at the same distance from us and from each other. The sea is getting thick and feculent, as if the dust of all the carpets in the world had been shaken into it. There is not the slightest breath of wind, nor any symptom in the sky from which a hope of wind could be derived. It seems a calm settled for a fortnight. There are no birds, not even a gull to flash its white wing, and give some motion and life to the world of water and sky—all is still, as if frozen. On board our ship each one is more listless than another. The sailors, with their five days' unwashed faces, stare idly at one another, as if averse to give themselves the trouble of speaking. The captain, with his coat off, leans half-sleeping over the gangway, while the mate, whose watch is off deck, is in bed, trying with all his might to sleep, in order to pass the time. I have exhausted my capacity for sleep already, and now I am building hazy castles in the air of undefined splendour, and weaving adventures of which I am the hero—adventures never brought to an end, for, after getting on with one epic I drop it in the middle and try another, equally undefined, incoherent, and unfinished. I fancy myself out of the ship, and scheme imaginary tours, eat imaginary breakfasts, and sleep in imaginary beds, and then "waken with a start," and the waters, not roar, but purr almost inaudibly, as the brig progresses at the rate of one yard in the hour. Of course I have breakfasted, dined, and supped. I remember these well—the only epochs of the day; but only as epochs, for one can't eat with the heat, or drink hot tea without cream, and one turns with loathing from corn-beef somewhat tainted, and dough suggestive of much fat; nor does the bilge smell of the cabin improve in the heat, though it is more tolerable than on the deck, where the sun strikes right through all wide-awakes. I wish I could sleep twenty-four or thirty hours.

Nine P.M.—A light breeze has sprung up. We have made up to one of the vessels which we have seen all day becalmed. She turns out to be the emigrant ship *Euryalus*, with five or six hundred Irishmen on board. We passed near enough to hail her and to see the passengers—a freight of rags and dirt.

Tuesday, July 20.

Our brig has two names: that written on the stern is *Wilhelmina*, in honour of its first owner, a romantic lady, as became her name, and who managed, in the course of her life, to get rid of three husbands. To each of them she successively conveyed the brig; and indeed *Wilhelmina* had married a fourth husband, when he, probably thinking there was something ominous in the chattel, sold it (that is, the ship) for the sum of 900*l.*; and the wisdom of this act was confirmed by his survivance of his wife, who died shortly after, owing to an excessive partiality to strong waters. Among seafaring people the brig, which owing to its matrimonial history was somewhat famous in Southampton water, went by the name of *Wally*.

Originally she had been a superior craft, and in the time of the second husband had done a considerable contraband business with the coast of France, a connexion from which arose her mistress's predilection to brandy. But unfortunately both ship and mistress were well stricken in years. The fourth husband had recorded in marble that the beloved wife and mother died at the age of fifty-six, and as she must have been married for a period of twenty years, allowing an average of five years for each husband, and as the brig was the dower of the first marriage, the *Wally* could not be much under twenty-two years of age. She had, indeed, a venerable look befitting her years. The mainmast was a little bent forwards, the foremast had lost its top-gallant yards and royals, and it was difficult to say what had been the original colour with which she had been painted. As to Wilhelmina's image, which served as a figure-head, you were left to guess wherein consisted the attractions of the original, since the features of her wooden image were deficient in a nose and one of the cheeks. I cannot say how much she leaks, but the working at her pumps awakes me every day at five o'clock, and the operation continues for half an hour. During the rest of the day she is allowed to imbibe at her own sweet will; but however sweet her will might be, it is very sensibly evident the water does not agree with *Wally's* internal arrangements, for a strong smell of bilge exhales from her hold.

The rats have left the *Wally*—ominous desertion! But since that event she has gone a voyage or two, and perhaps the bugs—of which there are many—take the place of the rats in warding off the evil eye.

I am the only "cabin passenger"—that is, I have the honour of sleeping on a mattress stretched across a locker, which extends the whole length of the cabin, and constitutes a bed of intolerable hardness. The cabin is six feet long, five feet broad, and five feet eight inches in height. There are two press-beds in it, which constitute the dormitories of the captain and the mate, so that on the whole the accommodation is rather limited.

The captain and mate change watches every four hours. Everything necessary for the ship is kept in the cabin; and oil in particular is continually wanted at all hours in the night. The cook comes down to wash the floor at half-past five in the morning, and we must be dressed and up by seven to make room for breakfast. From all which, it follows that my sleep is somewhat intermittent.

One word as to the crew. We have a captain, and mate, and nine sailors. The captain knows navigation well, and the mate, in addition, is well versed in theology. They are both natives of Portsmouth, and in their way very excellent fellows. Our cook is a negro, who goes by the name of Doctor—sea cooks being originally doctors, like barbers on land. His black face is a great advantage, for he never looks dirtier at one time than another, which otherwise might occur, as the sailors wash only once a week. Then we have a Lascar, dressed in a pair of trousers with the legs cut off. This gentleman has a run-a-muck style of countenance, which I do not at all like. Next in order—I mean in point of dress—is an Irishman. In addition to the trousers, one leg of which is entire and half the other, Phelim wore a great coat when he came on board, reaching down to his heels, and constructed so as to afford the maximum of venti-

lation ; and he had something on his head, which might have been a hat, but it had evidently suffered from generations of shillelaghs. Phelim was a landsman, and I was for some time at a loss what could have induced the captain to take him on board, but, on inquiry, he told me that Phelim had begged a passage in order to go out and join the Turks against the Russians, and as the captain was patriotic, and Phelim promised to do anything and to eat anything, he had granted his request. The rest of the crew are in no way remarkable. Three of them are ordinary English sailors, and the other three average specimens of Scotchmen of the same profession.

Our vessel is freighted with an immense variety of goods. We have two hundred dozen of wine, principally port and sherry, two hundred dozen of brandy, twenty dozen of gin, some unknown quantity of porter and ale, hampers of champagne and Hampshire hams, pants, boots and shoes, starch, pickled salmon, sardines, and coals—articles, all and sundry, anticipated to be in demand with her Majesty's fleet in the Bosphorus.

Seven P. M.—It has been a calm, or nearly so, for the last two hours. I have attached the Lascar to myself as a sort of body-guard, an arrangement to which the captain gives a tacit consent. I made the selection because, except the cook, he is likeliest to a slave, at least the melodramatic slave, and I confess to having long wished to have a slave—a wish, I believe, pretty general, if we would confess it, since we are all naturally tyrants, and the kicking scene in the “*Rivals*” is a correct picture of life. I wish I could give some better reason, for the gentleman is evidently a rascal, and if a convenient opportunity occurred, I dare say would not object to cut my throat, or that of any other. However, when I cannot find any good reason for selecting him as my body-guard, I can see no reason why, simply because he is a rascal, I should therefore not avail myself of his services. A great deal of use may be made of rascals, and many an opportunity is lost by our insisting on employing only honest men. A handy rascal is better than an awkward respectable. It does not necessarily follow that his general rascality will exhibit itself in a special rascality to your detriment, for the very fact of your trusting him may put him on his good behaviour. At all events, in practical matters it is, I think, judicious to risk a little, and employ the readiest agency, rather than go out of our way to select an agent who, although honest, would not be eligible. The poor rascals, too, should have some chance given them to reform. It is owing to honesty barring the door, that so many irreclaimable rascals, male and female, walk the earth. Leave the door occasionally ajar, and the outcast may return.

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

AT that glorious epoch when the brothers Van Eyke, Hans Hemmling, Jan Mabuse, and several others had cast the first golden beams upon the Netherlands, which soon became the glowing sunshine of art, there lived in the city of Antwerp a poor illuminator, by name Gerhards. From the narrow dormer-window of his low house the white summit of the cathedral tower was just visible, and in his room could be heard more distinctly than elsewhere the artistic chimes of the great clock, which continually warned the busy sons of men below in their harsh and inexorable tones, *hora fuit!* The shadow of the immense church lay like a grey cloud over Gerhards's roof at an early hour of the afternoon, and hence he was obliged to drag his wooden bench and chair close to the window, that he might distinguish the sharp outlines of the little pictures which he illuminated for the holy brotherhood of St. Sebaldus. Even then his eyes too often failed him, and the colours danced up and down before him like flies in the sunshine. There was no extraordinary variety in the pictures he coloured, but an illuminator is forced to follow his orders, and has no choice. One week Gerhards was obliged to dress a number of St. Katharines in blue gowns and red cloaks, while in another St. Theresas demanded from him blue cloaks and red gowns. It was only rarely that he had to attire the blessed Virgin in her golden garb, and place a glittering tiara on her head. On the other hand, St. Sebastians came in by dozens, asking for a brown gown, or a St. Hubert in want of a green coat. Without sighing or complaint the illuminator gave each his own from morn till twilight, and so it went on incessantly from one year's end to the other. Any one who saw him thus sitting bent over his work, with his cheeks tinged by his work, would have felt amazed at such indefatigable industry. After dusk his only relaxation was to take his fair-haired little daughter by the hand and enjoy a ramble about the city; but that only when the weather was fine. Illuminating, we are bound to state, had been Gerhards's voluntary choice of employment, and he had only attained it after much trouble and labour in his riper years: perhaps this accounted for his patience.

From his earliest youth Veit Gerhards had wished to be a painter. He was an orphan, and lived at Nuremberg with his grandfather, who was considered a very clever armourer, and was not a little proud of his glistering trade. At that day Nuremberg shone like a rare jewel among all the towns of Germany. There was a wondrous activity in all branches of art, and any one possessed of open hand and open heart found enough to see and admire there. The brazier Peter Vischer was employing his busy hands on the most glorious masterpieces; the architect Adam Kraft was drawing the boldest plans for palatial edifices; woodcutters and builders were distinguishing themselves; and in the workshop of the master Wohlgemuth a great number of industrious scholars were learning their profession. To this painting-room the old armourer Gerhards had an occasion to send his grandson on a message. The lad had never before seen an easel, or had an opportunity to examine a painting closely. When he called at the master's the latter was not at home, and the workroom

was deserted by all but one very young scholar, who was painting near the large bay-window. Gerhards first discharged himself of his message, but then looked round the painting-room curiously, but modestly. His questions attracted the young scholar away from the easel. One word brought on another, and they took pleasure in each other's conversation. The scholar showed him everything, from the long Mahl-sticks and various brushes down to the pallets and grinding-boards. He gave the gentlest and most significant replies to Veit's strangest questions. Thus, then, the armourer's lad went on till he reached the scholar's easel; but he had scarce cast a glance on the canvas ere he folded his hands with an expression of the deepest amazement, and stood before it, as if rooted to the ground. A recently finished Madonna's head stood out prominently from the pale background, the tear-laden lashes being deeply sunk. Veit Gerhards could not remove his eyes from this picture of agony, and the longer he looked the more strange was the emotion he felt, and the bright tears coursed unconsciously down his ruddy cheeks. A new world lay expanded before him, of which his soul had never before had a feeling—the world of colours; and the man to whom it opens its gates falls a victim to it body and soul. The armourer's apprentice at length stammered from the bottom of his heart, "Oh, would that I could create such things as you do!" And like a flash of lightning, a burning desire to become a painter was kindled in his heart. "I must be an artist," he exclaimed, in his enthusiasm, "and you must help me!" And he threw his arms tenderly round the young scholar, and looked him lovingly in the face. And his newly gained friend drew him closely to his heart, and advised him earnestly to devote himself to the glorious profession of painting, and he would teach him the first principles as far as lay in his power, and then they would work together at Master Wohlgemuth's.

Veit fancied he was dreaming a blessed dream; but at this moment the other scholars came in, shouting and singing, and drove the pair asunder. Veit Gerhards already stood in the doorway, prepared to depart, when it suddenly occurred to him to ask the young scholar's name. "My name is Albrecht Dürer," was the reply, and the armourer's apprentice left the house. But he did not see his new friend again. When he reached home, full of his new idea and growing wishes, he opened his young heart before his grandfather. The old man, however, started at such a bold idea on the part of a Gerhards, who had been armourers from time immemorial, and that to such a degree, that without replying a word to Veit's confession, he ordered his bundle to be packed up. The next morning he entrusted him to one of his cousins, who was going back to the Netherlands, where he was settled in business, and Veit went without a word, for in those happy days children were wont to obey their parents and superiors blindly. The cousin was in business at Antwerp, and was much respected there. Under his severe discipline young Veit soon forgot all his dreams about the easel and the palette, but still the hidden love for art, and the tender remembrance of the Madonna's head, remained. At least a hundred times he tried to draw it from memory; but, although he could recal line upon line, and the blue of the eyes, the ruddiness of the lips, and the golden brown of the long locks were indelibly imprinted on his heart, his hand,

for all that, could not reproduce a single feature. He would certainly have gone mad about it, had he but time to do so, but his love for his cousin's pretty daughter occupied him, and attached him closer than ever to his calling. When, however, he had gained the fair girl at last, and taken over the workshop in the bargain, his strange attachment to colours returned in such force, that he would spend hours in the churches, admiring the altar-pieces or the reflexion of the stained glass on the ground, instead of attending to his business. At the same time, he hit upon the extraordinary idea of following for hours any painter who happened to pass. Thus, one day, he followed Quentin Matsys about so long, that the artist turned round at length, angrily, and asked him what he might want with him. His wife, as was natural, began quarrelling with Veit soon after the honeymoon was over, and when the cousin at last died, and the workshop actually belonged to her husband, there was no end to her gloomy looks and cutting speeches. She could not understand his insane love for pictures and colouring, and told him incessantly that the sheen of a well-hammered sword was finer than all the colours in the world. But it was all of no use. Gerhards was even so mad, that, when his wife at length gave birth to a daughter, he ran off with the child to the house of Master Matsys, begging him to choose a name for her. It was the proudest day of his life when the master took the babe in his arms, and at last gave it the name of Susanne.

From that glorious hour Gerhards went on more steadily, and in the joy of his heart he returned to his workshop; but, spite of all his toil, he could never turn out an irreproachable blade or a handsome dagger-hilt. His only pleasure in his wretched existence was his child, the little fair-haired Susanne. In her he saw all the vague secret wishes of his soul assume a tangible shape, for she seemed like a real painter's child. For hours she would sit on the ground, forming graceful figures from flower-leaves, or patterns of mosaic with variegated stones. At an early age he made her his confidant; to her alone he imparted, at least a thousand times, his meeting with Master Wohlgemuth's young scholar, and described in the minutest detail the face and form of Albrecht Dürer, with whom he had conversed, and who was now beginning to be spoken of in the Netherlands as a rising artist. By degrees, this handsome head, with the flowing locks and piercing eyes, obtained a fixed place in Susanne's heart, and it grew a habit with her to ask his intercession in her evening prayers, when she had committed any childish sin. When she grew older, she escaped often enough, by her father's complicity, from the scolding mother, and ran down to Master Matsys's house, whose work-room became her dearest abode. She could look on for hours while Matsys painted or mixed, and her greatest delight was to grind colours for him. The master was fond of her, for she was gentle and affectionate, and had a great talent for learning. Jan, too, Matsys's eldest son, looked up with a joyful face from his colours when the heavy oak door groaned and Susanne's graceful form was visible. He knew well enough that she had come to release him from his odious labours, and he could now run out and join his playmates without being missed. Jan had certainly no objection to become as renowned a painter as his father, but he had not imagined it would cost so much labour, and that annoyed him. He naturally thought that a painter's son would have a royal road

to learning, and his merry comrades confirmed him in this opinion. At the mid-day hour Jan would regularly make his appearance again in the workshop, and thrust Susanne, laughingly, away, the reward she received being generally a hearty kiss, while Susanne hurried home to be scolded by her mother and praised by her father.

Just as the girl reached her thirteenth year her mother died, and now Gerhards's life underwent a remarkable change. In the first place, he gave up his trade, sold his forge for almost nothing, and hired a house close to Quentin Matsys's. The old beech that grew in the painter's court reached just up to the window of Susanne's modest chamber, and the birds that nestled in it sang the girl to sleep at night and awoke her in the morning. As soon as they had settled down, Gerhards went out one morning with a very important air, and walked straight into Matsys's room to offer himself as a scholar. The master, however, put his hands on his sides and broke out in truly Homeric laughter.

"Are you mad, old fellow," he cried, repeatedly, "that at your age you think of beginning the art of painting? As if it were child's play, that could be learned in a handful of years. Young blood is required for it. But give me your daughter as a pupil, and I'll make her a famous painter: take my hand upon it! But you, my good friend, think better of it. When a horse is stiff he is not harnessed to a royal equipage."

This address made Gerhards so angry that he shook the dust off his shoes, and swore never to pass this threshold again. And he not only kept his word, but forbade his daughter going there, and even violently expelled Master Jan, when he once came about the house to look after his faithful assistant. Susanne cried bitterly, but it was all of no avail. Gerhards had in the mean while found employment that suited him: he illuminated pictures for the monks of St. Sebaldus. His zeal was so great that he would often have forgotten his food and drink while so engaged, had not his attentive child pressed them upon him with prayers and tender endearments. He was badly paid, it is true, but owing to Susanne's economy they could just manage to live. There was, however, something on the father's mind; for Susanne was amazed to see him lock up every saved penny in a chest, as if he wished to hide it from the eyes of greedy robbers.

At the bottom of Susanne's heart, too, lay a delicious seduction, which would not be silent day or night. She heard incessantly those words of the master, "I would make a famous painter of her!" for Jan had told her all the particulars of the famous quarrel as they walked home from mass, where the young gentleman now put in an appearance more frequently than before. And yet she did not see how to satisfy her longing: what good did it do her if her father now and then gave her a dozen saints to illuminate? What did it avail her that Jan one evening placed colours and palettes in the passage, so that she could not help finding them when she went down to prepare supper? She could not even feel really happy when Jan, on Christmas-day, thrust an easel of his own manufacture into the doorway, although she carefully placed his present in her garret. There was no one to show her how to use all these things properly. The days passed away in silent sorrow, the spring relieved the winter, and the summer followed close on his heels. One June afternoon Susanne stood alone at the open garret window. The sun had already

sunk low, and the court-yard was beginning to grow dusky. Gerhards was still working indefatigably in his gloomy room, although Susanne had earnestly implored him to spare his burning eyes. The maiden's blue eyes rested very sorrowfully on the green branches of the beech-tree: they were moving about very strangely, when all at once Jan's laughing face peered out from the leaves just opposite her window. Shaking his brown locks impudently, he whispered:

"I saw you standing at the window, and have come to talk with you a little. Father is just now painting a large portrait, and will not trouble himself about me for weeks. So I will come to see you in this way often, and fortunately nobody has forbidden that. But what's your father about?"

"Oh, he is at work, but I fear so for his poor eyes."

"Well! I couldn't work as he does."

"You! I believe it; I am not frightened about your eyes, Jan." She looked at him and smiled. Whither had her heavy heart flown so suddenly?

"How pleasant your room is!" Jan said, admiringly, and stretched out his neck to peer in.

She withdrew a step. "Look! there is your nice easel!" she said, proudly. But with these words a shadow again flew across her rosy face. "Yes, there is everything for painting," she sighed, "and the inclination is not wanting, but I need a master."

"Susanne, here is one ready to hand if you will. Take me as teacher. I have been obliged to work hard since you left off coming to us. And I will teach you all I know."

"How can that be? You must not enter our house or I yours."

"Well, I'll climb this tree every afternoon at the same time, and you'll bring your easel close to the window, and we can talk, and I'll bring a long brush to help you, and teach you how to mix colours. I'll be very careful, and you shall not desire a better teacher your whole life long."

Half doubting, half lost in a delicious dream, the girl looked at him.

"You are right, father did not forbid us talking together," she at length said, slowly.

"All the fathers in the world could not prevent that," he said, boldly, from his green arbour.

She moved the easel eagerly towards the window.

"Is that right?"

"Nearer still. You must turn a little, so that I may see you better while painting. Every master expects that from his pupil."

"Will that do? Oh, Jan! if I really should learn from you how to paint!"

"You shall. But be here punctually every afternoon at three—even if it rains, mind."

"Oh yes! and when I have learned to paint beautiful pictures, I will sell them like your father does, and become rich."

"Well, and then?"

"Oh, then I'll buy father a new house with a large, light painting-room in it, so that he may save his poor eyes, and I'll sit with him there, and paint to my heart's delight."

"And where shall I be?"

"You?" she reflected. And a glorious blush suffused her cheek.

At this moment Gerhards's voice was heard.

"Father wants to go out," she whispered, with a charming nod. And the strange bird in the branches was left alone.

But from that first meeting, every afternoon at three, the conscientious master was seated in the tree before his industrious pupil's window. At times he wished from his heart that she were a trifle less attentive and zealous, for she had hardly a glance for him, and her cheeks glistened with delight. What a harmony of colours the young master found, though, on that side of Susanne's face that was turned towards him! Even in his father's celebrated pictures was it possible to find a finer flesh-tone than that which the turned-back sleeve revealed to Jan? Did the gold, which the master's pencil transferred to the panel, shine half so brightly as Susanne's hair, and a blue like the colour of her eyes could not be found in the whole kingdom of colours, Jan was quite certain. And how pure and classical was the outline of the profile which the master continually had before him! And how rich the voice, in which she asked him all sorts of questions, and how graceful her every movement, when she went to fetch anything, or mixed the colour on her palette, or else bent back to judge the effect of her painting? At times the master's brush would interfere, or she was obliged to hand him out her palette to mix a colour whose composition she had not yet learned. But she always did this with hesitation, for Jan was boyishly full of mad tricks, would seize her plump hand with the palette, and keep it prisoner as long as he liked, despite her struggling. But these hours were very happy, of which father Gerhards with his saints, and Quentin Matsys with the noble lady he was painting, suspected nothing. They were happy, though they passed so rapidly, and though so little of the pure summer air without reached the couple. Bees, and butterflies, and birds were there, they hummed and declared the beauty of summer, and then the old green tree became a paradise where the rosebuds of love sprang up, and of which the lovers knew nothing till they felt the thorns.

The summer passed by like a day; autumn had arrived, and was preparing to depart; the leaves dropped slowly from the beech-tree, and four young eyes watched them fall very mournfully. At length the parting hour sounded for the master and pupil, for the bare branches could no longer hide the large bird nestling among them. There was not much painting done in the last hour, but, to make up for it, the little hand often went out without a palette, and remained a willing prisoner. At last a sweet young face bent forth from the window, and two longing arms were stretched out to grasp it and draw it nearer. It was the last time of meeting. In their mutual grief and bitter tears of parting, the young lovers had not noticed that the yard-door had opened, and Master Matsys himself walked out. He stood quite silent, and looked up the tree; he held his long Mahl-stick in his hand, and banged it on the ground every now and then impatiently, but those above heard and saw nothing but each other. At length the master walked close up to the tree, gave the trunk a violent kick, and shouted in his powerful voice, "I hardly thought that fruit would grow on this old tree, although the fruit is wormeaten." And then he began belabouring Jan's long legs

most unmercifully with the Mahl-stick. The maiden disappeared from the window with a cry of terror, and Jan slipped down like lightning. Three days after he was on the road to Leyden, to the celebrated master, Lucas, where his father had sent him to finish his apprenticeship. Still, on the evening before his departure he managed very cleverly to obtain the promised kiss from Susanne's rosy lips while she was at the fountain, and on this occasion probably found time to whisper all sorts of consolation in her ear, for the maiden next morning was of good cheer, though her eyes were swollen, and did not let her head droop.

But now cloud followed close on cloud. Gerhards's eyes began to grow bad, and his strength deserted him. Still he worked with greater perseverance than ever. There was a hastiness and restlessness in his manner which startled the poor child. In vain were her earnest prayers that he would spare himself. He grew excited and savage when she spoke about his failing sight. "Leave me! I know what I am about," was his usual reply, and he went on illuminating with renewed zeal. The spring, it is true, brought its gentle remedy in the glorious verdure and foliage; his weak eyes were strengthened by it, but the hot summer came, and the sharp lights of autumn produced fresh pain. But Gerhards never complained. He went on patiently from one day to the other, from autumn to winter, and from winter to spring. But table and stool drew closer to the window, his pale face was bowed still more closely to his work; more and more carefully did he hide the pictures from his daughter, until, at length, concealment was no longer possible; the monks sent back his illuminated saints with a stern reproof, and threatened not to give him any more work if he again illuminated while in a state of intoxication. Gerhards now broke down: with trembling hands he speechlessly pushed the pictures across to his daughter. Susanne saw what she had not expected. The poor painter's brush had no longer been able to retain the outlines, and the colours were mixed in utter confusion. The saints wore without a blush green and violet beards, while the Magdalens and Katharines had their cheeks painted blue. Susanne wept hot tears of agony.

"Do not cry," the father said, desperately, and tore the pictures from her hands; "help me, rather! help me, for just a month, look ye; by that time my eyes will be well; I know it, I feel certain of it. Then I will work with double energy. One more year and we shall have enough money."

And when she threw her arms round his neck, and looked up, questioningly, he said, harshly, with his mouth glued to her ear,

"Now I will tell you why I want to work! We must go to Nuremberg, and it is a very great distance. But he will take me as his scholar, believe me, and then all our suffering will be at an end. See, that is what keeps me alive and at work. And you'll go with me, for you, too, must see his glorious face."

After a lengthened pause, she whispered,

"Shall we go through Leyden, father?"

He nodded, as if in a dream. Then she fell on his breast with a cry of joy, and from that hour a gleam of happiness never again quitted her face. And she helped him honestly, while he sat silent in the corner, shading his eyes with his hand, and was so industrious that Gerhards

often had to compel her to leave off work, and the brothers all praised her pictures. But she helped him not only for a month, month on month grew into a year, and the past year was again followed by another, for time did not stand still. Gerhards seemed scarcely to notice it. With the greed of a miser he counted over their scanty savings, and shouted with joy when a trifle was added to them. With glowing cheeks and tear-filled eyes he exclaimed, one day,

"If one could only paint a picture like Quentin Matsys, and find a purchaser for it! Then we could start for the promised city next spring."

"Next spring go to Leyden—to Nüremberg, I mean," Susanne said, hurriedly, and laid her pencil down to draw a deep breath of delight.

The father's words fell on a fruitful soil, and a fair flower was to spring from thence. A clean piece of parchment now lay continually among the pictures of saints, and she began to work upon it with great industry. A thousand times was she obliged to cover it when Gerhards came up to see how she was getting on with her work; for days she was forced to lay it aside, for the monks of St. Sebaldus were pressing her, or the pious Ursulines sent in fresh orders, for the fame of her pictures had spread through all Antwerp. Still, she worked on indefatigably, day after day, while the roses were fading from her cheek. At length the labour of love was ended on the 1st of May, and the picture which was to impart felicity to her father was finished. With a smile of delight she went up to Gerhards at early morn, and, bending over him with a tender kiss, asked:

"Do you believe this picture will find a purchaser?" And she placed the picture in his hands.

The full light of day fell upon the picture. It was an exquisitely finished head of the Saviour. What a beam of sunshine swept across the old man's sunken face! What drove the tears into his weak eyes and caused his lips to tremble? Why did his thin hands raise the picture so high to the light? It was a long time ere Gerhards could find words, but when his child knelt before him in strange confusion, he whispered, with a glorious smile,

"You have fixed *his* face upon this parchment. It was not in vain, then, that I spoke to you about him. It is he whom you have painted, and he will yet be my Saviour. Go, go—carry the picture to Quentin Matsys: he will find you a purchaser; show it to him, that he may see you have become a painter without his help. Hasten, hasten, my child, and then we will go to Nüremberg. But take the picture away at once, or I shall not be able to let it go from me!"

There was a strange commotion perceptible at this time in the streets of Antwerp. People of all classes were standing about in groups and talking with great animation. The girls at the fountain could find no end to their gossip; in all the painting-rooms the scholars were restless and excited, for the news had arrived from Ghent that the renowned master, Albrecht Dürer, of Nüremberg, on his tour through the Netherlands, intended to honour Antwerp with a visit, and was expected to arrive to-morrow, perhaps to-day. Some went so far as to assert that he was already in the city, and with him the great master, Lucas, of Leyden, and his lovely wife. Susanne Gerhards, who never purposely avoided an hour's chatter with her companions at the fountain, tripped along this day un-

heeding the disturbances in the streets, bearing the picture in her hands, to Master Matsys's house, which she had not entered for so many years. Her young heart beat so violently that she could hardly draw breath, and her cheeks glowed as she tapped at the heavy door with timid fingers. Quentin Matsys, himself, opened it to her, and straightway stretched out his arms and folded her to his breast.

"I knew you would come again some time or another," he said, warmly, and drew the maiden in. "But what brings you to your old friend?—for you must mean to visit him, as the young one is far away. Has your father, the strange old fellow, changed his mind?"

"Oh, do not speak of him!" she said, mournfully; and her eyes filled with tears. "I'll tell you about him presently. But, now, look at this picture I have painted, and find me a purchaser, for I am bound to sell it to-day, dear master."

"Child! did you really paint this picture—all by yourself?" said Matsys, gazing at it with delighted amazement. "Why, Jan must have been a better master than I ever thought him."

This name from these lips suddenly removed a load from the maiden's heart. With burning tears she threw her arms round the neck of the father of her well-beloved, and confessed all to him—the grief and hope of her young heart—confessed to him, as to a priest; nor did she conceal the blind man's desire to go to Nuremberg. Ah, it was such a blessing to be able to lay bare her heart at last!

"His feet wish to go whither his thoughts ever turn," she concluded, "and I will accompany him. His poor eyes will only be able to recognise one thing: the form of the man who once appeared to him in a golden halo at Master Wohlgemuth's workshop—that young scholar Albrecht Dürer, who, it is said, has now become a great master. Even when I laid my little picture on his knees, he only noticed *his* face in that of the Saviour. Oh! believe me, he will not know peace until that countenance once more beams before him. Find me a purchaser, master!"

"Leave the picture with me; I will find you a purchaser, in whose hands you will be glad to see it. And now be consoled: do not cry your pretty eyes out, for Jan would be very angry at that."

And then he drew the maiden once more to his side and spoke long and confidentially with her. When Susanne left the painting-room, she hopped like a bird over the stones, and her eyes sparkled, and her voice sounded more tender and cheerful than ever when she told her father where she had been, and what hopes she had brought back with her.

Early in the afternoon Matsys came in, and brought the delighted girl a bright gold florin for the drawing, which an artistic Nuremberger had seen at his house, and desired to buy. The illuminator bade him good day, just as if he had only left him yesterday, but the master shook his head at the sight of Gerhards's sunken cheeks, and regarded with much emotion the thin hand that lay so burningly in his own. Then he asked kindly if he might be allowed to bring the Nuremberger with him in the evening, for he could tell them much about the glorious city and Albrecht Dürer. How Gerhards's eyes sparkled! how his breast rose and expanded! how he passed his hands repeatedly across his eyes, as if striving to tear away a veil!

"Bring him!" he then said, hurriedly; "any one coming from Nuremberg is most welcome to me, were he a beggar. Or shall I go to him? Oh! I can find the way through the streets—my eyes are clearer than ever. I almost believe I could paint again."

The twilight fell slowly over the scene. Susanne was seated at her father's knees: her heart was wondrous light and happy, for she had never known her father so kind and cheerful, nor seen so gentle a flush on his cheek. He, usually so reserved, talked incessantly. He was mentally again in Nuremberg: he described to his daughter the quaint streets and gabled houses, the many stately bridges, spoke of the Lorenz church and St. Sebaldus, and of the glorious fountain in the market-place. He saw himself once again in his grandfather's forge, and reproduced to his daughter the revered image of the old armourer as it lived and moved. So hearty was his laugh, so loud his voice, that they could not hear steps on the stairs, or some one raise the latch and walk quietly in. "As you did not come to me, I must fain visit you," a marvellously gentle voice was heard saying; and a tall, stately person offered his hand in greeting to Gerhards. There was a shriek, and Gerhards lay on the breast of Albrecht Dürer.

When Susanne stooped that night to kiss her father, who lay exhausted, but smiling benignantly, on his couch, she whispered to him in great excitement: "Now I first begin to understand your longing for that countenance, father. I really believe I could go to Nuremberg, or further, for one glance from those eyes; and yet I love Jan so dearly, as you now know."

"He bought your Saviour, child," Gerhards muttered, "and asked after your master—I was your master—I alone—and now I shall become—his scholar!"

With these words he gently closed his eyes. The next morning they were closed for ever to this world. The poor illuminator had gone to the angels who were to restore him to his brilliant vision, and he awaited among them his master—Albrecht Dürer.

Little Susanne, who soon after became the happy wife of Jan Matsys, and a distinguished artist in the bargain, has been rendered immortal by a couple of lines. They are to be found in the *Journal of Master Dürer* (1521), which has fortunately been handed down to us, and run as follows: "Master Gerhardt, illuminist in Antwerp, has a daughter about eighteen years old; her name is Susanna, and she has illuminated a parchment of a Saviour's head, for which I gave a florin. It is a great marvel that a woman could do so much!"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It is impossible not to feel that Providence has sown the tempting golden bait broadcast in the river valleys of certain neglected regions to allure civilisation to them. How long would the interior of South America have remained unknown but for the *auri sacra fames*? Botany Bay, whose very name proclaims its charms, had to be populated at first by convicts; and how slowly did emigration progress in New South Wales and Victoria until the golden harvest claimed its multitudinous reapers! The splendid bay of San Francisco and the promising lands that surround it remained unpeopled till the same attraction presented itself there. Now, after nigh a century of disgraceful monopoly by the Hudson's Bay Company, who would neither cultivate nor civilise, nor in any way ameliorate the condition of the country or of its inhabitants themselves, nor allow others to do so, the discovery of gold on the Fraser and Columbia Rivers has anticipated the dormant energies of the British government, who had justly doomed so unnatural a state of things to an ignoble end, and awakened the glad sound of the Anglo-Saxon idiom in the woods and on the waters of what is now designated as "British Columbia." There the most varied and contrasted configuration of mountain and rock, of prairie and meadow, of lake and river, have long awaited the coming of man in vain. The humming-bird has flitted by, and the cactus has bloomed for ages in a climate which combines all the excellences of our own, with a milder winter and a more genial summer, unseen by civilised beings. A soil covered with vegetable riches and yearning for the plough, rivers and lakes teeming with fish and fowl, primeval forests groaning beneath the weight of timber, mountain rocks glittering with mineral wealth, have all been taboed for the sake of a few voracious dealers in the skins of persecuted raccoons, martens, and squirrels.

Happily this disreputable state of things has gone by now. Providence has been more considerate than man. He has, by placing the irresistible allurements of gold within reach of the first rude and adventurous pioneers of civilisation, ensured the gradual but certain population of one of the finest and most promising regions in the world. We may regret now that the glorious Columbia discovered by the Spaniard Quadra in 1775, and navigated by Vancouver's lieutenant, was ceded to American menace. There can be no doubt, as shown in Dr. Travers Twiss's able work on the Oregon question, that Sir Francis Drake attained the parallel of 48 deg., and is consequently entitled to be regarded as the discoverer of that territory, which, until ceded to the United States by

the treaty of 1846, was, as in justice it should have remained, the southern portion of British Columbia; but while we regret the loss of the glorious valley of the greatest river of the district, and the whole of that land earned to us by the enterprise of the same distinguished navigator, and by him called New Albion—now California—still we cannot but congratulate ourselves that the only really available harbour between San Francisco and Russian America remains to us, and that nature points to that harbour as the future great outlet of communication between the West and the East, and as the link in the great chain of international communication that will girt the terrestrial globe when the overland communication, which is now a mere question of time, shall have been established from Halifax to Victoria—from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island.

We are indebted for the progressive delineation of the coasts to Hernandez Cortes, Drake, Juan de Fuca, Behring, Cook, Berkeley, Vancouver, and the fur traders who followed in their wake in those benighted times when, by the acts of an unenlightened parliament, no British subjects, except those in the service of the South Sea Company, could make expeditions for trade or fishery by way of Cape Horn or Magellan's Straits to any part of the west coast of America, nor could any not employed or licensed by the East India Company proceed, for either of those purposes, around the Cape of Good Hope to any seas or lands east of that point.

The voyageur of the northern rivers, the trapper of the western prairies, and the hunter of the eastern forests and lakes, were the first to break through these absurd restrictions, and the mountain tracks of the red man were soon followed by a few adventurous spirits, among whom Mackenzie, who, after discovering the river which bears his name, crossed the Rocky Mountains at the point where that great Arctic river has its sources in a small lake situated in a deep snowy valley, embosomed in woody mountains. The lake was about two miles in length, abounded in trout and carp, and its banks were clothed with spruce, white birch, willow, and alder. From this lake he followed an Indian path which led over a low ridge of land of eight hundred and seventeen paces in length, to another lake rather smaller than the last. It was situated in a valley about a quarter of a mile wide, with precipitous rocks on either side, down which fell cascades that fed both lakes with the melting snows of the mountains. Passing by this latter lake he encountered a small river, which, however, soon gathered strength from its tributary mountain streams, and rushed with great impetuosity over a bed of flat stones: these were the head waters of the Tatouche Tesse, or Frazer's River. Sir Alexander Mackenzie was thus the discoverer of that river. Descending from the Rocky Mountains, he found the country covered with large trees, pine, spruce, birch, cedar, elder, and hemlock. It abounded with animals. Continuing his course down the river in a large canoe, he ultimately reached its mouth, in the year of our Lord 1793.

In 1806, Mr. Frazer, an employé of the North-West Company, established a post on a lake which feeds the westerly branch of the Tatouche Tesse, now called Stuart's River, from a still greater lake, about fifty miles in length, since discovered, and upon which a fort, called that of St. James, has been established; but Frazer's Lake and Stuart's River

appear to have obtained at first the name of Fraser—a name which has now remained, as far as the river is concerned, to its eastern and central waters. The whole of this vast district is so diversified in its aspect, and so intersected with lakes and rivers of various dimensions, that its real features have not yet been satisfactorily established. To the west of Stuart's Lake and north of Fraser's River is M'Leod's Lake, about fifty-five miles in circumference, with a post of same name. The waters of this lake fall into Peace River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean; hence, whilst an immense quantity of salmon ascend Fraser's River to Stuart's and Fraser's Lake, none are met with in M'Leod's Lake.

Mackenzie, Harrison, and other travellers have crossed the Rocky Mountains where they are pierced by the Finlay, or Peace River. The height of the passage is described as being not more than 1000 feet, but the surrounding mountains are generally covered with snow. The river is not very rapid; few falls occur, and the whole portage is not more than 12 miles on the whole. Fraser's Lake is about 85 miles in circumference; Stuart's is estimated at 400 miles. The western shore of the latter lake is low, and indented by a number of small bays, formed by wooded points, which project into the lake, the background rising abruptly into a ridge of hills of various height and magnitude. The lake itself is studded with beautiful islands. To the east rises another low range of wooded hills, beyond which the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains are seen in the background.

Mr. M'Leod says of the country around the northerly lake which bears his name: "The different parts of the country, towering mountains, hill and dale, forest and lake, and verdant plains, blended together in the happiest manner, are taken in by the eye at a glance. Some scenes there are which recal forcibly to the memory of a son of Scotia the hills and glens and 'bonnie braes' of his own poor, yet beloved native land. New Caledonia, however, has the advantage over the Old, of being generally well wooded, and possessed of lakes of far greater magnitude."

Fraser River receives in its downward course several streams, issuing, for the most part, from lakes, the principal of which between the fork or point of junction of Upper Fraser River and Stuart's River, and the now celebrated fork or junction of Thompson and Fraser Rivers, are the West Road River from the west; the outlet of the great lake Quesnell, below which is Fort Alexandria; Chillcotin River, from lake (with fort) of same name, and Bridge River. The author of the excellent little volume, W. C. Hazlitt, published by Routledge and Co., on British Columbia and Vancouver Island, adds also Salmon River; but the river so called, or another large river with similar name, has its sources west of Chillcotin Lake, and flows into the Pacific by the deep inlets called Nonino Arm, north of Princess Royal Island. Fraser River is made, by a peculiarity which is rare in hydrography, to send off a branch before it unites with the Thompson River, and which, after receiving the waters of Lake Loon, flows into the Thompson above the main fork, and at a short distance from where that latter river issues forth from Lake Kamloops. This is the Cascade Canal of Vancouver and Mackenzie, appropriately so named, for the easterly channel avoids the great falls at the foot of which are the now well-known "Big Fall Gold Diggings."

Thompson's River is, next to Fraser's, the second great inland river

whose waters, and those of its great lake feeders, are, no doubt, destined to be the great centres of a future thriving and dense population. It has two sources, one from the north, close to those of the Columbia River, and not far from Moose Pass and the Punch-bowl Pass, both near Mount Hooker, and one of which is probably destined to become the highway of nations from the East to the West. This northerly branch receives many lake tributaries, and flows into the main stream at Fort Thompson—one of the most central and happily-chosen sites of the company, had they had the future in view instead of an anti-civilising monopoly. The southerly branch has its sources at the foot of the Columbian Apennines or the Cascade range, which is divided by the valley of the Columbia River from the Rocky Mountains, and not far from Lake Okanagan; it then flows through several smaller lakes to the great lake Shoushwap on to the fork at Fort Thompson.

Of this river, Mr. Cooper, a resident in Vancouver Island for six years, said, in his evidence before the Hudson's Bay Committee (1857): "I have not myself personally visited Thompson's River, but I have my information from persons who have lived there themselves for thirty or forty years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. They say that it is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, and that gold is discovered in that and the neighbouring district now. When I left, the miners were getting from four to twenty dollars a day. I believe, from all I have heard and seen, that it is capable of producing all the crops that we produce in England. Its climate bears no comparison to Canada; it is much more mild, much finer; decidedly as much as Great Britain to the eastern states of America."

We can understand the nature of the climate at Thompson's River much better when we learn that the prickly pear, the fruit of the cactus, is one of the common natural productions of the country. "Along Thompson River," says Colonel Grant, "at a distance of about two hundred miles from the sea-coast, there is a magnificent extent of pasture-land: it may be said to extend from Frazer River to Lake Okanagan." The united Thompson and Frazer Rivers flow over rapids through a rocky district to Forts Yale and Hope, a little below which they receive the waters of Harrison's Lake and River, and then taking a more westerly course they flow into the Gulf of Georgia, which separates Vancouver Island from the mainland beyond Fort Langley, and at a distance of only *six miles* from the boundary line between the British territories and those of the United States. At its mouth Frazer River is about a mile wide, with a serpentine channel leading through a mud flat. It is navigable for vessels of considerable burden up to Fort Langley, a distance of thirty-five miles. Steamers are now regularly plying between Victoria (Vancouver's Island) and Fort Hope, in connexion with the Pacific Mail Steam-packet Company's steamers from San Francisco to the former port. The banks, when not rocky, are clothed with forests of pine, cedar, fir, spruce, poplar, willow, cypress, birch, and elder, but are in many parts well fitted for pasturage or tillage. In some places they are marshy. Gold is said to be met with almost everywhere along the banks of the river as far as the Grand Falls, which are thirty miles above the fork of Frazer's and Thompson's Rivers, and up the latter river as far as has been "prospected." As gold occurs equally in the valley of the Upper

Columbia, there is every reason to believe it will also be found, as exploration progresses, on most of the easterly tributaries of the Upper Fraser and Thompson Rivers.

There being as yet no roads, and the river being encumbered with rocks above Fort Yale, the great difficulty is to get to the more open and gold-bearing districts around the fork of the Thompson and Fraser's Rivers. To give some idea of the state of things as they have been till within recent times, we will make a very brief and condensed abstract of a gold-searching expedition made by a very intelligent and adventurous gentleman—Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis—who has recorded his experiences in a lively volume entitled "The New El Dorado; or, British Columbia."

The writer proceeded up the river from Victoria to Fort Hope in the American steamer *Surprise*, the fares on board of which were much less than by the San Francisco steamers, and had not the supply of coal been limited, the steamer, he tells us, could have ascended as far as Fort Yale. Already, at Fort Hope, the river banks were dotted with miners, each stooping and busy, rocking, dicking, or scooping up the gold. Gold actually glittered amongst the sands on the beach, and the weather was delightful, and tended to enhance the merry excitement of the gold hunters. Mr. Cornwallis himself set to work with his geological shovel, as he aristocratically designates it, not to be mistaken for one of the common herd of gold-diggers, and he realised in the space of three hours no less than 15 dollars and 60 cents' worth of particles—very nearly the amount of his fare from Victoria. The red-shirted community around him, however, made sport of these earnings.

"I guess I calculate pretty correctly when I say that I've realised 373 dollars and 58 cents this ar week," said a gaunt, sleek-haired man with a black beard and restless eyes, and with two revolvers slung in his belt.

He stood in front of a large tent used as a boarding-house, the only concern of the kind nearer than Fort Langley, and for accommodation, in which our explorer had to pay three dollars a day, being half a dollar in excess of the charge at the hotel palaces of New York. The reports coming down river of greater yields nearer the mountains soon induced our traveller to join in the purchase of a canoe for 80 dollars with five others, and to start for Fort Yale. They landed, however, at a point called Hill's Bar, a sandy flat about five hundred yards in length, about three miles below the fort. The place was crowded with Indians—at least five hundred of them, men, squaws, and children; with about eighty miners at work on the bar. These were averaging from 15 to 25 dollars a day each man. The whole were subsisting chiefly upon deer's flesh and salmon, both of which were abundant.

Continuing their progress, the river was found about half a mile beyond Fort Yale to rush between perpendicular rocks, and a portage had to be made along an Indian trackway over rugged ground, the scenery on either side being highly picturesque. About twenty miles above Fort Yale, and five below "Sailors' Diggings," they had to stem and sound a rapid, where the water fell and swilled rather heavily over rocky shoals. It was not till they had passed the "Forks"—the junction of the Thompson and Fraser—that they set to work again, when, in six hours' time, each man realised from 48 to 80 dollars. These were good earnings,

but provisions at Sailors' Bar, the nearest store, matched the earnings in their prices. Flour was selling at 100 dollars the barrel; molasses at 7 dollars a gallon; pork at a dollar the pound; tea at 4 dollars a pound; and so on. The Indians were as well stocked with gold as the white men. They carried it about with them in skin pouches and bags, containing from one to five hundred dollars' worth, and they manifested the most friendly feelings towards the diggers.

Although the earnings at this point were so satisfactory, and the scenery was delightful—"a land as rich and beautiful, a climate as golden and luxurious as any upon which Nature ever lavished her inviting treasures," as our author describes it—the thought that as the grains were becoming more plentiful and larger the more they advanced, so, whatever the yield might be there, it was sure to be still greater higher up, tempted them to try the upper falls, arrived at which, each man had to carry his own kit, whilst an Indian pilot shouldered the canoe. After proceeding thus for nearly a mile, the canoe was again laid in the stream, and the cars plashed away in waters hemmed in by mountains. At dusk, the canoe was moored in a beautiful cove, shaded with willow-trees. The trees, however, merely flanked the water-side; beyond, deeply-grassed rich prairie land stretched for miles, bounded to the westward by lofty forest trees, and to the north by the over-towering mountains, but open to the south, and reaching further than the eye could carry.

They were up and "hard at it" betimes next morning. Gold was found everywhere, and their only surprise, they say, was, that a region so palpably auriferous should have remained so long unproclaimed and hidden from the gaze of civilisation. During the day, several nuggets, varying from about half an ounce to six ounces in weight, were picked up, while the average yield of dust was no less than 64 dollars (12*l.* 16*s.*) per man. This was glorious: but our explorers were not yet satisfied, and determined on pushing on up the somewhat rapid but now shoaly river, its banks skirted with low shrubs, amongst which weeds and grasses grew luxuriantly, teeming with water-fowl. At four in the afternoon they had to make another portage, at the upper end of which they came upon a bear, which they despatched with their revolvers. This, with wild duck, also shot on the way, made a plentiful evening's repast. This night it rained, and flies and other insects became active and troublesome in consequence. The next morning they were somewhat startled by the appearance of Indians, who came down to the river-side in a bevy of about a hundred, the number consisting chiefly of men, who wore an aspect at once fierce and defiant, and they were followed by about twenty on horseback, who pranced about in a despotic style. They, however, soon shook hands, exchanged presents, and opened a trade in provisions, all the more desirable, as the banks of the river are described as being at this point literally strewed with gold, the natives contenting themselves with rooting it up with sticks. "All," to use the words of our sanguine explorer, "was riant as the noonday sun and festive as the morn." One of the party made the first day 22 ounces, and the other followed deeply in his wake. "I, myself," says Mr. Cornwallis, "with the assistance of my geological shovel, turned up sixteen small nuggets, some of them mixed with quartz, worth about 250 dollars, and this with an amount of labour which could only be called an amusement." More miners arrived

the same evening, but there was no envy or rivalry—there was gold enough for all—on the contrary, riot and revelry were kept up until a late hour in the night. The next day a fleet of canoes came down the river, manned by about two hundred Indian warriors, all armed. They were, although boisterous and inquisitive, peaceable and well disposed. Our author, however, goes rather far when he says, "It is only when the savage becomes morally vitiated by his intercourse with civilisation that his unsophisticated honesty and generosity become obscured or perverted, and when he is driven relentlessly to the brink of death by force of vice and starvation engendered by his association with the white man. It is a preposterous thing for ignorant, conventional old women, and domesticated men to match, who have never wandered beyond the regions of lamp-posts, to rant about savages, and pray for the conversion of the heathen, and look down upon them as degraded beings lost in the darkness of sin and iniquity, when the fact is, that they themselves are the sinful and iniquitous, compared with whom the rover of the woods is very often a personification of magnanimity and virtue, while he is never degraded till he has succumbed to the blasting, withering power of a perverted and vicious civilisation." With much that we approve of in the estimate of aboriginal virtues, all is here placed on their side—none on that of the white man. The fact is, that our author's feelings were, for the time being, coloured by the strange company into which the love of adventure and the thirst for gold had thrown him. Half of his companions were, he tells us elsewhere, by their own confession, murderers and assassins, and that, too, of a more diabolical type than were the conspirators of Paris, because they inflicted death upon the helpless and defenceless Indians. It is from such men that the worst results are to be anticipated. Collision between them and the red men is almost inevitable. One crime leads to another, for it is in the nature of the wild man to retort injury as much as it is of the white man, only he is more indiscriminate than the latter, and it will only be by some happy turn of events, the nature of which we cannot foresee, that war to the knife between the diggers and the red men can be averted for any length of time.

"We were a sunburnt, motley group," elsewhere writes our author, "as camped together by the banks of the noisy river. We talked on many a diverse thing—of gold, of home, of murder, of love and enterprise, of bygone dangers braved, of fallen comrades and defiant foes. There was something, I thought, of the hungry beast of prey in the eager, yearning flash of each other's restless eyes, in which the fire of hardened desperation and unflinching physical bravery ever glowed, and which seemed to feed upon continual excitement. There was something embodying all the wildness of the savage, and all the ghastliness of civilisation in the hair-grown, swarthy faces of the men as now and again the flickering blaze of the fire round which we sat was reflected upon them, giving a look of ferocity even to repose." There were among this precious crew, from contact with whom much benefit to the red men cannot be well expected to accrue, many who had found their way to Fraser's River from California by land, thus shirking the license on the way. There was among them one hard, gaunt, stringy, dried-up-looking Kentuckian, who realised 500 dollars in one day's work, and who gloried in the Indians he had shot. "He was, on the whole," writes Mr. Corn-

wallis, "as brutalised a specimen of humanity and the digger California and the world had ever presented to my individual inspection. However, his dollars were as good as any one else's, and that is the grand criterion in a new gold country!" Pity it is that for so many years the country has been ours nothing has been done to benefit the red man, and put him by education beyond the pale of the unscrupulous white man, ere the glittering dross tempted him into his country, soon—alas! too soon—to be stained by his blood! Is there no one who feels one pang of regret for opportunities so long neglected?

The river Frazer was choked beyond these diggings with rocks, causing a portage of some half a mile in length, and the waters whirled heavily as they rushed past with all the force of a torrent. The natives, however, indicated that higher up the river was smooth and deep. This was at a distance of 280 miles from the river's mouth. Mr. Cornwallis had, however, seen enough, and "realised" enough, so he determined upon returning. "Here," he intimates, "there was just a sufficient amount of civilisation (?) to spoil the charm of aboriginalism and no more." So he sold his share in the canoe, and set out alone, with two painted Indians, in a canoe belonging to their tribe. With this he shot down the river, as far as the "Forks," like an arrow, and at that point he purchased a canoe for 120 dollars from a party of Frenchmen, with which he reached Fort Hope, whence he proceeded by steamer for 20 dollars to Victoria. Already the crowd was accumulating in the lower part of the river, and tents, log huts, and stores were rising up in various directions. At Victoria he invested his gains in land allotments, which he sold again, with one or two exceptions, at enormous profits, ere he returned home to narrate his experiences.

Vancouver Island, upon which the new city of Victoria stands, does not belong officially to British Columbia, but it does so, to all intents and purposes, politically and socially. This fine island, 270 miles long, with a general breadth of from 40 to 50 miles, a favourable climate, a diversified surface, with a fertile soil, and mineral as well as vegetable riches added to an available seaboard, has undoubtedly a great future in store. The position and natural advantages of Vancouver Island, says Colonel Colquhoun Grant, in a communication made to the Royal Geographical Society on the 22nd of June, 1857, would appear eminently to adapt it for being the emporium of an extended commerce. It contains valuable coal-fields, and is covered with fine timber. The soil, where there is any, is rich and productive; the climate good; and the singular system of inland seas by which it is environed teems with fish of every description. Capable of producing those very articles which are most in demand in neighbouring countries, and offering, in its numerous safe and commodious harbours, almost unrivalled facilities for import and export, it would seem to require but a little well-directed exertion of energy and enterprise to make it the seat of a flourishing colony.

The aspect from the seaward is not especially inviting. Dark frowning cliffs sternly repel the foaming sea, and beyond these, rounded hills, densely covered with fir, rise one above the other, whilst still more in the interior, bare mountains of gneiss, and mica-slate, and trap, run almost without intermission, like a back-bone, all down the centre of the island. There is, however, no want of timber and of open land amidst this ex-

tent of rock and mountain, and all authorities agree in saying that had the British government thrown the island open to exertions of individual enterprise, the greater portion of such open land would doubtless, ere this, have been settled. There is naturally a great difference in the capabilities of the soil, according as gneiss, mica-slate, clay-slate, grey-wacke, trap, sandstones, or limestones—the chief formations of the country—prevail.

It is natural that the traveller should love to descend from this wild and rugged interior, which has never been adequately explored, to the smiling tracts which are occasionally to be met with on the sea-coast, and on one of which Victoria is situated. This settlement was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1848, when they landed about forty men under Mr. Finlayson, and in a short time constructed a picketed enclosure, containing the buildings usually appropriated by the company to the storing of goods and to the accommodation of their servants. As soon as they had finished their buildings, they commenced bringing sufficient land under cultivation for the support of the establishment. No idea was entertained, however, at the time beyond starting a fresh trading-post with the Indians, so the establishment remained in *status quo* until the year 1849, when the whole island was granted by government to the company, under condition that they should have established satisfactory settlements on it for the purpose of colonisation within five years.

Settlers in Vancouver's Island have to pay at the rate of 1*l*. per acre, and the soil produces excellent crops of wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, turnips (swedes especially do well), and potatoes. In all arable portions of the island the land is favourable to the production of green crops of every description; vegetables also grow particularly well, and esculent roots of all sorts attain a great size. The climate, as usual on the coast of the Pacific, differs much from that of the interior of British Columbia. It is divided into two seasons of dry and rainy, generally raining and snowing from October to March, whilst during the rest of the year a parching heat prevails, which dries up all the small streams. Dense fogs prevail at the commencement of autumn. The usual range of the thermometer is, however, during the hot months, only from 60 to 80 deg., and Colonel Grant says, "Generally speaking, the climate is both agreeable and healthy; and not a single death, that I am aware of, has occurred among adults from disease during the six years that I have been acquainted with the island."

After Victoria, the next settlement of importance in Vancouver Island is Nanaimo, where coal was first discovered in 1850. It is now successfully worked on the peninsula, at Commercial Inlet and on Newcastle Island. It is the opinion of the head miner, says Colonel Grant, that coal may be found anywhere within a circumference of two miles from Nanaimo, at a distance of fifty feet below the surface. Altogether there are few places to be met with where coal can be worked as easily, and exported as conveniently, as from Nanaimo. The Indians are happily employed at these lucrative works. Nanaimo was, before the gold discoveries, a flourishing little settlement with about 125 inhabitants, and a school presided over by Mr. Baillie. The demand for coal since three rival companies navigate the Gulf of Georgia and Fraser's River must

have quite altered the state of things. There is good anchorage all over the harbour, which is commodious, and sheltered from all winds; it is also an excellent place to lay up and repair vessels, the bottom being generally a soft mud. The harbour and coal mines of Nanaimo are also, it is to be observed, admirably situated, being nearly opposite to the entrance of Frazer River on the mainland. Deer must abound in the neighbourhood, for the natives bring sometimes as many as sixty in a day to market.*

The discovery of coal at the north-east corner of the island near Beaver Harbour caused the settlement there of Fort Rupert in 1849; but the produce of coal has been found to be interrupted by trap rocks, and the speculation has not answered. There are as yet few other settlements on the island; the places most favourable for such are to be met with only on the east and south coast; the west coast has a generally exposed, unfavourable aspect. The Indian population is stated at 17,000; they are in general favourably disposed towards the whites, and are capable of being made very useful in hunting, fishing, and even agricultural and mining employments.

In the neighbourhood of Victoria there are altogether about seven square miles of open land, on which the great majority of settlers are located; and besides the open land there may be about ten square miles of available woodland. Victoria itself is situated on a small but well-sheltered harbour, but the entrance is intricate, and Colonel Grant admits that the harbour is not suitable for large vessels. About six miles westward of Victoria lies the future harbour of the metropolis, called Esquimalt, a safe and commodious harbour for vessels of all sizes, and combining the advantage of sufficient shelter with that of an open entrance, into which a line-of-battle ship might beat without difficulty. Mr. Cornwallis describes Esquimalt Harbour as picturesquely rock-bound, very much resembling Acapulco Harbour save in its superior size, and having six to eight fathoms of water to the shore. Although distant three miles by water and two by land from Victoria, it ought, he adds, decidedly to be included in that town, the inferiority of whose harbour in point of size, as well as the extent of bar and shallow waters, will prevent its ever ranking as the port proper of the future metropolis of Vancouver Island.

At the time when Colonel Colquhoun Grant was at Victoria, the population amounted to only some 300 souls, and that of the whole island at 450 souls. The gross quantity of land applied for had been 19,807 acres and 16 perches, of which 10,172 acres had been claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company, 2374 acres by the Puget Sound Company, and the remainder by private individuals. Only 1696 acres were occupied by individual settlers, sixteen in number; 973 acres were claimed by absentees, and unoccupied.

What a change had come over the scene in 1857, when visited by Mr. Cornwallis! The harbour was crowded with gracefully-peaked canoes and boats of all shapes and sizes, and Italian fishermen from San Francisco were acting as boatmen. Victoria itself wore a "highly

* It is surprising, in the face of such a fact as this, to find Colonel Grant stating that in no case that he has seen does the surface of the interior of the island, either in its nature or position, admit of being applied to any more useful purpose than to furnish matter for the explorations of a geologist!

flourishing and pleasing appearance," the most noticeable feature in the shop and trading line being the scarcity of anything like hotels: there were five places, however, where liquor was sold, the proprietor of each having to pay the Hudson's Bay Company a license-fee of no less than 120*l.* per annum for the privilege. Green Jamaica-looking lanes ran out of the town, like channels through a continent of cultivation; acres of potatoes, wheat, maize, barley, and gently waving rye, were successively presented to the admiring view. The fertility of the soil was everywhere apparent. Limestone-built villas here and there decked the suburbs, and cottages, festooned with a profusion of blossoming creepers, flanked the road a little to the westward of Government House, which, from its elevated position, seemed to hold precedence over all the lesser architecture around.

"The sun with his golden radiance was shedding floods of light over the varied landscape, casting the shadow of the Indian on the placid water of a lagoon, which wound like a river in a gently-shelving valley beyond, and giving a glow of life and animation to the bending corn-fields and the Parian habitations of men. The birds were joyfully carolling away in sweet and hope-inspiring unison; the herds at pasture lowed plaintively; and the bleating of sheep and lambkin broke audibly to life as I passed by natural hedges of wild rose and blackberry-bushes, and fields redundant of grass and clover, whose aroma was borne on the breeze far away to the uplands, where the wild man still holds sway, and civilisation hath scarce or never trodden."

So much for Victoria as gilded and tinted up by successful speculation! And then, as to land? The scramble for lots was tremendous; 100 dollars was the price fixed per lot, but the crowd of purchasers was so great that there was no getting to the office. "I had never been in such a crowd," says Mr. Cornwallis, "since the year 1855, when I waited my turn for letters in front of the San Francisco post-office, after the arrival of the United States mail." And lucky, indeed, were the purchasers, for their lots were subsequently, in most cases, passed from hand to hand, at an advanced price of thousands of dollars. "Judge of the case of a man that I saw in a liquor-store at Victoria: 'Ye-es, sir,' said he, 'six thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars I calculate to be the profit of that ar fifty-dollar lot.' This he had invested in land when he arrived from San Francisco two months previously, when the fixed price was a hundred per cent. lower than at present, and which lot he had sold on this very day for seven thousand dollars." Mr. Cornwallis was little less lucky himself. He succeeded in obtaining six lots, such being the number limited to each individual, and he sold the first three lots, one for 5800 dollars, the other two for 8000 dollars, to a speculator, who put them into the market at 7000 dollars a lot immediately afterwards. The other three not being yet located, he reserved for his return, when the "Dedication" shall have had its due effect.

At this time there was a large store and wharf at Esquimalt, and a bridge, erected by the Hudson's Bay Company at a cost of 1000*l.*, spanned the beautiful granite basin of Victoria Harbour from the town side to the opposite or north side, leading to a trunk road in the interior, which passes by the company's extensive farm (the Esquimalt), the settlement at Herbert Head, at Metchosen, and at Sooke, all thriving agri-

cultural districts. Besides the hundred and fifty houses and stores which sprang up in Victoria in 1857 and 1858—almost every house or shanty in the town proper being a restaurant or coffee-stand—numerous tents were scattered about the outskirts, some choking up the ravines with their number, others spreading out on the broad open plain that surrounds the town, whilst further off their fleecy summits were to be seen along the shores of the bay. Still farther from the dust and clamour, here and there an isolated house was to be seen away in the woods, tenanted by some individual enamoured of a lodge in the wilderness. "Such," says Mr. Cornwallis, "are the suburbs of Victoria in 1858. Who or what will be their occupants in 1859 imagination may picture, but how truthfully time can alone tell."

The open prairie ground of Vancouver Island, as well as the patches of soil which are met with in the clefts of the hills, are principally covered with the quamash, a small esculent root about the size of an onion, with a light blue flower—the *Camassia esculenta* of botanists. The quamash constitutes a favourite article of food with the Indians, and they lay up large quantities of it for winter consumption, burying it in pits in the same way as they keep potatoes. The *Gaultheria shallon*, called by the Canadians *salal*, is, next to the quamash, the most common plant in Vancouver's Island; it is a small shrub, bearing a dark blue berry a little larger than the cranberry. The berry is very sweet and wholesome, and the savages are very fond of it. The *Arbutus uva ursi* abounds on the low hills, and is the favourite food of bears. The natives smoke the dry leaves. The *Equisetum hyemale* forms excellent food for cattle in winter. They are very fond of it. Most fruits generally cultivated in Great Britain abound, both in the lowlands and hill-sides, wherever they can find soil to support them. Among these may be mentioned as growing wild the strawberry, black currant, gooseberry, and raspberry, a small variety of crab apple, and the choke, a small, black, wild cherry. The potato is almost universally cultivated by all the natives on the south of Vancouver Island, as well as on the opposite mainland.

The Indian tribes in and about the regions under consideration are some 131 in number, with a population of 73,394. Of these the Nuvette, and twenty-seven other tribes, generally speaking the Quacott language, alone number 40,805. The tribes of British Columbia are, however, for the most part, unknown, as is also the case indeed with the Gulf of Georgia Indians. The leading tribe in British Columbia is said to be the Takellies, or Tacullies, a name importing "carriers," and who among themselves are divided into eight tribes of various extent. The result of careful observation of their character does not substantiate Mr. Cornwallis's rhapsodies anent aboriginal innocence and purity. Mr. McLean tells us that sensuality and gluttony are among their characteristic vices, as they are among all people who know no restraints save those inflicted by want or incapability. The women are said to give the reins to the indulgence of their passions from an early age. Gambling is another vice to which these poor Indians apply their untutored minds in unconscious emulation of their betters. Many of the tribes are thievish and lying. They are also very dirty. It is difficult, however, to know when our authorities, speaking of Indians, describe the results of natural depravity or of depravity arising from association with social demoralisation. It is

just possible that these physically fine races of people, however prone to war and plunder, may not be lewd or thievish among themselves. Even the women denounced may be the *Laises* and *Thaïses* of the Hudson Bay employés.

The language of the natives appears to be mainly dialects of the Chippewayan, which is so largely extended over North America. They are said to be exceedingly partial to music, and even skilful, having great variety and melody in the airs which they sing. They are fond of feasts and dances—after their own fashion—and they also indulge in dramatic representations of a wild character.

Most of the tribes are unfortunately at feud with one another in the interior. Thus, for example, the Talkotins on the Upper Frazer hold the Chilcotins in deadly hatred. Nearly all the men are six feet and upwards in height, and are well made in proportion. Dr. Scouler, a sound observer, says that the Indians of British Columbia and of the coasts, being accustomed to sedentary and continuous labours, present great aptitude for passing into an agricultural state. All the natives of the north-west coast are, indeed, already skilful and enterprising traders. As yet their numbers are said to diminish when in contact with the fire-water, imported diseases, and other vices of the whites; but a contrary result may be confidently anticipated when they are thrown in contact with the virtues of the white man. Most of the north-western American tribes are physically and mentally quite equal, if not superior, to the Canadian Indian, the Cherokees, Choctas, and other races redeemed by the Americans, and the New Zealanders; yet what can be more gratifying than the results which the introduction of order, of civilisation, and Christianity have effected among those once savage races!

It is only within our own times that government and the public are becoming aware of the vast capabilities of British Columbia. Geographers have long pondered on the fact, and have attempted to give it publicity, but in vain. "There is a large portion of the surface of the earth," said Mr. Gladstone, on the 21st of July of the year just elapsed, on Mr. Roebuck's motion respecting the Hudson's Bay Company—"there is a large portion of the earth with regard to the character of which we have been systematically kept in darkness, for those who had information to give have also had an interest directly opposed to their imparting it."

With a splendid climate, far milder than in corresponding latitudes in Europe, besides the infinite supply of fur-bearing animals of the most valuable kinds—besides the immense variety of fish with which all the waters, be they fresh or salt, abound—besides the boundless supply of deer, game, and water-fowl—besides the inexhaustible yield of timber—this region possesses in its minerals and ores far greater riches than its furs, or its fisheries, or its forests can ever be made to yield. Add to all this, it possesses a great agricultural and commercial future, both alike enhanced by the probability of the valley of the Frazer becoming one day one of the highways of the world.

It would indeed be impossible at the present day to single out any virgin territory which combines so many large and profitable openings to industry, under the same advantageous circumstances of a good climate and natural supplies from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

In the animal kingdom we have first the *Cervus alces*, or moose deer

of the Canadians; *C. tarandus*, or reindeer, but rare; *C. elaphus*, or common stag, the elk of the Canadians; *C. Canadensis*, or red deer; *C. leucurus*, or large white-tailed deer; the jumping deer (*chevreuil*), said to be plentiful near Fort Alexandria; a smaller species of black-tailed deer, and other kinds. Big horn sheep are very numerous in the mountains, and are as good eating as the domestic sheep. There are several varieties of bears, grizzled, black, brown, and chocolate, but reducible probably to two species, the black and brown. Black and white wolves infest the thick woods, as also a small species of panther and the lynx, but none of these are very numerous. Among the fur-bearing animals are the beavers and martens, which are likely to continue numerous for many years to come, as they find a safe retreat among the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. Minxes, squirrels, musk-rats, marmots, and wood-rats are found everywhere, the latter by far too much so. Both land and sea otters are met with; the fur of the latter is very soft and delicate, and is the most valuable of any obtained on the coast. Rabbits also abound. There are plenty of dogs. They are of a diminutive size, and strongly resemble those of the Esquimaux, with curled-up tail, small ears, and pointed nose. A couple of these tractable animals will draw a sledge with a load of 250 pounds, besides provisions for themselves and their driver, twenty miles in five hours. Of birds, there are the bustard; the *Tetrao obscurus*, rather larger than the Scottish grouse; the *Tetrao Richardsonis*, another species of grouse; and the drum-partridge. There are, strange to say, few singing-birds on the west coast of America. There are eagles, hawks, vultures, crows, magpies, thrushes, woodpeckers, bullfinches, and humming-birds, but no songsters of the woods or fields. As to aquatic birds, pelicans, swans, geese, ducks of various kinds, teal, glebes, and others, they completely cover the lakes and inland salt-water lochs in winter, but they leave the country in summer. There is a large species of crane, plenty of plover, but few snipe. Fish, we have seen, are most plentiful in the sea-rivers and lakes. Sturgeon of from 250lb. weight to 600lb. weight are caught in the latter. There are four kinds of salmon that ascend the rivers in immense shoals, proceed towards the sources, and, having deposited their spawn, their dead bodies are seen floating down the current in thousands. The other fish of the lakes and rivers are trout, carp, and white fish. The salmon is called by M'Lean "the New Caledonian staff of life." The natives have very ingenious modes of preparing it, but as they do not care for their fish or viands being pure, they are not always palatable to Europeans.

Insects abound, and among the most annoying are the mosquitoes, the black-fly, and the gnat, which are said to relieve each other regularly in the work of torture, and to especially abound after rain or thunder-showers. Their number will probably diminish as the land becomes cultivated, and some people do not complain of them. Mr. Cornwallis says: "It was not half so bad as by an English roadside, where the gnats sting and whirl round, biting poison into every passer-by—the pestilence of ditches." But then he was "realising" his 50 to 100 dollars a day in dust and nuggets!

Firs, of which there are several species, and cedars attain a gigantic growth. One fir reaches a height of 250 feet, with a circumference of

42 feet at the butt. There are two kinds of oak—stunted-looking among the conifers on the coast, but of finer growth in the interior. The white maple grows in all the low woodlands. A large species of *arbutus* grows on the banks of rivers to a height of 30 and 40 feet, with hard white wood.

Among the more important and interesting native vegetable productions are the hemp plant, the produce of which has been found to be superior to the Russian, and the prickly pear, dried by the natives in the sun, and baked into excellent cakes. There are, as we have before seen, some delicious varieties of blueberries, service-berries, choke-cherries, gooseberries, strawberries, and whortleberries. A root called *Tza-chin* imparts an agreeable zest to salmon, and effectually destroys the disagreeable smell of that fish when smoke-dried. It is unnecessary to repeat that all the fruit-trees, grains, vegetables, and grasses that succeed in Great Britain flourish in British Columbia, and yield abundant crops. As it is, the quantity of open land in Vancouver Island and on the coast bears a small proportion to the woodland, but this is not the case in the upper valley of the Fraser and Thompson's Rivers and some of the lake districts, where boundless prairies are met with, and excellent crops and large stocks of cattle are already being raised by the missionaries. The woodland is, however, richer when cleared than the prairie ground, and this applies—a rare thing in other countries—even to the soil of the fir and pine forests.

As to the prospects of the country, what a writer in the *Times* says of Vancouver's Island applies equally to the mainland, and in some respects more forcibly. "If it shall turn out that there is an extensive and rich gold-field in the mainland of the British territory, as there is every reason to believe, the island will become a profitable field for all trades, industries, and labour. The population will soon increase from Canada—whence an immigration of many thousands is already spoken of—from Australia, South America, the Atlantic States, and, no doubt, from Europe also. If this happens, the tradesman and the labourer will find employment, and the farmer will find a ready market, at good prices, for his produce.

"Should the gold suddenly disappear, the island will have benefited by the impulse just given to immigration, for no doubt many who went to mine will remain to cultivate the soil and to engage in other pursuits. If this be the termination of the present fever, then to the farmer who is satisfied with a competency, full garners and a good larder, who loves retirement, is not ambitious of wealth, is fond of a mild, agreeable, and healthy climate, and a most lovely country to live in, the island offers every attraction."

A still more sanguine writer—Mr. W. Parker Snow, author of a tract on "British Columbia," published by Piper, Stephenson, and Spence—speaking of the uniform success that has attended upon well-directed and liberal colonisation, and the advantages of capital in such an undertaking, says: "The capitalist may, in a measure, command his own success. In especial reference to British Columbia at the present time this is still more probable. He may, if he chooses, carry with him all that can conduce not only to his increased prosperity, but also to his own comfort in the land of his future adoption. He may make himself as unlimited in his actions, his pursuits, and his wishes, as almost any patriarchal potentate in the days of old. He may contrive schemes, and carry out the

execution of them to the fullest extent they will admit of. He may project new theories, and endeavour to solve them by actual application, without let or hinderance. He may exercise his philanthropy in various plans for the amelioration of his species. He may build his castles in the air, and almost literally establish them on *terra firma*. He may set himself down and glance his eye around upon a fertile and a thriving expanse of land, covered with the men of his household, and the cattle, and the herds of his field, and exclaim, 'Here am I supreme; and all these acknowledge me, and me alone, as their chief!' He may, in fact, be all and everything that his heart conceives, and that is within the bounds of reason to expect. And the more he plans, the more he schemes, the more he purposes and attempts to do, the more he benefits himself and proves beneficial to the country he has settled in."

There is another point of view in which British Columbia presents a very promising opening, and that is as a naval and maritime station. The harbours at Queen Charlotte's Islands, Vancouver Island, and the entrance of Frazer's River, are peculiarly adapted for the fitting out of whalers, being in the neighbourhood of very valuable fishing waters, and the country in their vicinity affording everything that is required for the construction of vessels—such as excellent timber, iron and copper, coal for forges, water power for driving saw-mills, and even hemp growing wild in the interior, for the manufacture of sails and cordage. Thus the whale fishery alone, by creating a demand for many articles into which these products could be manufactured, might be made to give employment to numbers of persons of various trades and calling.

But there is another and still more important consideration, happily becoming generally felt and admitted, which is, that in the unsettled and ever varying condition of the decrepit Moslem Empire, the overgrowing power of Russia in Asia, and the indifference of the British government to the means of counterbalancing that power by strengthening its position in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, that our trade in the Pacific Ocean with China, Japan, India, and Australia, may ultimately be compelled to pass through our North American possessions. There are not wanting those—and we rank ourselves among that sanguine class of enthusiasts—who see in the accomplishment of the Halifax and Quebec Railway a first step to the establishment of a great inter-oceanic line of communication, partly by water and partly by rail, if not ultimately entirely by rail.

The distance between London and Pekin would be reduced by such a line to some 10,000 miles, and the journey to thirty days. It would lessen the distance from Liverpool to Vancouver Island to 5650 miles, the distance between Liverpool and Panama alone being 4100 miles. The harbour of Halifax is the only one safe port we have on the Atlantic coast of British North America, accessible at all seasons of the year, the rest being closed by ice for six months, whilst we have in the Pacific, in the harbour of Esquimalt, one of the finest ports in the world. It is 8200 miles from Panama to Sydney, and 7200 miles from Vancouver Island to the same place, so that Australasia is as much concerned in the adoption of this line as are Japan, China, or India.

No matter what line is ultimately adopted for such transit, whether by Lake Superior to Assiniboia, the capital of the important Red River settlement, and thence by the Lower Saskatchewan River, or by Lake Win-

nipeg and the Upper Saskatchewan (which appears preferable), still the advantages which would accrue to Great Britain, consequent upon the entire service being performed through British territory, are beyond all calculation. The establishment of such a line of communication would not merely open up to civilisation a large territory in British North America, hitherto almost unexplored, but it would open up to the cultivators of the soil (in Minnesota and on the Red River, for example, the isolation of which appears to have been hitherto the only bar to progress and extension), as also in Canada, a means of transit to all the markets of the Pacific, and an open passage to the China seas and to our possessions in the East Indies, Australia, and New Zealand.

Truly it has been remarked that our political and commercial supremacy will have utterly departed from us if we neglect these very great and important considerations, and if we failed to carry out to their fullest extent the physical advantages which the countries in question offer to us, and which we have only to stretch out our hands to grasp. The United States, if but possessing our capital and resources, would do it directly.

Luckily that we have at such a crisis a minister at the helm of our colonial affairs who at once understands and appreciates the whole bearings of the question. "In glancing over the vast regions devoted to the fur trade," said Sir Bulwer Lytton, "which are said to be as large as Europe, the first thought of every Englishman must be that of humiliation and amaze. Is it possible that so great a segment of the earth under the English sceptre has so long been abandoned as a desolate hunting-ground for wandering savages and wild animals—turning our eyes from a trade which, unlike all other commerce, rests on its profits, not on the redemption, but on the maintenance of the wilderness? It must cheer us to see already, in the great border lands of this hitherto inhospitable region, the opening prospects of civilised life. Already, on the Pacific, Vancouver Island has been added to the social communities of mankind. Already, on the large territory west of the Rocky Mountains, from the American frontier up to the Russian domains, we are laying the foundations of what may become hereafter a magnificent abode for the human race. And now eastward of the Rocky Mountains we are invited to see in the settlement of the Red River the nucleus of a new colony, a rampart against any hostile inroads from the American frontier, and an essential one, as it were, to that great viaduct by which we hope one day to connect the harbours of Vancouver with the Gulf of St. Lawrence."

In every aspect, whether viewed politically, socially, or commercially, the colonisation of British Columbia, and the opening up of communication between that great westerly continent, with its giant islands, its noble harbours, and its productive lands, lakes, and rivers, with Central North British America, must undoubtedly give a progressive impulse to the affairs of the world, which, in its results, would eclipse anything which has been witnessed even amid the extraordinary development of the present century.

Already encouraged by her Majesty's government and the Royal Geographical Society, Captain Palliser is leading an exploring party to the sources of the South Saskatchewan, and the passes westward through the

Rocky Mountains. Colonel Elliott, at the head of fifty engineers and as many soldiers and voyageurs, is moving eastwards from Vancouver Island, determining the natural line of communication through British Columbia to Central British America. Simultaneously, a joint commission of the English and American governments are engaged in running the international boundary from Puget's Sound to Lake Superior, commencing at the Pacific terminus. Although the enterprise of individuals will anticipate these scientific labourers in opening a communication between the two countries the moment the news of the gold discoveries shall spread through the backwoods, still it is to them that we shall look for future information as to the difficulties and facilities, the advantages and disadvantages, of the different routes. In the mean time, that such a communication will infallibly be opened is as certain as that we are now anticipating the pleasure of placing that communication on record. It is a mere question of time, and that happily abbreviated by a tempting and alluring discovery. It does not require to be a prophet to predict that, when the resources of British Columbia are fully opened up, and a communication shall be established between the Atlantic and the Pacific, there will be traffic enough to employ a fleet of steamers and sailing vessels at Vancouver Island that shall rival the most stirring and active ports in the Old World, and may one day surpass them.

NICHOLAS MICHELL'S NEW POEM.*

THE poem, or rather series of poems, which is now presented to the public by Mr. Nicholas Michell will, we think, be the most popular of all his works, for we find in it the same talent and grace, the same facility of versification united to deep feeling, much learning, and redundant fancy, as in the others, whilst the themes are decidedly more inviting, and indeed perhaps better adapted to display the peculiar genius and temperament of the author. Aware that every one views Pleasure from a different light, and has his own peculiar ideas as to its enjoyment, Mr. Michell has wisely proposed to himself less to examine the reasons why certain objects cause sensations of delight than to consider at once the Pleasures themselves. Pictures are presented illustrative of their character, and of their debasing or ennobling effects on the mind. Commencing with the delight we experience from a contemplation of beautiful and sublime scenes in Nature, the poem treats of the pleasures indulged in by various races at different periods of history; the pleasures in relation to the fine arts, to our actions in life, our pursuits, and, more than all, our passions, closing with the graver consideration of the pleasure that fills the exalted mind anticipating immortality, and a nearer commune with that universe, whose magnificence and glory are now but dimly comprehended. A noble theme, ably, delightfully treated.

* Pleasure: a Poem in Seven Books. By Nicholas Michell, Author of "Ruins of Many Lands," "Spirits of the Past," "The Poetry of Creation," &c. Tegg and Co.

THE ASSIZE CAUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

A CROWD of busy idlers was gathered round the guildhall at Riverton, and a dense crowd, both of workers and idlers, was packed inside it, especially in the Nisi Prius court. The spring assizes were being held: they had commenced that morning, Monday, and the great cause was on, Carr v. Carr.

Not that the cause was anything so very great in itself; only the good citizens of Riverton had chosen to take it up and magnify it into one. It turned upon the legitimacy of Robert Carr, now dead; if that could be proved, his widow and children would inherit the fortune of his grandfather: if not, that fortune went to more distant relatives, Squire Carr and his son Valentine.

Robert Carr's father (whose name was also Robert) had written a document upon his death-bed to the effect that he had been married in Riverton, at the church of St. James the Less; but this document had been mislaid until after the death of Robert Carr. His widow found it, and despatched it to Mr. Fauntleroy, the Riverton solicitor who was conducting their cause. Mr. Fauntleroy, upon receipt of the important letter, sent a clerk to search the register of St. James the Less, and there the marriage was found, duly entered. This was the previous autumn: and Mr. Fauntleroy hugged himself and buoyed up Mrs. Carr with the certainty of success; when, just upon the assizes, the unaccountable discovery was made that no entry of the marriage was in the register. Mr. Fauntleroy—though he had not himself seen it—asserted that it had been there, and must have been taken out; and the other side held to it that the marriage had never taken place, and the entry had never been there.

The trial came on about two in the afternoon, and it progressed equably up to five; then there arose the fierce discussion touching the register. Mr. Fauntleroy's counsel, Serjeant Wrangle, declaring that the marriage was there up to very recently; and Mynn and Mynn's counsel, Serjeant Siftem, ridiculing the assertion, Mynn and Mynn being the lawyers for Squire Carr. The judge ordered the register to be produced.

It was brought into court and examined. The marriage was not there, neither was there any sign of its having been abstracted. Lawrence Omer was called, Mr. Fauntleroy's clerk, and he testified to having searched the register, seen the marriage, and copied the names of the witnesses to it. In proof of which he tendered his pocket-book, where the names were written in pencil.

Up rose Serjeant Siftem. "What day was this, pray?"

"I forget the precise day. It was in October."

"And so you think you saw the marriage of Robert Carr and Martha Ann Hughes there?"

"I am sure I saw it," replied Mr. Omer.

"Were you alone?"

"I looked over the book alone. Hunt, the clerk of the church, was present in the vestry."

"It must appear to the jury as a singular thing that you only, and nobody else, should have seen this mysterious entry," continued Serjeant Siftem.

"Perhaps nobody else looked for it; they'd have seen it if they had," shortly returned the witness, who felt himself an aggrieved man, and spoke like one, since half the town had publicly accused him of having gone down to St. James's in his sleep, and seen the entry in a dream alone.

"Does it not strike you, witness, as being extraordinary that this one particular entry, professed to have been seen by your eyes, and by yours alone, should have been abstracted from a book safely kept under lock and key?" pursued Serjeant Siftem. "I am mistaken if it would not strike an intelligent man as being akin to an impossibility."

"No, it does not strike me so. But events, hard of belief, happen sometimes. I swear the marriage was in the book last October: why it is not there now is the extraordinary part of the affair."

It was no use to cross-examine the witness further: he was cross and obstinate, and persisted in his story. Serjeant Siftem dismissed him; and Hunt was called, the clerk of the church, who came hobbling in.

The old man rambled in his evidence, but the point of it was, that he didn't believe any abstraction had been made, not he; it must be a farce to suppose it; a crotchet of that great lawyer, Fauntleroy; how could the register be touched when he himself kept it sure and sacred, the key of the safe in a hiding-place in the vestry, and the key of the church hanging up in his own house, outside his kitchen door? His rector said it had been robbed, and in course he couldn't stand out to his face as it hadn't, but he were upon his oath now, and must speak the truth without shrinking.

Serjeant Wrangle rose. Did the witness mean to tell the court that he never saw or read the entry of the marriage?

No, he never did. He heard say as it were there, but he never looked.

"But you were present when the witness Omer examined the register?" persisted Serjeant Wrangle.

"Master Omer wouldn't ha' got to examine it, unless I had been, my lord judge and jury," retorted Hunt to Serjeant Wrangle. "I was a sitting down in the vestry, a nursing of my leg, which were worse than usual that day; it always is in damp weather, and——"

"Confine yourself to evidence," interrupted the judge.

"Well, your reverences, I was a nursing of my leg while Master Omer looked into the book. I don't know what he saw there; he didn't say; and when he had done looking I locked it safe up again."

"Did you see him make an extract from it?" demanded Serjeant Wrangle.

"Yes, your worship, I saw him a writing something down in his pocket-book."

"Have you ever entrusted the key of the safe to strange hands?"

"I wouldn't do such a thing, your reverent worships. I never gave it to nobody, and never would; there's not a soul knows where it is to be found, but me, and the rector, and the other clergyman, Mr. Prattleton, what comes often to do the duty. I couldn't say as much for the key of the church, which sometimes goes beyond my custody, for the rector allows one or two of the young college gents to go in to play the organ. By token, one on 'em—the quietest o' the pair, it were, too—flung in that very key on to our kitchen floor, and shivered our cat's beautiful chaney saucer into seven atoms, and my missis——"

"That is not evidence," again interrupted the judge.

Nothing more, apparently, that was evidence could be got from the witness, so he was dismissed.

Call the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce.

The Reverend Mr. Wilberforce, rector of St. James the Less, minor canon of Riverton Cathedral, and head-master of the collegiate school, came forward.

"You are the rector of St. James the Less," said Serjeant Wrangle.

"I am," replied Mr. Wilberforce.

"Did you ever see the entry of Robert Carr's marriage with Martha Ann Hughes in the church's register?"

"Yes, I did." Serjeant Siftum pricked up his ears.

"When did you see it?"

"On the 24th of last October."

"How do you fix the date, Mr. Wilberforce?" inquired the judge, who recognised him as the minor canon who had officiated in the chanter's desk, the previous day in the cathedral.

"I had been marrying a couple that morning, my lord, the 24th. After I had entered their marriage, I turned back and looked for the registry of Robert Carr's, and I found it and read it."

"What induced you to look for it?" asked the counsel.

"I had heard that his marriage was discovered to have taken place at St. James's, and that it was recorded in the register. Curiosity induced me to turn back and read it."

"You both saw and read it," continued Serjeant Wrangle.

"I both saw it and read it," replied Mr. Wilberforce.

"Then you testify that it was undoubtedly there?"

"Most certainly it was."

"The reverend gentleman will have the goodness to remember that he is upon his oath," cried Serjeant Siftum, impudently bobbing up.

"Sir!" was the indignant rebuke of the clergyman. "You forget to whom you are speaking," he added, amidst the dead silence of the court.

"Can you remember the words written?" resumed Serjeant Wrangle.

"The entry was properly made; in the same manner that the others were, of that period. Robert Carr and Martha Ann Hughes had signed it; also her brother and sister as witnesses."

"You have no doubt that the entry was there, then, Mr. Wilberforce?" observed the judge.

"My lord," cried the reverend gentleman, somewhat nettled at the question, "I can believe my own eyes. I am not more certain that I am now giving evidence before your lordship, than I am that the marriage was in the register."

"It is not in now," said the judge.

"No, my lord; it must have been cleverly abstracted."

"The whole leaf, I presume?" said Serjeant Wrangle.

"Undoubtedly. The marriage entered below Robert Carr's was that of Sir Thomas Ealing; I read that also, with its long string of witnesses: that is also gone."

"Can you account for its disappearance?" asked Serjeant Wrangle.

"Not in the least. I wish I could: and find out the offenders."

"The incumbent of the parish at that time is no longer living, I believe," observed Serjeant Wrangle.

"He has been dead many years," replied Mr. Wilberforce: "four or five have held the living since then. But it was not the incumbent who married them: it was a strange clergyman who performed the ceremony, a friend of Robert Carr's."

"How do you know that?" snapped Serjeant Siftem, bobbing up again.

"Because he signed the register as having performed it," replied Mr. Wilberforce, confronting the serjeant with a look as undaunted as his own.

What cared Serjeant Siftem for being confronted? "How do you know he was a friend of Robert Carr's?" went on he.

"In that I speak from hearsay. But there are many men of this city, older than I am, who remember that the Reverend Mr. Bell and Robert Carr were upon exceedingly intimate terms: they can testify it to you, if you choose to call them."

Serjeant Siftem growled and sat down.

"Allow me to ask you, sir," continued Serjeant Wrangle, "whether the marriage, being entered there, is not a proof of its having taken place?"

"Most assuredly," replied Mr. Wilberforce. "A proof indisputable."

But courts of justice, judges, and jury require ocular and demonstrative proof. It is probable there was not a soul in court, including the judge and Serjeant Siftem, but believed the evidence of the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce, even had they chosen to doubt that of Lawrence Omer; but the register negatively testified that there had been no marriage, and upon the register, in law, must rest the onus of proof. Had there been positive evidence, not negative, of the abstraction of the leaf from the register, had the register itself afforded such, the aspect of affairs would have been very different. When the court rose that night, the trial had advanced down to the summing-up of the judge, which was deferred till morning: but it was felt by everybody that that summing-up would be dead against the client of Mr. Fauntleroy, and that Squire Carr had gained the cause.

The squire, and his son Valentine, and Mynn and Mynn, and one or two of the lesser guns of the bar, but not the great gun, Serjeant Siftem, took a late dinner together, and drank toasts, and were as merry and uproarious as success could make them: and Riverton, outside, echoed their sentiments—that 'cute old Fauntleroy had not a leg to stand upon.

'Cute old Fauntleroy—'cute enough, goodness knew, in general—was thinking the same thing, as he took a solitary chop in his own house.

After the meal was finished he sat over the fire in a dreamy mood, he scarcely knew how long, and full of vexation.

An hour or so previous to that, Henry Arkell was in his home, not at his lessons, as was customary at that hour, but idly talking with his mother, when Cookesley, the second senior of the college school, came in, Mr. Wilberforce having sent him to inquire after Arkell.

"Oh, I think my head is a little better to-night, Cookesley," was his reply.

"Such a game!" cried Cookesley. "Wilberforce has been at the assizes all the afternoon: he had to give evidence about that register business, and Roberts worked himself into a passion, trying to domineer over us upper boys, but of course we were not going to let him. Isn't Aultane in a fury, though, about the medal business!"

"Is the Carr cause over?" interrupted Mrs. Arkell.

"All but the summing-up of the judge and the verdict, ma'am," replied Cookesley. "It is virtually over, for, in consequence of the abstraction from the register, the verdict must go against Mrs. Carr. Mr. Wilberforce says it is a cruel injustice upon her and her children."

"The verdict would have been for her, had the leaf not been taken out of the register?" cried Henry, lifting his head.

"Of course it would, for it proved the marriage. People are saying that if there were only direct evidence of the theft, the verdict would be given for her, Mr. Wilberforce and Fauntleroy's clerk having testified that the entry was there."

"It will be a cruel verdict," acquiesced Mrs. Arkell, warmly. "She and her children will be destitute, while their own lawful money will be enjoyed by others. Are you going?"

"I must," replied Cookesley; "the master timed me. Good night, ma'am; good night, old fellow."

After Cookesley's departure, Henry Arkell leaned his hands on the table and his head down upon them: his mother supposed that his head felt easier in that position, but, in reality, he was in a tumult of debating thought. Suddenly he started up and took his cap.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Mrs. Arkell, in surprise.

"Only to Prattleton's, mamma."

He flew out of the house, giving Mrs. Arkell time for no further questioning. She supposed he had something to say to one of the young Prattletons, his schoolfellows, but when he reached their residence, he inquired for Mr. George; a relative of the Reverend Mr. Prattleton.

"George is off in the Grounds for the evening," cried Prattleton, senior; "Griffin has got a bachelor's party. I say, Arkell, you should have seen Aultane this morning, when St. John said one of the fellows had been down to Rutterley's, trying to pledge a spoon with the Aultane crest upon it: that is, he did not actually say the crest was the Aultanes', but his manner let us know it. Aultane said afterwards if he had had a pistol ready capped and loaded, he should have shot himself, or the dean, or somebody else. Serve him right, for splitting about Rutterley's: there'll be a row over that yet, with Wilberforce."

Henry had no time to waste on gossip, and ran back to the Grounds—as the immediate precincts of the cathedral were called. He knocked at

Mr. Griffin's house, another minor canon, whose son and heir was holding, as Prattleton, senior, termed it, a bachelor's party. He asked for George Prattleton, and the latter came out to him, and stood outside the door.

"Mr. Prattleton," he whispered, "you have heard, I suppose, how the trial is turning: that it is going wrong and unjustly, because there is no direct proof of the fraud on the register. You must release me from my promise."

"I'll be shot if I do," returned George Prattleton, in a tone of alarm. "You just hold your tongue, Arkell. What is it to you? The Carr folks are not your friends or relations."

"If I were to let the trial go against her, for the want of telling the truth, I should have it on my conscience always."

"My word!" cried George Prattleton, "a schoolboy with a conscience! I never knew they were troubled with any."

"Will you release me from my promise of not speaking?"

"Not if you go down on your knees for it. What a green one you are!"

"Then I shall speak without."

"You won't," foamed Prattleton, with an oath.

"I will. I gave the promise only conditionally, remember; and, as things are turning out, I am under no obligation to keep it. But I would not speak without asking your consent first, whether I got it or not."

"I have a great mind to carry you, by force, and fling you into the river," uttered Prattleton, in a savage tone.

"You know you couldn't do it," returned Henry, quietly: "if I am not your equal in age and strength, I could call those who are. But there's not a moment to be lost. I am off to Mr. Fauntleroy's."

Henry Arkell meant what he said: he was always resolute in *right*; and Prattleton, after a further confabulation, was fain to give in. Indeed, though he had made a last effort at holding out, this was nothing but what he had expected all day and for several days; and he had, in a measure, prepared himself for it.

"I'll tell the news myself," said George Prattleton, "if it must be told: and I'll tell it to Mr. Prattleton, not to Fauntleroy, or any of the law set."

"I must go to Mr. Prattleton with you," returned Henry.

"You can wait for me out here, then. We are at whist, and my coming out has stopped the game. I shan't be more than five minutes."

George Prattleton retreated in-doors, and Henry Arkell paced about, before the houses of the prebendaries. He came, in turn, to the deanery, and was standing near its door, lost in thought, when Miss Beauclerc, the dean's pretty and giddy daughter, came out of a neighbouring house, attended by an old man-servant. She was muffled in a shawl, and wore a pink silk hood: the latter she threw back from her face when she saw Henry Arkell.

"Why, it's never you!" cried she, as she halted at her door. "Thank you, Jacob, that will do," she added to the servant: "don't stand, or you'll catch your rheumatism: Mr. Arkell will remain with me till the door is opened. Were you calling to see me, Harry?" she asked, as the old man went away.

"No, Miss Beauclerc. I am waiting for George Prattleton: he is at Griffin's."

"Harry, tell me—why is it you never come to the deanery? I can assure you there is not another boy in the college who would dare to set at naught the dean's invitations."

"Knowing what passed the last night I was at the deanery, the audit night, can you ask why I stay away?" he rejoined.

"Oh, but you were so stupid."

"Yes, I know. I have been stupid for years past."

Miss Beauclerc laughed. "And you think that stopping away will cure you?"

"It will not cure me; years will not cure me," he passionately broke forth, in a tone whose anguish was irrepressible. "Absence and years alone will do that. When I go to the university——" He stopped, unable to proceed.

"When you go to the university you will come back a wise man. Henry," she continued, changing her manner to seriousness, "it was the height of foolishness to suffer yourself to care for me. If I—if it were reciprocated, and I cared for you, if I were dying of love for you, there are barriers on all sides, and in all ways."

"I am aware of it: there is the barrier between us of disparity of years; there is a wide barrier of station; and there is the greatest barrier of all, want of love on your side. I know that my loving you has been nothing short of madness, from the first: madness and double madness since I knew where your heart was given."

"So you will retain that crotchet in your head!"

"It is no crotchet. Do you think my loving eyes—my jealous eyes, if you so will it—have been deceived? You must be happy, now that he has come back to Riverton."

"Stupid!" echoed Miss Beauclerc.

"But it has been your fault, Georgina," he resumed, reverting to himself. "You saw what my feelings were becoming for you, and you did all you could to draw them on: though you may have deemed me a child, in years, you know I was not, in heart. They might have been checked in the onset, and repressed: why did you not do it? why did you do just the contrary, and give me encouragement? You may have called it flirting, and thought it good sport: but you know that what is sport to one, may be death to another."

"This estrangement makes me uncomfortable," proceeded Miss Beauclerc. "Papa keeps saying, 'What is come to Henry Arkell that he is never at the deanery?' and then I invent white stories, about believing that your studies take up your time. I miss you every day; I do, Henry: I miss your companionship; I miss your voice at the piano; I miss your words in speaking to me. But here comes your friend Prat, for that's the echo of old Griffin's door. I know the different sounds of the doors in the Grounds. Good night, Harry: I must go in."

She bent towards him to put her hand in his, and he—he was betrayed out of his propriety and his good manners. He caught her to his heart, and held her there; and kissed her face with his fervent lips.

"Forgive me, Georgina," he murmured, as she released herself. "It is the first and the last time."

"I will forgive you for this once," cried the careless girl; "but only think of the scandal, had anybody come up: my staid mamma would go into a fit. It is what *he* has never done," she added, in a deeper tone.

Henry wrung her hand. "But for him, Georgina, I should think you cared for me. Not that the case would be less hopeless."

Miss Beauclerc rang a peal on the door bell, and was immediately admitted. Whilst Henry Arkell walked forward to join George Prattleton, his heart a compound of sweet and bitter, and his brain in a mazy dream.

But we left Mr. Fauntleroy in a dream by the side of his fire, and by no means a pleasant one. He sat there he did not know how long, but until he was interrupted by his servant.

"You are wanted, sir, if you please."

"Wanted now! Who is it?"

"The Reverend Mr. Prattleton, sir, and one or two more. They are in the drawing-room, and the fire's gone out."

"He has come bothering about that tithe case," grumbled Mr. Fauntleroy to himself. "I won't see him: let him come at a proper time. My compliments to Mr. Prattleton, Giles, but I am deep in assize business, and cannot see him."

Giles went out and came in again. "Mr. Prattleton says they must see you, sir, whether or no. He told me to say, sir, that it is about the cause that's on, Carr and Carr."

Mr. Fauntleroy proceeded to his drawing-room, and there he was shut in for some time. Whatever the conference with his visitors may have been, it was evident, when he came out, that for him it had borne the deepest interest, for his whole appearance was changed; his manners were excited, his eyes sparkling, and his face was radiant.

They all left the house together, but the lawyer's road did not lie far with theirs. He stopped at the lodgings occupied by Serjeant Wrangle, and knocked. A servant-maid came to the door.

"I want to see Serjeant Wrangle," said Mr. Fauntleroy, stepping in.

"You can't, sir. He is gone to bed."

"I must see him for all that," returned Mr. Fauntleroy.

"Missis and master's gone to bed too," she added, by way of remonstrance, "and I was just a going."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Fauntleroy. "I must see the serjeant."

"Taint me, then, sir, that'll go and awaken him," cried the girl. "He's gone to bed dead tired, he said, and I was not to disturb him till eight in the morning."

"Give me your candle," replied Mr. Fauntleroy, taking it from her hand. "He has the same rooms as usual, I suppose; first floor."

Mr. Fauntleroy went up the stairs, and the girl stood at the bottom and watched and listened. She did not approve of the proceedings, but did not dare to check them; for Mr. Fauntleroy was a great man in Riverton, and their assize lodger, the serjeant, was a greater.

Tap—tap—tap: at Serjeant Wrangle's door.

No response.

Tap—tap—tap, louder.

"Who the deuce is that?" called out the serjeant, who was only dignified in his wig and gown. "Is it you, Eliza? what do you want? It's not morning, is it?"

"Taint me, sir," screamed out Eliza, who had now followed Mr. Fauntleroy. "I told the gentleman as you was dead tired and wasn't to be woke up till eight in the morning, but he took my light and would come up."

"I must see you, serjeant," said Mr. Fauntleroy.

"See me! I'm in bed and asleep. Who the dickens is it?"

"Mr. Fauntleroy. Don't you know my voice? Can I come in?"

"No; the door's bolted."

"Then just come and undo it. For see you I must."

"Can't it wait?"

"If it could I should not have disturbed you. Open the door and you shall judge for yourself."

Serjeant Wrangle was heard to tumble out of bed in a lump, and undo the bolt of the door. Eliza concluded that he was in his night attire, and modestly threw her apron over her face, as a veil. Mr. Fauntleroy entered.

"The most extraordinary thing has turned up in Carr *versus* Carr," cried he. "Never had such a piece of luck, just in the nick of time, in all my practice."

"Do shut the door," responded Serjeant Wrangle; "I shall catch the shivers."

Mr. Fauntleroy shut the door, shutting out Eliza, who forthwith sat down on the top stair, and wished she had ten ears. "Have you not a dressing-gown to put on?" cried he to the serjeant.

"I'll listen in bed," replied the serjeant, vaulting into it.

A whole hour did that ill-used Eliza sit on the stairs, and not a syllable could she distinguish, listen as she would, nothing but an eager murmuring of voices. When Mr. Fauntleroy came out, he put the candle in her hand and she attended him to the door, but not in a gracious mood.

"I thought you were going to stop all night, sir," she ventured to say. "Dreadful dreary it was, sitting there, a waiting."

"Why did you not wait in the kitchen?"

"Because every minute I fancied you must be a coming out. Good night, sir."

"Good night," returned Mr. Fauntleroy, putting half-a-crown in her hand. "There; that's in case you have to wait on the stairs for me again."

Eliza brightened up, and officiously lighted Mr. Fauntleroy some paces down the street, in spite of the gas-lamp at the door, which shone well. "What a good humour the old lawyer's in!" quoth she. "I wonder what his business was: I heard him say something had arose in Carr and Carr."

II.

TUESDAY morning dawned, and before nine o'clock the Nisi Prius court was more densely packed than on the preceding day: all Riverton—at least, as many as could push in—were anxious to hear his lordship's summing up. At twenty-eight minutes after nine, the javalins of the

sheriff's men appeared in the outer hall, ushering in the procession of the judges.

The senior judge proceeded to the criminal court, the other, as on the Monday, took his place in the *Nisi Prius*. His lordship had his notes in his hand, and was turning to the jury, preparatory to entering on his task, when Mr. Serjeant Wrangle rose.

"My lord—I must crave your lordship's permission to state a fact, bearing on the case *Carr v. Carr*. An unexpected witness has arisen; a most important witness; one who will testify to the abstraction from the register; one who was present when that abstraction was made. Your lordship will allow him to be heard?"

Serjeant Siftem, and Mynn and Mynn, and Squire Carr and his son Valentine, and all who espoused that side, looked contemptuous daggers of incredulity at Serjeant Wrangle. But the judge allowed the witness to be heard, for all that.

He came forward; a remarkably handsome boy, at the stage between youth and manhood. The judge put his silver glasses across his nose and gazed at him: he thought he recognised those beautiful features.

"Swear the witness," cried some official.

The witness was sworn.

"What is your name?" demanded Serjeant Wrangle.

"Henry Cheveley Arkell."

"Where do you reside?"

"In College-terrace, Riverton."

"You are a member of the college school and a chorister, are you not?" interposed the judge, whose remembrance had come to him.

"A king's scholar, my lord, and senior chorister."

"Were you in St. James's Church on a certain night of last November?" resumed the counsel.

"Yes."

"For how long? And how came you to be there?"

"I went in to practise on the organ, when afternoon school was over, and some one locked me in. I was there until nearly two in the morning."

"Who locked you in?"

"I did not know then. I have heard since that it was one of the senior boys."

"Tell the jury what you saw."

Henry Arkell, amidst the confused scene, so unfamiliar to him, wondered which was the jury. Not knowing, he stood as he had done before, looking alternately at the examining counsel and the judge.

"I went to sleep on the singers' seat in the organ-gallery, and slept till a noise awoke me. I saw two people stealing up the church with a light; they turned into the vestry, and I went softly down stairs and followed them, and stood at the vestry door looking in."

"Who were those parties?"

"The one was Mr. George Prattleton; the other a stranger of the name of Rolls, who was staying somewhere in Riverton. Mr. George Prattleton unlocked the safe and gave Rolls the register, and he sat down and looked through it: he was looking a long while."

"What next did you see?"

"When Mr. George Prattleton had his back turned to the table, I saw Rolls blow out the light. He pretended it had gone out of itself, and asked George Prattleton to fetch the matches from the bench at the entrance door. As soon as George Prattleton had gone for them, a light reappeared in the vestry, and I saw Rolls place what looked to be a piece of thick pasteboard behind one of the leaves, and then draw a knife down it and cut it out. He put the leaf and the board and the knife into his pocket, and blew out the candle again."

"Did Mr. George Prattleton see nothing of this?"

"No. He was gone for the matches, and when he came back the vestry was in darkness, as he had left it. 'Nothing risk, nothing win,' I heard Rolls say to himself. 'I thought I could do him.'"

"After that?"

"After that, when Mr. George Prattleton came back with the matches, Rolls lighted the candle and continued to look over the register, and George Prattleton grumbled at him for being so long. Presently Rolls shut the book and hurraed, saying it was not in, and Mr. Prattleton might put it up again."

"Did you understand what he meant by 'it?' Can you repeat the words he used?"

"I believe I can, or nearly so, for I have thought of them often since. 'It's not in the register, Prattleton,' he said. 'Hurrah! It will be thousands of pounds in our pockets. When the other side brought forth the lame tale that there was such an entry, we thought it a bag of moonshine. Put up your register.' I think that was it."

"What next happened?"

"I saw Rolls hand the book to George Prattleton, and then I went down the church as quietly as I could, and found the key in the door and got out. I hid behind a tombstone, and I saw them both emerge from the church, and Mr. George Prattleton locked it and put the key in his pocket. I heard them disputing at the door, when they found it open: Rolls accused George Prattleton of unlocking the door when he went to fetch the matches; and George Prattleton accused Rolls of having neglected to lock it when they entered the church."

"Meanwhile it was you who had unlocked it, to let yourself out?"

"Yes. And I was in too great a hurry, for fear they should see me, to shut it after me."

"A very nicely concocted tale!" sneered Serjeant Siftem, after several more questions had been asked of Henry, and he rose to cross-examine.

"You would like the court and jury to believe you, sir?"

"I hope all will believe, who hear me, for it is the truth," he answered, with simplicity. And he had his wish; for all did believe him; and Serjeant Siftem's searching questions, and insinuations that the fancied George Prattleton and Rolls were nothing but ghosts, failed to shake his testimony, or their belief.

The next witness called was Roland Lewis, who had just come into court, marshalled by the head master. A messenger, attended by a javelin man, had been despatched in hot haste to the college schoolroom, demanding the attendance of Roland Lewis. Mr. Wilberforce, confounded by their appearance, and perplexed by the obscure tale of the messenger, that "two of the college gentlemen, Lewis and another, was found to have

had som'at to do with the theft from the register, though not, he b'lieved, in the way of thieving it themselves," left his desk and his duties, and accompanied Lewis.

"You are in the college school?" said Serjeant Wrangle, after Lewis was sworn and had given his name.

"King's scholar, sir, and third senior," replied Lewis, who could scarcely speak for fright; which was not lessened when he caught sight of the Dean of Riverton on the bench, next the judge.

"Did you shut up a companion, Henry Cheveley Arkell, in the church of St. James the Less, one afternoon last November, when he had gone in to practise on the organ?"

Lewis wiped his face, and tried to calm his breathing, and glared fearfully towards the bench, but never spoke.

"You have been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, sir, and you must do so," said the judge, staring at his ugly face, through his glasses. "Answer the question."

"Y—es."

"What was your motive for doing so?" asked Serjeant Wrangle.

"It was only done in fun. I didn't mean to hurt him."

"Pretty fun!" ejaculated one of the jury, who had a timid boy of his own in the college school, and thought how horrible might be the consequences should he get locked up in St. James's Church.

"How long did you leave him there?"

"I don't know. I took back the key to the clerk's, and the next morning, when we went to let him out, he was gone."

"Who is 'we'? Who was with you?" cried Serjeant Wrangle, catching at the word.

"Mr. George Prattleton. He was at the clerk's in the morning, and I told him about it, and asked him to get the key, for Hunt would not let me have it. So he came with me and opened the church; but Arkell was not there. He had got out somehow."

When this witness, after a good deal of badgering, was released, Serjeant Siftem, a bright thought having occurred to him, desired that the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce might get into the witness-box. The Reverend Mr. Wilberforce did so: and the serjeant began, in an insinuating tone:

"The witness, Henry Cheveley Arkell, is under your tuition in the collegiate school, I assume?"

"He is," sternly replied Mr. Wilberforce, who had not forgotten Serjeant Siftem's insult of the previous day.

"Would you believe him on his oath?"

"On his oath, or without it."

"Oh, you would, would you!" retorted the serjeant. "Schoolboys are addicted to romancing, though."

"Henry Arkell is of strict integrity. His word may be implicitly trusted."

"I can bear testimony to Henry Arkell's honourable and truthful nature," spoke up the Dean of Riverton, from his place beside the judge.

"His general conduct is exemplary; a pattern to the school."

"Henry Cheveley Arkell," roared out the undaunted Serjeant Siftem, drowning the dean's voice. "I have done with you, Mr. Wilberforce." So the master left the witness-box, and Henry re-entered it.

"I omitted to put a question to you, Mr. Chorister," began Serjeant Siftem. "Should you know this fabulous gentleman of your imagination, this Rolls, if you were to see him?"

"Yes," replied Henry. "I saw him this morning as I came into court."

That shut up Serjeant Siftem.

"Where did you see him?" inquired the judge.

"In the outer hall, my lord. He was with Mr. Valentine Carr."

The judge whispered a word to somebody with a white wand, who was standing near him, and that person immediately went hunting about the court, to find Rolls and bring him before the judge. But Rolls had made himself scarce ere the conclusion of Henry Arkell's first evidence, and, as it transpired afterwards, decamped from the town. The next witness put into the box was Mr. George Prattleton.

"You are aware, I presume, of the evidence given by Henry Cheveley Arkell," said Serjeant Wrangle. "Can you deny that part of it which relates to yourself?"

"No, unfortunately I cannot," replied Mr. George Prattleton, who was very down in the mouth—as his looks were described by a friend of his in court. "Rolls is a villain."

"That is not evidence, sir," said the judge.

"He is a despicable villain, my lord," returned the witness, giving way to his injured feelings. "He came a stranger to Riverton, and I got acquainted with him; that is, he scraped acquaintance with me, and we were soon intimate. Very soon he began to make use of me; he asked if I would do him a favour. He wanted to get a private sight of the register in St. James's Church. So I consented, I am sorry to say, to get him a private sight; but I made the bargain that he should not copy a single word out of it, and of course I meant to be with him and watch him."

"Did you know that his request had reference to the case of Carr *versus* Carr?" inquired Serjeant Wrangle.

"No, I'll swear I did not," retorted the witness, in a savage tone, forgetting, probably, that he was already on his oath. "He never told me why he wanted to look. He would go in at night: if he were seen entering the church in the day, it might be fatal to his client's cause, was the tale he told; and I am ashamed to acknowledge that I took him in at night, and suffered him to look at the register."

"You knew where the key of the safe was kept?"

"Yes; I was one day in the church with the Reverend Mr. Prattleton, and saw him take it from its place."

"Did you see Rolls abstract the leaf?"

"Of course I did not," indignantly retorted the witness. "I suddenly found the vestry in darkness, and he got me to fetch the matches, which were left on the bench at the entrance door. It must have been done then. Soon after I returned, he gave me back the register, and I looked it up again. When we got to the church door we were astonished to find it open, but——"

"But you did not suspect it was opened by one who had watched your proceedings," interrupted the judge.

"No, my lord. Rolls left the town the next day, and I have never

Feb.—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLVIII.

M

seen him since. That's all I know of the transaction, and I can only publicly repeat my deep regret and shame that I should have been drawn into such a one."

"Drawn, however, without much scruple, as it appears," rebuked the judge, with a severe countenance. "Allow me to ask you, sir, when it was you first became acquainted with the fact that a theft had been perpetrated on the register?"

Mr. George Prattleton did not immediately answer. He would have given much not to be obliged to do so: but the court wore an ominous silence, and the judge waited his reply.

"The day after it took place, Arkell, the college-boy, came and told me what he had seen, but——"

"Then, sir, it was your duty to have proclaimed it, and to have had steps taken to arrest your confederate, Rolla," interrupted the stern judge.

"But, my lord, I did not believe Arkell. I did not indeed," he added, endeavouring to impart to his tone an air of veracity, and therefore—as is sure to be the case—imparting to it just the contrary. "I could not believe that Rolla, or any one else in a respectable position, would be guilty of so felonious an action."

"The less excuse you make upon the point, the better," observed the judge.

For some few minutes Serjeant Siftem and his party had been conferring in whispers. The serjeant, at this stage, spoke.

"My lord, this revelation has come upon my instructors, Mynn and Mynn, with the most utter surprise, and——"

"The man, Rolla, is clerk to Mynn and Mynn, I believe," interrupted the judge, in as significant a tone as a presiding judge permits himself to assume.

"He was, my lord, but he will not be in future. They discard him from this hour. In fact, should he not make good his escape from the country, which it is more than likely he is already endeavouring to effect, he will probably, next assizes, find himself placed before your lordship for judgment, should you happen to come this circuit, and preside in the other court. But Mynn and Mynn wish to disclaim, in the most emphatic manner, all cognisance of this man's crime. They——"

"There is no charge to be brought against Mynn and Mynn in connexion with it, is there?" again interposed the judge.

"Most certainly not, my lord," replied the counsel, in a lofty tone, meant to impress the public ear.

"Then, Brother Siftem, it appears to me that you need not take up the time of the court to enter on their defence."

"I bow to your lordship's opinion. Mynn and Mynn and their client, Squire Carr, are not less indignant that so rascally a trick should have been perpetrated, than the public must be. But this evidence, which has come upon them in so overwhelming a manner, they feel they cannot hope to confute. I am therefore instructed to inform your lordship and the jury that they withdraw from the suit, and permit a verdict to be entered for the other side."

"Very good," replied the judge.

And thus, after certain technicalities had been observed, the proceed-

ings were concluded, and the court began to empty itself of its spectators: the next cause, coming on, had no interest for them. For once the RIGHT had prospered.

The Reverend Mr. Wilberforce laid hold of Henry Arkell. "Tell me," said he, but not in an angry tone, "how much more that is incomprehensible are you keeping secret, allowing it to come out to me piecemeal?"

Henry smiled. "I don't think there is any more, sir."

"Yes there is. It is incomprehensible why you should not have disclosed, at the time, all you had been a witness to in the church. Why did you not?"

"I could not speak without compromising George Prattleton, sir; and if I had, he might have been brought to trial for it."

"Serve him right too," said Mr. Wilberforce.

"It would have been an ungrateful return, sir, to the Reverend Mr. Prattleton, after all the kindness he has shown my family."

"Gratitude is a praiseworthy feeling, Arkell, but it should yield to justice. Had Mrs. Carr and her orphans lost their cause, through your not speaking, you would have reflected on yourself all your life. You ought to have thought of this."

"It is only within a day or two, sir, that I knew the leaf, taken out, had reference to Mrs. Carr's case: indeed, it was only yesterday evening that I heard it would be likely to cost her the trial. And I immediately went to George Prattleton and told him he must absolve me from the promise I had given him, or else I should speak without it."

"Then you gave him a promise not to betray him?" hastily interrupted the master.

"Yes, sir; conditionally. The day following the scene in the church, I told George Prattleton what I had seen done. At first I could not decide how to act: had my father been in town I think I should have disclosed all to him: once I thought of telling you; then Mr. Prattleton; but it was impossible to tell any one, without betraying George. At last I decided to go to George himself, and I did so, and related what I had seen. Though he professed not to believe me, he wanted me to take an oath never to divulge it to any one. I would not do that: but I gave him my word not to disclose it, unless circumstances compelled me. He asked me to define what I meant by 'circumstances,' and I explained that should any mischief or injustice arise, through the theft, which my speaking would remedy, then I should speak."

"Like what has arisen?" cried Mr. Wilberforce.

"Yes, sir. So yesterday evening, when George found I was determined, he himself told Mr. Prattleton, and called me in to confirm it: and then Mr. Prattleton made us go with him to Mr. Fautleroy."

"Did your evidence in court to-day comprise all you saw and heard in the vestry?"

"Yes, sir; nearly."

"Nearly! What did you omit?"

"I omitted nothing of what I saw, and but little of what I heard. It was only some conversation that passed between Rolls and George Prattleton: nothing that could affect the case either way, so I did not think myself obliged to mention it."

"I suspect what it was," said Mr. Wilberforce: "George Prattleton got paid for his services: and he would do the same again to-morrow, for money. I wonder Mr. Prattleton will have anything to do with him. Did you know it was Lewis who locked you up in the church?"

"Not that same night. George Prattleton told me at the interview of the next day."

"And you generously screened him from punishment! like you now would screen George Prattleton to me. You are a good boy, Arkell," the master emphatically added, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "and you will make a good man."

"I hope so, sir: if I live."

"If you live!—what do you mean by that? By, the way," added the master, recollecting himself, "have you found any ill effects to-day from the fall?"

"There is a dull pain in my head, sir: I did not feel it much in court to-day: it is aching again now."

"Well, don't come to college until you feel quite equal to it," concluded the master, walking away.

Henry was nearing his own home when he met a party: the dean and Miss Beauclerc, some friends of theirs, with Mr. St. John and his cousin, Lady Anne. Henry touched his cap to the dean, and took it off to Miss Beauclerc. The dean stopped him.

"What do you call yourself? A lion?"

Henry smiled.

"I think you stand a fair chance of being promoted into one. Do you know what I wished to-day, when you were giving your evidence?"

"No, sir."

"That you were my own son."

Henry involuntarily glanced at Georgina, and she glanced at him: her face retained its calmness, but a flush of crimson came over his. No one observed them but Mr. St. John.

"I want you at the deanery to-night," continued the dean, releasing Henry. "No excuse about lessons now: your fall on Sunday has given you holiday. You will come?"

"Yes, sir."

Georgina's eyes sparkled, and she nodded to him in triumph a dozen times, as she walked on with the dean.

Following in the wake of the dean's party came the Rev. Mr. Prattleton. Henry approached him timidly.

"I hope you will forgive me, sir. I could not help speaking."

"Forgive you!" echoed Mr. Prattleton; "I wish nobody wanted forgiveness worse than you do. You have acted nobly throughout. I have recommended Mr. George to get some employment out of the town, not to remain in it in idleness and trouble my table any longer. He can join his friend Rolls on the Continent if he likes: I understand he is most likely off thither."

So, taking one thing with another, it was a satisfactory termination to the renowned cause, *Carr versus Carr*.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

I.—POPE AT TWICKENHAM.

BEYOND a hundred years and more,
A garden lattice like a door
Stands open in the sun,
Admitting fitful winds that set
Astir the fragrant mignonette
In waves of speckled dun :

Sweet waves, above whose odorous flow
Red roses bud, red roses blow,
In beds that gem the lawn—
Enamelled rings and stars of flowers,
By summer beams and vernal showers,
From earth nutritious drawn.

Within the broad bay-window, there—
Lo! huddled in his easy-chair,
One hand upon his knee,
A hand so thin, so wan, so frail,
It tells of pains and griefs a tale—
A small bent form I see.

The day is fair, the hour is noon,
From neighbouring thicket trills the boon
The nuthatch yields the song :
All drenched with recent rains, the leaves
Are dripping—drip the sheltering eaves,
The dropping notes among.

And twinkling diamonds in the grass
Show where the flitting zephyrs pass,
That shake the green blades dry :
And golden radiance fills the air,
And gilds the floating gossamer,
That glints and trembles by.

Yet, blind to each familiar grace,
Strange anguish on his pallid face,
And eyes of dreamful hue,
That lonely man sits brooding there,
Still huddled in his easy-chair,
With memories life will rue.

Where bay might crown that honoured head,
A homely crumpled nightcap spread,
Half veils the careworn brows :
In morning-gown of rare brocade
His puny shrunken shape arrayed,
His sorrowing soul avows—

Pope at Twickenham.

Avows in every drooping line,
 Dejection words not thus define
 So eloquent of woe;
 Yet never to those mournful eyes
 The heart's full-brimming fountains rise
 Sweet tears to overflow.

No token here of studied grief,
 But plainest signs that win belief,
 A simple scene and true.
 Beside the mourner's chair displayed,
 The matin meal's slight comforts laid
 The trimly board bestrew.

'Mid silvery sheen of burnished plate,
 The chilled and tarnished chocolate
 On snow-white damask stands;
 Untouched the trivial lures remain
 In dainty pink-tinged porcelain,
 Still ranged by usual hands.

A drowsy bee above the cream
 Hums loitering in the sunny gleam
 That tips each rim with gold.
 A chequered maze of light and gloom
 Floats in the quaintly littered room
 With varying charms untold.

Why sits that silent watcher there,
 Still brooding with that face of care—
 That gaze of tearless pain?
 What bonds of woe his spirit bind—
 What treasure lost can leave behind
 Such stings within his brain?

He dreams of one who lies above,
 He never more in life can love—
 That mother newly dead:
 He waits the artist-friend whose skill
 Shall catch the angel-beauty still
 Upon her features spread!

A reverent sorrow fills the air,
 And makes a throne of grief the chair
 Where filial genius mourns:
 Death proving still, at direst need,
 Life's sceptre-wand—a broken reed,
 Love's wreath—a crown of thorns!

MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.*

By its express title, as well as its subject-matter, this work is something over and above a Life of John Milton. It is, avowedly, the poet's Life narrated in connexion with the general history of his time—political, ecclesiastical, and literary. Perhaps we might, without much misprision, invert the description, and pronounce it the History of that particular time narrated in connexion with the life of John Milton. So copious and diffuse, so multifarious and far-glancing, so comprehensive and discursive, is Professor Masson's exhaustive biography of the inspired bard.

Judiciously he has intimated in his title the broad character of the book. His first object, he tells us, has been to narrate the Life of Milton fully, deliberately, and minutely, with as much of additional fact and illustration as might be supposed to result, even at this distance of time, from new research and from a further explanation of the old materials; and at the same time he has not deemed it unfit, in the instance of such a Life, to allow the forms of Biography to overflow into those of History. In other words, "it is intended to exhibit Milton's Life in its connexions with all the more notable phenomena of the period of British history in which it was cast—its state-politics, its ecclesiastical variations, its literature and speculative thought." And it so happens, "as if to oblige Biography, in this instance, to pass into History," that Milton's Life divides itself, with almost mechanical exactness, into three periods, corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement,—the first extending from 1608 to 1640, which was the period of his education and of his minor poems; the second extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the Civil Wars to the Restoration, and forming the middle period of his polemical activity as a prose-writer; and the third extending from 1660 to 1674, which was the period of his later muse and of the publication of "Paradise Lost."

It is Professor Masson's plan to devote a volume to each of these periods. Volume the first monopolises nearly 800 pages to begin with; so that the extent of the canvas for this great historical picture may be imagined. The author admits that no portion of our national history has received more abundant, or more admirable elucidations, than the sixty-six years included in the three periods; but modestly suggests, with an unassuming "perhaps," that in traversing it again in that mood, and with that special bent of inquiry, which may be natural where the Biography of Milton is the primary interest, some new facts may be seen in a new light, and, at all events, certain orders of facts lying by the sides of the main track, may come into notice. "As the great poet of the age, Milton may, obviously enough, be taken as the representative of its literary efforts and capabilities; and the general history of its literature may, therefore, be narrated in connexion with his life. But even in the

* The Life of John Milton: narrated in connexion with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I. 1608—1639. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

political and ecclesiastical departments Milton was not one standing aloof. He was not the man of action of the party with which he was associated, and the actual and achieved deeds of that party, whether in war or in council, are not the property of his life; but he was, as nearly as any private man in his time, the thinker and idealist of the party—now the expositor and champion of their views, now their instructor and in advance of them; and hence, without encroaching too much on common ground, there are incidents and tendencies of the great Puritan Revolution which illustrate his Life especially, and seek illustration from it." In favour of a Biography on the present scale, or something like it, our author refers to what Southey said, many years ago, that a Life of Milton was "yet a desideratum in our literature"—meaning, among other meanings, that almost every Life then produced had been written as an introductory memoir to some edition or other of the Poet's works, and on a scale corresponding to that purpose. "Useful as such summaries of facts are, they do not answer to the notion that might be formed of a Biography of Milton considered as an independent work. It is surely not consistent with proper ideas of Biography, for example, that such a man as Milton should be whirled on to the thirty-second year of his life [1640] in the course of a few pages, the more especially when, in that period of his life, he had already done much that we now associate with his name, and had shown himself potentially all that he was ever to be." Whether Mr. Masson may not have erred in the opposite extreme, admits a doubt.

Certainly this large volume teems with information, instruction, and entertainment. It is proof positive of a vast expenditure of time and labour, of patient research and spirited investigation. There is conscientious workmanship manifest throughout. And, after all, if the critical demur to the diffuseness of the plan, and opine that seven hundred and eighty divided by two, if not by three, would give a fairer quotient,—there is probably a numerous public to whom this diffuseness will minister delight, and who will gladly and gratefully familiarise themselves with the history of Milton's time, while following the narrative of Milton's life.

Over every foot of the ground, then, Professor Masson lingers with amorous delay. Every little thing connected, more or less remotely, with John Milton, is made to justify a digression. Every single person, big or little, with whom John Milton ever came in contact, is made the excuse for an excursus. We learn a world of things by this mode of highway sauntering and by-way roaming, but our advance is only here a little and there a little—or like Hood's "Plain Direction,"

Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.

This zig-zag progress, however, takes us at any rate over a deal of ground, and interests us in a variety of else unobserved particulars. Heraldry, archaeology, topography, statistics, theology, public-school life, university life, English literature from its beginnings, church government, politics, country life, continental life—nothing comes amiss to our indefatigable guide. He spends his score of pages, and upwards, on Milton's "Ancestry and Kindred," in the lavish style of Sylvanus

Urban himself: this pedigree chapter is "purposely excursive," he says, his hope being that, by multiplying indications to the utmost, he may make further information possible. "From the position in life of the poet's father and mother, I expect more from examination of wills than from search in Herald's Visitations and the like;" adding, that he has himself turned over many wills of Miltons, Jeffreys, Haughtons, and Bradshaws, at Oxford and at Doctors' Commons; "but lucky hits may be made by others. A search in a Registry of Wills is like fishing—twenty throws for one bite; and at Doctors' Commons it costs a shilling a throw." Antiquarian anglers are not wanting, prepared in their enthusiasm to pay for as many throws after this ancestral small fry, as other enthusiasts for throws at Aunt Sally; and we should not be surprised to see this genealogical chapter, bulky as it is, increased in a second edition, by dint of their "shilling a throw" researches, to well-nigh double its present size.

The locality of Milton's birth—very literally indeed, and almost too close, within sound of Bow bells—gives occasion to an ample description of Bread-street and its vicinity. Beyond which, however, the author takes us ideal walks with his boy-hero down Ludgate-hill to Fleet-street and the then "luxurious" Strand—or again to Holborn or Old-Bourne, then built as far as Lincoln's Inn-fields, or northward as far as Cripplegate and the favourite suburbs of Moorfields and Finsbury; or eastward, through more bustling thoroughfares, to Whitechapel or the Tower. Or southward, round by London Bridge, or in a boat from Queenhithe, landing in the neighbourhood of the Globe, the Bear-garden, and other playhouses, which stand in open spaces amid trees on Bankside; from which spot, looking back across the clear stream with the various craft upon it to the populous opposite bank, we are enabled to see, "over the dense built space, the open country to the north—Hackney a little to the right; in the centre, and just over St. Paul's, Highgate; and more to the left, over the Temple and Fleet-street, the heights of Hampstead with their windmills.

"Something of all this, in some order of succession or another, the boy did see. After all, however, Milton must have been but moderately sensitive from the first to impressions of this kind. More important in his case than contact with the world of city-sights and city-humours lying round the home of his childhood, was the training he received within that home itself." Accordingly we are next introduced within the threshold of the Spread-Eagle in Broad-street, where the roar of Cheapside and the surrounding city becomes muffled in the distance, and catch a charming glimpse of the scrivener's family group. "It is a warm and happy home. Peace, comfort, and industry reign within it. During the day the scrivener is busy with his apprentices and clients; but in the evening the family are gathered together—the father on one side, the mother on the other, the eldest girl and her brother John seated near, and little Kit lying on the hearth. A grave Puritanic piety was then the order in the households of most of the respectable citizens of London; and in John Milton's house there was more than usual of the accompanying affection for Puritanic habits and modes of thought. Religious reading and devout exercises would be part of the regular life of the family. And thus a disposition towards the serious, a regard for

religion as the chief concern in life, and a dutiful love of the parents who so taught him, would be cultivated in Milton from his earliest years. Happy child to have such parents; happy parents to have such a child!"

The scrivener's "grave Puritanic piety" was not, however, of that stern cast, or sombre hue, which accounts worldly culture an abomination. He had a passion for music, and was a notable composer in his time. Other instruments besides an organ were to be heard under his roof; and often must the child John, as Mr. Masson suggests, have bent over his father while composing, or listened to him as he played; while there would often, of an evening, when one or two musical acquaintances "dropt in," be voices enough in the Spread-Eagle for a little household concert. "Then might the well-printed and well-kept set of the *Orianas* [a volume of twenty-five madrigals, in praise of Queen Bess, one of them by the harmonious scrivener] be brought out; and, each one present taking a suitable part, the child might hear, and always with fresh delight, his father's own madrigal:

Fair Oriana, in the morn,
Before the day was born,
With velvet steps on ground,
Which made nor print nor sound,
Would see her nymphs abed,
What lives those ladies led:
The roses blushing said,
'O, stay, thou shepherd-maid;'
And, on a sudden, all
They rose and heard her call.
Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
'Long live fair Oriana, long live fair Oriana.'

They can remember little how a child is affected who do not see how from the words, as well as from the music of this song, a sense of fantastic grace would sink into the mind of the boy—how Oriana and her nymphs and a little Arcadian grass-plat would be before him, and a chorus of shepherds would be seen singing at the close, and yet, somehow or other, it was all about Queen Elizabeth! And so, if, instead of the book of Madrigals, it was the thin large volume of Sir William Leighton's 'Tears and Lamentations' that furnished the song of the evening. Then, if one of his father's contributions were selected, the words might be,

O, had I wings like to a dove,
Then should I from these troubles fly;
To wilderness I would remove,
To spend my life and there to die.

How, as he listened, the lonely dove would be seen winging through the air, and the wilderness, its destination, would be fancied as a great desolate place, somewhere about Moorfields. . . . Joining with his young voice in these exercises of the family, the boy became a singer almost as soon as he could speak. We see him going to the organ for his own amusement, picking out little melodies by the ear, and stretching his tiny fingers in search of pleasing chords. According to Aubrey, his father taught him music, and made him an accomplished organist."

Many people seem apt to forget that Milton was ever young—to disbelieve that he was ever joyous and debonair—to overlook his authorship of *L'Allegro*, and his specific strictures on moroseness. But the poet was no such puritan, as this oversight would imply. Milton was no Malvolio, in this sour-faced saturnine sense. At eighteen, or thereabouts, we find him describing the playhouse, for instance, as one of his habitual recreations when in London. "When I am wearied," he writes to his old schoolfellow, Diodati, "the pomp of the winding [?] theatre takes me hence, and the garrulous stage calls me to its noisy applauses—whether it be the wary old gentleman that is heard, or the prodigal heir; whether the wooer, or the soldier with his helmet doffed, is on the boards, or the lawyer prosperous with a ten years' lawsuit, is mouthing forth his gibberish to the unlearned forum. Often the wily servant is abetting the lover-son, and at every turn cheating the very nose of the stiff father; often there the maiden, wondering at her new sensations, knows not what love is, and, while she knows not, loves." And so the Cantab goes on, with allusions possibly to *Romeo* and the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," and direct ones to the *Œdipus* of Sophocles—treasuring up impressions that he was one day to record in imperishable verse; whether, in "divinest melancholy" mood, he would

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage—

or else, in mirthful mood, with a sharp appetite for the humours of *Master Stephen* and *Master Matthew*, or the witty devices of *Rosalind* and the fun of her fool in the forest—

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

In his twentieth year, Milton delivered an oration in the hall of his college (Christ's), on this thesis: that sportive exercises on occasion are not inconsistent with the studies of Philosophy. And mark the scope of his rhetoric, as Englished by Professor Masson from the original Latin. Undertaking the praise of jocularity, the *B.A. futurus* exclaims, in the course of a nearly two hours' long oration: "Nor are my praises undeserved! What is there that sooner conciliates and longer retains friendship than a pleasant and festive disposition? Let there be a person who has no jests, nor fun, nor nice little facetiæ in him, and you will hardly find one to whom he is agreeable and welcome. . . . But if there is any one who would rather not be considered urbane and gay, let him not take it to heart if he is called country-bred and clownish. Well do we know a certain illiberal kind of fellows who being themselves perfectly morose and unfestive," &c. "The poets, most sagacious shadowers forth of truth, being in Jupiter himself, and the rest of the celestials abandoning themselves to joviality at their feasts and cups. . . . But perchance there are not wanting some bearded Masters, very crabbed and harsh, who, think-

ing themselves great Catos, and not little Catos, their countenances composed to a Stoic severity, and shaking their stiff polls, will tetchily complain," &c. &c. Enough to show the drift of Milton's Praise of Folly. For he too, like Erasmus, could be an encomiast thereof, in fit season, and in due measure.

The jovial will retort that such seasons came few and far between, and that the measure was very scant. And judging by their own rule, they are so far right. Milton was constitutionally and habitually serious. He speaks of "festivities and jests" as things "in which I acknowledge my faculty to be very slight." He had no turn that way. As his biographer says, his pleasure in such pastimes was small; and, when he did good-humouredly throw himself into them, it was with an apology for being out of his element. "But still more distinctly was the same seriousness of disposition shown in his notion as to where innocence in such things ended. In the nickname of 'the Lady,' as applied to Milton by his college-fellows, we see, from his own interpretation of it, not only an allusion to his personal appearance, but also a charge of prudery. It was as if they called him 'the Maid.' He himself understood it so; and there are passages in some of his subsequent writings, in which he seems to regard it as due to himself, and as necessary to a proper appreciation of his whole career, that such references to the innocence of his youth should be interpreted quite literally."

Professor Masson forcibly shows Milton's deepest "fixed idea," from his youth upwards, to have been that of the necessity of moral integrity to a life of truly great work or truly great endeavour of whatever kind. His authority is justly said to be dead against the "wild oats" apologists—the poet's "fixed idea" being, that whoso "would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, *ought himself to be a true poem*"—that he who would not be frustrate of being great, or doing good hereafter, must be on his guard from the first against sensuality as a cause of spiritual incapacitation; and he was careful to regulate his own conduct by a recollection of this principle. For not in vain had he prayed on his twenty-third birthday to be taught so to number his days that he might apply his heart unto wisdom—to be instructed in the value of time, and the significance of life, and, whatever his lot,

—have grace to use it so,
As ever in his great Task-Master's eye.

His being nicknamed "the Lady" in his college, seems to imply a "certain prevailing air of the feminine in his look"—which may agree well enough with what we are told of his unusually delicate complexion, his light brown hair falling to his ruff on both sides of his oval face, and his slender and elegant rather than massive or powerful form. The "feminine," however, observes his present biographer, was of that peculiar sort—let connoisseurs determine what it is—which would consist with clear eyes of a dark grey and with a "delicate and tunable voice," that could be firm in the low tenor notes and carry tolerably sonorous matter. And, lady-like as he was, there was nothing effeminate in his demeanour. "His deportment," says Wood, "was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." A vein of "unbashful self-assertion" is unquestionably discernible throughout all

Milton's writings, and may well be believed to have shown itself throughout his whole life.

Perhaps this very quality made him somewhat unpopular among his fellow-students at Christ's, who may have meant no compliment in any sense when they dubbed him "the Lady." Passages in his college exercises imply a certain amount of ill-will, and a defiant readiness on his part to give them sneer for sneer, sarcasm for sarcasm, slang for slang. That Milton was a master of virulent abuse, his polemical tracts make only too manifest, in paragraph after paragraph of truculent personality. And he seems to have given his Cantab coevals a taste of this quality—nor would they complain of the seasoning as too mild. It is a pity to see that even young John Milton could indulge in untranslatable coarseness, and provoke broad grins by elaborate nastiness. True, it was the annual custom of the University at that time to sanction these rhetorical revelries, "in which the Latin tongue was ransacked for terms of buffoonery and scurrility, and the classic mythology for its gross anecdotes." Milton, therefore, only fell in with the rest. But he took care not to fall behind the rest. If anything, he probably outran his duller competitors. And surely this was a bad eminence to attain. Professor Masson thinks he can aver, from what he has seen of other extant specimens of such revelry, that Milton could beat the Clevelands and the Randolphs even in this sort of thing when he chose. His choice might have been better had he chosen to be second-best.

The chapter which relates all that is known* of Milton's college course, winds up with some remarks on what our author had characterised, in a previous work, as his "intellectual *inquisitiveness*"—a quality that partly served as substitute for that of humour, in which he was confessedly deficient. For no one, we presume, will deny, that, although Milton could occasionally condescend to mirth and jocosity, it was not as one to whom the element was natural; or that, while he had plenty of wit and sarcasm, and could also, in a ponderous way, revel in ludicrous images and details, still "one would hardly single out humour as one of his chief characteristics." The office of this "intellectual inquisitiveness," then, was, to make the poet expansive in his researches, and jealous of all restraint, impatient of all constraint, upon his self-culture. As he had by nature "an intellect of the highest power, so even in youth he jealously asserted its rights. There was no narrowness even then in his notions of what it was lawful for him to read and study, or even to see and experience. He read, as he himself tells us, books which he considered immoral, and from which young men in general derived little that was good. He thought himself quite at liberty also to indulge in his love of art and music, and to attend theatrical performances, and laugh at what was absurd in them. Probably there was not a youth at Cambridge who would have more daringly resented any interference with his intellectual freedom from any quarter whatsoever. They might call him 'the Lady' at Christ's College with respect to his personal demeanour; but he could show on occasion that he had no need to yield to the roughest of them with respect to the extent of his information. In fine, I can say for myself, that, having read much in the

* Upon the alleged *whipping* nothing very new or noticeable is offered.

writings, both in prose and in verse, both in Latin and in English, that remain to show what kind of men were the most eminent by reputation and the highest by place among Milton's academic contemporaries from 1625 to 1632, I have no doubt whatever left that, not in promise merely, but in actual faculty and acquisition while he yet moved amidst them, Milton was without an equal in the whole University."

Consistently with his scheme throughout, Mr. Masson enters at great length into the history of the University at the period under review. He does the same by St. Paul's School—introducing us with all formality not only to Milton's head-master but to the founder, Dean Colet, and the first master, fine old William Lilly; and taking occasion to dilate on Du Bartas and his English translator, when describing the books with which our young Pauline, or "Paul's pigeon" (as the St. Anthony's free-school-boys would call him), was likely to be familiar. Sending him up to Cambridge, we are then presented with a catalogue of the fellow-commoners, pensioners, and sizars, who were entered with him, as men of the same year; and a list of the numbers on the boards of all the sixteen colleges is added—his own college standing third in that respect, and showing a total of 265 members. We are here made to see him moving for the first time through unfamiliar streets, observing college after college, each different from the others in style and appearance, with the majestic King's conspicuous in the midst; and gazing for the first time on the famous Cam; and scrutinising the faces and figures of his fellow-students, collected from all the counties of England, and answering to names many of which he had never heard before. "Which of these faces, some fair, some dark, some ruddy, were to be most familiar and the most dear to him in the end? In which of these bodies—tall, of mid stature, or diminutive—beat the manliest hearts? As all this was interesting to Milton then prospectively, so it is interesting to us now in the retrospect. Nor, with due search, would it be impossible, even at this distance of time, to present in one list the names, surnames, and scholastic antecedents of all the two hundred youths or thereby, whom, as they were congregated in the hall or chapel of Christ's in the spring of 1624-5, Milton may have surveyed with the feelings described." One is rather surprised than sorry, that the painstaking Professor has not actually presented such a list, embodying faithful and minute biographies of the two hundred youths "or thereby"—some fair, some dark, some ruddy—some tall, some of mid stature, some diminutive. The antecedents individually of these two hundred might be slightly *de trop*.

Of course we have a full account—and it is a lively and interesting one—of good old Hobson, the Cambridge carrier—whose cart-bells had tinkled, we are reminded, all through Shakspeare's life, along the London and Cambridge road: "he had driven the team as a grown lad for his father before Shakspeare was born; and now [1624-5], eight years after Shakspeare's bones had been laid under the pavement in Stratford Church, he was still hale in his old vocation." And a man of substance, too—one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, yet continuing still, in his eightieth year, to take the road with his wain and horses. After six years more of fetching and carrying, he would be celebrated by Milton in two genial epitaphs, with as much humour in them, probably, as exudes from any product of that stately pen.

To illustrate the on-goings at Cambridge, while "our John" was *in statu pupillari*, Mr. Masson gives frequent extracts from the letters of Joseph Meade, of whom an appropriate sketch is annexed, at becoming length. Then again the ceremonial of Alma Mater's annual "Commencements" is depicted in full—a tit-bit for novitiate students of the Cambridge Calendar, profanely called the freshman's Bible. Moreover, an ample and particular account is offered of the custom of performing plays at the University. The havoc wrought there by the plague, recurrent every few years, is also described in successive pages; and the story of the Vice-Chancellor's suicide (Dr. Butts) is told with effect. And every name of any renown that was any way connected with Cambridge during Milton's residence, ensures its owner a notice in this all-embracing work.

With corresponding fulness of detail is every step in the poet's after-life described. The statistics of Church and Dissent are scrupulously tabulated, and accompanied by historical dissertations on the lessons they involve. Archbishop Abbot and Lord Keeper Williams, Buckingham and Strafford, Laud and Juxon, all are portrayed in lively colours. Every member of the episcopal bench, English, Irish, and Scotch—every member of the Privy Council, layman or cleric—is registered by name; not one of them is wanting. The foreign chaplaincies are reviewed, and the colonial church; and one excellent chapter, of six score pages, comprises a survey of British literature as it then flourished, for which conspectus no Seneca (say Bishop Hall—for so they styled him) is too heavy, no Plautus (say Sir John Suckling) too light; and in which eloquent criticism and statistical enumeration alike find room and verge enough.

Then again we get exact particulars as to the neighbourhood of Horton in Buckinghamshire, where Milton spent six or seven years between leaving Cambridge and going abroad. And the notice of "Comus" induces a plenary description of Masques, as well as an archaeological report upon Ludlow Castle and the Egerton family. The parish registers of Horton are overhauled to show the devastations of the plague in that quiet nook. The death, by drowning, of Edward King ("Lycidas") is illustrated by a competent list, so far as the author can trace them, of all the scraps of Latin verse that well-lamented scholar left behind him—together with plentiful specimens from the commemorative verses (*In Memoriam*—with a difference) produced wholesale by his regretful friends. It is marvellous how Milton's glorious Monody is thus relieved by contrast. Of "Lycidas" and all other of his poems, written previous to his continental journey in 1638-9, critical analyses are given, not unworthy of the discriminative but genial "Essays, chiefly on English Poets," which Professor Masson collected and republished, to the gratification of thoughtful readers, some three years since.

His seventh chapter includes a complete summary of the troubles in Scotland, which resulted in the Solemn League and Covenant. His eighth, and last, opens with a survey of the continental states collectively, with a view, he says, to make their relations to each other and to England more intelligible henceforward. The poet is then fairly started for Paris, at his father's expense—taking one man-servant with him, and intending, perhaps, to be several years absent. "The expense to which his father consented cannot have been less than about 200*l.* a year of the

money of that day. Till Milton was over thirty-two years of age [he was now thirty], he did not, as far as I know, earn a penny for himself."—The day was coming, though not just at present, when Milton should write *Paradise Lost*, and earn by it an immediate payment of five pounds sterling.

Mr. Masson's account of the young gentleman's Continental Journey will be, to many readers, the most novel and interesting section in the volume. We follow our open-eyed tourist from Calais to Paris, and thence in leisurely progress through southern France to Italy, which he enters by its land-frontier at Nice, instead of following good old Wotton's counsel, to take ship from Marseilles to Genoa. His time at the latter city seems to have been short. From it he takes packet to Leghorn, and thence travels inland to Pisa, on his way to Florence. Here he remains two months, and makes the acquaintance of Jacobo Gaddi, and Carlo Dati, and Coltellini, and others, about all of whom his biographer has compendious little histories to tell, while the visit to Galileo is commemorated with becoming emphasis. Two months more are spent at Rome, where the English scholar makes the "usual round of the Pantheon and the Coliseum, the Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock, the Baths, the Temples, the ancient gates, the arches, the columns, the aqueducts, and the tombs." He goes to a "magnificent concert" in Cardinal Barberini's palace, and there hears Leonora Baroni, accompanied on the lute or theorbo by her resplendent mother, Adriana of Mantua—which singing thus accompanied is the greatest treat musical Italy has to offer, and Milton's fine ear appreciates it, no doubt, as few travelled Englishmen can do. In three epigrams addressed to Leonora he gives expression to his rapture. Moreover, he is introduced to Cherubini, and Holstenius, and other local celebrities; and quitting Rome for Naples he is courteously entreated by the venerable Manso, Tasso's friend, and Marini's—in whose villa, "close by the hill of Posilipo, and the grotto of Pozzuoli, with the sea at its feet, and the view of the bay from its windows," he listens to stories of those two famous poets, and "experiences the courtesies which they had experienced" in the same room, and under the same blue sky. Here too he may have had a glimpse of Domenichino and Salvator Rosa. Perhaps he notices among the *lazzaroni* a young lad from Amalfi, whose song now "rises light on the breeze,"—to be known far and wide, a few years hence, as the fisherman *Masaniello*. Sicily and Greece had been in Milton's programme; but "sad news of civil war coming from England" subvert his designs in that direction, and he comes back to Rome, and Florence, and spends a few days at Lucca, and, having crossed the Apennines, passes through Bologna and Ferrara on his way to Venice. From Venice he makes a rapid transit across the northern Lombard plains—crosses the Alps by St. Bernard—spends a week or two in Geneva—and thence by Lyons, the Rhône, and Paris, finds his way home to this troubled England of ours. It is in July or August, 1639, that he sets his foot again on his native shore, having been some fifteen months away. And here, with Mr. Masson, we leave him—with every wish to meet again, as soon as the requirements of so copious and conscientious a biography will allow.

J. C. X.

CRAIG LUCE CASTLE.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART I.

ON the dreary coast of Wigtonshire, in Scotland, just above the almost perpendicular and frightfully rugged rocks that form the inhospitable-looking Mull of Galloway, stands an old castle, partially in ruins, with its naked grey walls unsheltered by hill or wood, and exposed to all the blasts that sweep over that gloomy shore. There is nothing about it of picturesque beauty; remarkable only for the cheerlessness and loneliness of its situation, it conveys to the beholder no idea but that of complete desolation—of a “parched place in the wilderness,” to borrow the expressive language of Scripture. It is seldom that the modern tourist is tempted to explore the uninteresting neighbourhood of this forbidding-looking structure, yet if its old walls could speak they might disclose scenes of passion, of grief, and of guilt as stirring as any of the romantic legends of the castellated Rhine, and at the same time more recent in their occurrence.

The dismal-looking edifice to which we refer was the ancestral abode of a proud and ancient family, the Lockharts of Craig Luce. It had descended, in a long unbroken line, from father to son, and its possessors had borne their part in the various civil and other wars which form so prominent a feature in the annals of Scotland. Like the Highland lairds, they had never been wealthy, according to the English acceptance of that term, and as they had never added to their patrimony by marrying rich “up-starts,” as they called them; and as the haughty younger sons had never condescended to enter into any lucrative professions, the family rent-roll had gradually diminished, until at length the strictest economy became necessary to enable them to maintain their position among the hereditary landholders of their country.

The occupiers of Craig Luce Castle at the time our story commences, were Lady Lilius Lockhart, a widow lady, her son Archibald, and his young wife, who was a cousin of his own. The mother of Lady Lilius had been a Lockhart of Craig Luce; she became the wife of a Scotch earl, and their beautiful daughter, Lilius, was engaged at an early age to her younger cousin, Hector Lockhart, a fine, spirited young man, who was determined not to remain a burden on his father and a drone at home.

But, shortly before the period fixed for the marriage to take place, Malcolm Lockhart—the elder brother, who had been making what was then called “the grand tour,” without accomplishing which no young gentleman of standing in society, in these former days, was supposed to have satisfactorily completed his education—returned home. He was introduced at Edinburgh to the Lady Lilius, whom he had not seen since she was a child, and he fell violently in love with her. The rather sudden death of old Mr. Lockhart of Craig Luce caused the intended marriage of his niece and his younger son to be put off, and, much to the

distress of Hector, when the period of mourning had expired, Lady Liliias announced her intention of bestowing her fair hand upon his elder brother.

Expostulations and entreaties were alike in vain; the beautiful but calculating and cold-hearted Liliias preferred to be the lady of Craig Luce Castle to sharing a bungalow in the East Indies with her first love, and Hector Lockhart had to depart alone to win honours and rupees in a land where, at that time, fortunes were so easily made. Hector Lockhart rose rapidly in the army—he held situations of trust and emolument, he distinguished himself on several occasions, and Lady Liliias sometimes regretted in her secret soul that she had discarded him for his indolent, common-place elder brother, and condemned herself to the monotonous solitude of Craig Luce Castle, instead of reigning as a belle and a beauty in the highest circle of India, where ladies, at that period, were the objects of the utmost attention and adulation. When, in the course of some years, Major Lockhart married abroad, the jealousy and anger of Lady Liliias knew no bounds. How dared the man who had once been *her* lover forget her for another?

Meanwhile, the brother for whom she had jilted him was far from happy in his union with her. He was fond of society, but the state of their finances prevented them from receiving many guests, Lady Liliias's haughty manners displeased the few families in the neighbourhood with whom they might have been on sociable terms, and her imperious temper made his home miserable. They had two sons—the elder, a handsome, high-spirited, clever boy, the pride and darling of both father and mother; the younger, an ugly, stupid, heavy child, whom his mother declared to be “a born fool.” The latter, Archibald, was neglected in every way, left to the companionship of the servants and the cotters' children, and scarcely taught the most common rudiments of education; while the former, Hector, was carefully brought up, and received every advantage that could be obtained for him.

Lady Liliias was wrapt up in this son; he was the only being in the world for whom she felt any real affection, for she was utterly indifferent to her husband, and entertained no sentiment but disgust towards her half-idiotic younger child. It was a dreadful blow to her, therefore, when at the age of sixteen, and full of talent and promise, her favourite Hector was suddenly snatched from her. Being a bold, self-willed boy, he had persisted, in spite of his father's remonstrances, in riding an extremely vicious horse, and one day, when not on his guard, he was thrown, dashed off among a heap of sharp stones, and killed upon the spot. This calamity rendered Lady Liliias more morose than ever, and, united to the gloomy tenor of his existence, drove the bereaved father into habits of intemperance, which ultimately carried him to his grave.

Archibald was about two years younger than his brother, consequently about fourteen at the time of his death. An awkward, lubberly-looking boy he was, who spent most of his time in wading, without shoes or stockings, in the sea, at the foot of the massive walls of rocks, picking up shell-fish and seaweed, or, stretched on the stunted grass on the low hills above, watching the sheep in company with the shepherd lads. Hector's demise had suddenly raised him into importance; he was now the heir, the only representative, in a direct line, of the proud Lockharts

of Craig Luce, and if he died childless, the property would pass away to some distant connexions, who were abhorred by Lady Liliass. She therefore directed all the energies of her powerful mind to "make something of him." He was furnished with good clothes; a tutor was engaged for him; rewards and punishments were bestowed with a liberal hand; but "book learning," as he called it, was hateful to him, and he preferred playing "chucky stanes" with the lowest churl on the estate to any more refined amusement that could be devised for him.

"What lady on earth will ever marry that fool?" was Lady Liliass's frequent despairing question to herself, as she looked with dismay on his great unmeaning eyes, which resembled green gooseberries, his carrotty locks, his freckled skin, and his capacious mouth, always as wide open as if a doctor were about to examine his throat in a case of inflammation.

But, as years wore on, the stern Lady Liliass contrived to mould her surviving son somewhat to her will; he was dreadfully afraid of her, and, to borrow his own phraseology, was "obliged to mind his p's and q's" in her presence. Fate also favoured her more than she could possibly have anticipated. When Archy, as he was generally called, was about twenty-three—but still under the surveillance of a tutor—a young lady came to reside at the castle. She was the only child of Colonel Lockhart, who had bequeathed a large fortune to her, and left her to the care of her aunt, Lady Liliass, the idol of his youthful days. Time had softened his displeasure at her treachery to himself; he only remembered the graceful, beautiful girl, who had once seemed so much attached to him, and he flattered himself that she would transfer to his orphan daughter the regard he fancied she had in former days bestowed upon himself.

Jessy Lockhart's mother had died when she was a child; and when her father could bring himself to part with her, she was sent to England under the care of some acquaintances, who thought they had done their duty when they placed her at a fashionable school in London. The so-called accomplishments were diligently taught at that establishment, but moral and religious instruction was but little attended to. The forms of religion were not indeed neglected; prayers were said morning and evening, the young ladies went regularly to church, and there was a Bible and catechism class for the younger ones on Sunday. Everything was conducted in the most decorous way; but whether the girls grew up heathens or Christians, strict or lax in principles, with high moral sentiments or prepared to be giddy and imprudent, did not seem to be any concern of the faultlessly elegant lady who, with her staff of good musicians, good linguists, &c., presided over the young spirits that were training for this world and for eternity.

Jessy had attained her seventeenth year, and was expecting her father home, when he had promised to take her from school and introduce her into society. Balls, operas, beaux, floated in dim yet delightful confusion before the young girl's eyes, when—sad tidings—the ship that was to have brought her father to England, conveyed only the intelligence of his death in India, and the consequent destruction of all her bright prospects. Was she, then, to remain at school? No; *that* evil at least was spared her. She was to go to Scotland, the land of romance,

and to reside in a fine old castle, and, of course, have Highland chieftains by the dozen at her feet. Her companions envied her; and, busy building castles in the air, she accompanied an old Scotch countess, one of the few friends Lady Lillas had retained, from London to Edinburgh, and thence to her future abode. Poor Jessy's heart sank as she entered its gloomy walls; the grim old portraits frightened her, the roaring of the sea and the whistling of the wind saddened her, and the haughty, cold manners of her aunt seemed to freeze her life's blood. She was horrified at the strict seclusion in which the family at the castle lived. On her arrival, the very tutor had been dismissed, for Lady Lillas did not choose that the contrast between her half-witted son and a young man who was at least a rational being, should be presented to her niece. No one ever visited at the castle except the Presbyterian clergyman of the neighbourhood—a grave, solemn person, who looked like a resuscitated mummy, and the grey-headed old doctor, who resided in an adjacent village. Still Jessy had hoped that when the mourning for her father was laid aside, Lady Lillas would open her doors to the beau monde, and the old castle be filled with guests.

But when the dreary winter had at length passed away—when spring, with its bright sunshine and opening buds, awoke the scarcely dormant longing for life's gayer scenes—poor Jessy found how delusive had been her hopes, how gloomy were her prospects for the future. She had no sympathy, no companionship; in the presence of Lady Lillas she always felt under the greatest constraint, and her very waiting-maid seemed to be a dragon set to be a spy upon her, for she was a stiff, cross-looking, elderly woman, who never spoke but in monosyllables, or in the shortest sentences. It was dreadful! and poor Jessy was glad of the slight variation in her wearisome life which was afforded her by taking an occasional long ramble on foot with her stupid cousin Archy, or a ride on horseback with him along the lonely roads. Unaccompanied by him, Lady Lillas had forbidden her ever to venture beyond the precincts of the castle domains. The wily Lady Lillas had thus gained one point—her victim owed to Archy her almost only recreation. *Almost*, for it was not *quite* her only one. For want of other amusements she had taken to gardening, and here again Archy's influence had obtained for her a small plot of ground, which she was permitted to call her own. But was the garden or the gardener the attraction?

Donald Munro, the gardener at Craig Luce Castle, had succeeded his father and his grandfather in that situation. He was much attached to the family name, but disliked Lady Lillas, as all her tenantry did, and, of course, regretted the imbecility of the present master. Donald also pitied sincerely the lovely girl, who was as much imprisoned as ever damsel had been by necromantic art. Donald was well read in legendary and fairy lore; indeed, he was well informed on many subjects, and had an intellectual turn of mind. He had been educated at an excellent grammar-school, and was a good Latin scholar. He had a fine figure, a handsome face, and very good manners for one in his station. There was a degree of refinement, too, in his language, which doubtless arose from Nature's having made him somewhat of a poet. Happily, in addition to all these qualities, Donald was a sensible, well-principled, and "God-fearing" young man, as they say in Scotland. It was for Miss Lockhart's

own good that he sought to create some occupation for her, and to interest her in her little garden. He was always very respectful to her, and never encouraged her to forget, as *she* was often inclined to do, the distance between their ranks in life.

It was not long, however, before the vigilant Lady Liliass found out that Jessy held longer conversations with Donald Munro than was necessary for obtaining information respecting the culture of her flowers; and though she did not suppose that a Lockhart could condescend to entertain any penchant for a person in Donald's humble position, she felt that Archy must appear to great disadvantage compared even to a good-looking and intelligent gardener. She accordingly determined to lose no more time in bringing about the marriage on which she had set her heart. That she was dooming her unfortunate charge to misery did not cost her one pang. She wanted Jessy's money to improve the property, and Jessy herself to be the wife of the awkward booby, whose deficiencies, she well knew, would prevent his ever being accepted by a member of any respectable family.

Her first care was to obtain Archy's consent. She found him very unwilling to agree to her proposal. Not that he disliked his cousin—he admitted that she was “a bonny bit lassie”—but he had a great objection to marrying; for, doubtless remembering how his mother had domineered over his father, he declared his belief that all husbands were hen-pecked, and all wives viragoes. If he married, he was quite convinced he would not be able “to call his head his own.” Lady Liliass smiled at the value he put upon that brainless commodity, but endeavoured to reassure him as to his rights. Jessy, she said, would and *should* be entirely at his orders; he should have more pocket-money if he consented to marry, and she would buy the new pony for him he had so long been wishing. The pony and the pocket-money carried the day, and Archy agreed to enter into the bonds of matrimony.

Lady Liliass found her niece more refractory. Jessy, albeit her fear of that dignified lady, plucked up spirit enough to refuse to marry her cousin. It was impossible, she declared. “She would not, could not consent to such a sacrifice; she would rather go back to the boarding-school in London.” But Lady Liliass returned to the charge again and again. Poor Jessy was of a soft and yielding disposition, and when her aunt told her that, as a young unmarried woman, she could not enter into society without a chaperone, and there being no one to undertake that office, she might linger on for years and years at Craig Luce until she became an old maid, whereas, if she married Archy, she would be able to mix with the world and partake of all its amusements, her opposition became fainter and fainter, until at length, by false promises, Lady Liliass carried her point. The deluded girl was united to her half-witted cousin, and his wicked mother triumphed in her success.

She allowed the young couple to make a wedding tour, and to spend a few weeks in the Scottish capital: she then thought it was time to clip their wings, and recal them to the castle, for it was no part of her plan to let them escape from under her jurisdiction. Jessy, indeed, wished to rebel, but Archy had been too long accustomed to obey implicitly his mother's commands to venture on disputing them; and, moreover, the strong influence of habit made him wish to return to his home. Jessy

thought of running away from her husband and his tyrannical mother—but whither could she go? She had no relations or friends—no one to countenance her; so with a heavy heart she went back to her gloomy prison.

If Jessy had been unhappy before her marriage, she was still more discontented and wretched now, for the light of hope was extinguished in her mind. Bitterly did she lament her own folly in allowing herself to be chained to such a creature as her cousin Archy. Intensely did she hate Lady Liliās, and her naturally sweet temper became soured by her many trials. To her aunt she was distant and sullen, to her husband contemptuous and often cross. Archy saw how changed she was, but it did not give him much annoyance; he solaced himself by drinking more freely than ever, and he had always been inclined to the vice of drunkenness.

About this time Donald Munro, Jessy's humble friend, married a young woman who had been a dressmaker at Wigton, and the flirtation, for such it was on Jessy's part, which had helped to break in a slight degree the tedium of her life, could not be carried on so vigorously. Another event, however, happened soon after the gardener's wedding, which made very great changes at the castle.

One evening when, as usual, gloom was on every countenance, and stillness, unbroken save by the sound of the winds and waves, reigned within that cheerless mansion, two gentlemen, accompanied by a servant, applied at the gate for admission. They were going from England to the Highlands of Scotland, and had taken a circuitous route to see this wild part of the country. The roads in the neighbourhood of Craig Luce were bad; driving perhaps carelessly, they had been overturned; both were bruised, but one was much more injured than the other. The least hurt was Lord Angus, a young Scotch nobleman, and a distant relation of Lady Liliās by her father's side. He claimed her hospitality for himself and his friend, and Lady Liliās exerted herself to receive them courteously, nor did she think it necessary to prevent Jessy from assisting in doing the honours of the castle.

Much shocked were both the guests to find so beautiful a young woman as Jessy thrown away upon such a miserable creature as Archy; and they were still more surprised when Lord Angus called to mind that her father had left her a considerable fortune. She was the theme of their discourse after the ladies had retired to rest, Mr. Latimer declaring he had half a mind to run away with her when he recovered from the effects of his accident, and Lord Angus vowing that had he known such a gem was under the charge of his old cousin, Lady Liliās, he would have besieged the castle, made the fair Jessy Lady Angus, and taken comfortable possession of her golden stores. Both agreed that Lady Liliās was a cunning and wicked old fox to sacrifice such a sweet girl to her ugly idiot of a son. But by what magic had she achieved this sacrifice? That puzzled them.

Poor Jessy's dreams that night were tinged with romance—a knight-errant and his faithful squire had arrived to deliver her from bondage. Lady Liliās was condemned to imprisonment in the dungeon-keep beneath the castle, and placed in the custody of Donald Munro, who appeared equipped in armour, with a shield and helmet, among the lofty plumes

of which floated a lock of her own beautiful hair. Archy was compelled to divorce her, and was carried off to be shut up in a monastery of La Trappe; while she herself, in a garment of silver tissue, with a diamond coronet resting on her brow, was led to the altar by the knight, who turned out to be a prince in disguise!

From these vagaries of sleep she awoke to the pleasant reality that there were two agreeable strangers in the house, whose society she might enjoy, unchecked even by the odious Lady Lillias. Happy days these were for the poor recluse! She constituted herself Mr. Latimer's chief nurse, and never left his sofa except for a walk or a ride with Lord Angus, who speedily drew from her the history of her wrongs. He said all he could to console her; assured her that Archy would soon drink himself underground; and promised that he would then get his sister to invite her to her house, and, once introduced into good society, she would be certain to make a brilliant marriage, for everybody liked pretty young widows. Lord Angus did not add—what he thought—"and rich ones."

Lord Angus loitered eight or ten days at the castle; then finding that it might be some time before Mr. Latimer would be able to travel—at least so said Latimer, and the doctor did not contradict him—and having a large party invited to join him at his Highland abode, he took his departure, with many protestations of gratitude to Lady Lillias for her kindness, and many apologies for still imposing his English friend as a guest on her.

Time flew on, yet still Mr. Latimer remained at the castle as if it had been his home. He was now quite well—he could no longer assume to be an invalid—what caused him thus to prolong his stay? Had that question been asked of Jessy Lockhart, her heart would have answered—*love*; Had it been asked of truth, the answer would have been—*sin*. Mr. Latimer found Jessy beautiful, artless, and affectionate, and he did not scruple to take advantage of her misplaced confidence in him. It was a pleasant little episode in his life, nor was his object very difficult of attainment, for the young dame of the castle was not fortified against his seductions by much strength of principle. At first their intimacy was carried on with a good deal of caution, and Lady Lillias having been confined to her room by illness for some time, they had not her lynx eyes upon them. But when she got better, she soon perceived enough to arouse her suspicions. She watched them stealthily, but closely, and it was not long before conviction forced itself on her mind. Dire was her wrath at the discovery, and eagerly did she pant for revenge upon the smiling traitor who had brought ruin and disgrace into the family, under whose highly honourable roof he had been received with so much hospitality.

"My son must take vengeance on the miscreant!" she exclaimed to herself. "Half idiot as he is, he will surely feel such dishonour."

Archy generally kept very much out of his mother's way, but she knew his haunts, and she intercepted him one day as he was making for a cottage where a rustic beauty resided of whom he was a great admirer.

"Archy, stop, I wish to speak to you," she said.

"If you're going to gie me a screed about the kirk, mother, it's no use: the minister may say what he likes, but I'm not going to put my foot in the kirk." And the poor fool endeavoured to assume a very

courageous look, though his eyes quailed beneath his mother's blazing glance.

"It is not about the church that I want to speak to you; go to it, or stay from it as you please. I wish to speak to you about your wife—about that wretched Jessy."

"Oh—ay! Jessy. Well, I can't help if she's wretched; *you* made her so, not me. I ken very well that she'd rather hae married Donald the gardener than me; and I'm sure I'd rather hae married Bessie down yonder. She's worth fifty Jessys."

"Archibald! that miserable Jessy has played you false: she has taken up with yon villain of an Englishman, whom, to our misfortune, my cousin, Lord Angus, brought here. That base betrayer must not go unpunished; you must revenge your wrongs."

"How?" asked the injured husband, very calmly.

"Need I tell you? You must horsewhip him soundly—you must kick him out of the house, and then shoot him as you would shoot a mad dog."

"Ay, must I? That's easy said, mother, no so easy done," replied Archy, with a broad grin. "Two people can play at that game. Do you think now, my leddy, that yon English chiel is going to stand, like a blind, auld, mangy cur, for me to beat him, and kick him, and shoot him? Hoot, no! I'll be the one that'll be beaten, and shot too; and I'm not going to give *my* life for any Jessy."

"Archy, think of the disgrace—the dishonour cast upon our name!"

"But look here, mother—if you'll just keep your tongue quiet," said Archy, who was waxing bold in his colloquy with Lady Lillas, "and no be screeching about it, who's to know it? They won't tell upon themselves. I'll not say a word even to Bessie; and where will the disgrace be then?"

"Oh, fool—fool! Despicable craven!" cried Lady Lillas, wringing her hands in despair. "Can there be a drop of *my* blood in *your* veins?"

"Of course not," replied Archy, with a wise look. "How could it come there? I've got my own blood in my veins, and I'm no going to have it spilled for any havers about disgrace."

"Oh, Hector! my noble Hector! would that you had lived to have sustained the honour of our now fallen house—our ancient name!" exclaimed Lady Lillas, in great agitation. Then turning once more to her living son, she said, "Young man, will nothing induce you to punish the Southron scoundrel as he deserves?"

"Nothing!" replied Archy, doggedly. Any allusion to his brother always offended him, for he well remembered how differently, as children, they had been treated.

"Then a woman's hand shall do the deed!" hissed Lady Lillas, as her features assumed a determined and fiendish expression. Her look absolutely frightened Archy, who slunk away; and when he had got to the distance of a few paces from his mother, began to stride rapidly across the field, as if to escape her terrific presence.

"She'll murder that man," he muttered to himself, when he stopped to take breath. "But that's nae business of mine. I'll keep out of her way though, for fear she murders me too, now she's got the deil in her. Oh, but she's an awfu' woman, yon!"

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.*

QUAINT and *recherché* is this handsome volume, outside and in. The fine old-fashioned type, the accurately copied old engravings, the fantastic head-pieces and tail-pieces, the matter of the book and the manner of the man, all are in excellent keeping. If all the fun of the fair is inside, there is an under-current of grave beneath the gay. Mr. Morley—as previous works of his have notably attested—is contemplative philosopher as well as industrious compiler. And, indeed, by any historian unaddicted to the moralising mood, a record of Bartholomew Fair, or Coventry Fair, or May Fair, or Vanity Fair, or any other, would be unendurable in a thickset demy octavo.

The memorials of a national institution must always be attractive to students of national life and character. And a national institution once was Bartholomew Fair, though now dead and gone, and that without leaving one decent mourner to bewail it with a *Why did ye die?* In its early days it had the form of a religious gathering. That lost, it still flourished as a gathering-place for traders; and then also, and long afterwards, as a means of popular amusement; and its historian's design indirectly is to show, how, as knowledge advanced and refinement spread, better enjoyments than it could offer drew away from it, beginning from above, class after class, till such pleasure as it was in its nature to afford became a true thing only to the lowest. "When, even to these, there were offered and made acceptable purer sources of enjoyment, Bartholomew Fair no longer represented any living truth; and as it had long ceased to be a place of worship or a haunt of trade, so, also, it was outgrown by the people as a haunt of pleasure. Therefore, become worthless in its last possible form, it has, in our own time, vanished from the midst of London."

The story of the Fair shows it to have been, says the author, as truly as the House of Commons, part of the Representation of the English People; not, indeed, its Lower, but its Lowest House. "When Spain threatened us with an Armada, the monkey of the Fair was taught to show defiance of the King of Spain. When Gunpowder Plot was the topic of the day, it was the great show of the Fair, played to eighteen or twenty penny audiences, nine times in an afternoon. When England broke loose from civil and religious despotism, the Puritan was in the Fair preaching down vanity; and the Cavalier was in the Fair with all the puppets on his side, crying down excesses of religious zeal." And so it went on, the booths presenting a coarse but energetic embodiment, from age to age, of what was uppermost in public opinion—satirising the folly of the day, grossly enough, and glorifying the favourite of the hour, quite as grossly. At one time the incomparable, indomitable, impeccable *King Elizabeth* is made a divinity of; at another, poor, discrowned, dethroned, runaway James the Second is the sport of the groundlings.

* *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair.* By Henry Morley. With fac-simile drawings, engraved upon wood, by the Brothers Dalziel. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

Sir Robert Southwell, in 1685, wrote from Kingsweston to his son in London, a shrewd and sensible letter on the subject of the Fair (which son Ned and his tutor will visit of course), in the middle of which this mark-worthy paragraph occurs: "The main importance of this fair is not so much for merchandise, and the supplying what people want; but as a sort of Bacchanalia, to gratify the multitude in their wandering and irregular thoughts."

Mr. Morley expresses his belief (pp. 423 *sq.*) that the quiet love of what is best called "fun," in which the Englishman stands high above all rivalry, and his quick instinct for the ridiculous, which is a part of it, have been even more serviceable than his patriotism in checking dangerous extravagance, and keeping safe sense uppermost in public writing and in public action. That, in fact, if there had been no spirit of fun in us, we might have gone to ruin in one Revolution; and then, good patriots as we all are, have clashed about the fragments of our constitution in the chaos of a dozen revolutions more. Therefore he looks with no contempt at all the fooleries of Bartholomew Fair.

The jack-puddings are gone, he continues, "but we have still good store of clowns every Christmas, and the nation is the stronger for its power of enjoying them. The 'Humours interspersed' at the Fair with tales of Rome and Babylon, still live in the farces and burlesques which keep us merry at the theatres. We practise ourselves well in laughter over feigned absurdities, and we in the mean time learn to subdue with laughter also real absurdities of life, which, in a nation holding itself to be wiser for its want of foolishness, would prompt only to follies that occasion tears and groans. Then let us not stand aloof magnificently from the nonsense of the Fair. The ludicrous things to be read in the Manifestoes of its Ministers of Pleasure, are in the worthiest sense State Papers to us, if we understand them thoroughly." As State Papers our author deals with them, and constitutes himself a commission to report the result. Which result is no unreadable Blue Book, but these entertaining Memoirs, clad in crimson and gold.

He tells from first to last the story of a Festival which was maintained for seven centuries in England. Of the few popular Festivals, he says (pp. 493-4), that occasion yearly gatherings of strangers in the open streets of one of our great cities, this was the chief. In its humours he shows us the humour of the nation blended with the riot of its mob. Yet when the nation had outgrown it, a Municipal Court with the help of but a few policemen put it quietly away. From Seneca he selects the apophthegm which gives character to his title-page:

Omnia Mors poscit; Lex est, non Pœna, perire.

The origin of modern fairs has by some been referred to the markets of the Romans. But the *nundines* of the Romans, Mr. Morley objects (p. 96), were not fairs, they corresponded in effect to our own weekly market-days. To modern fairs he ascribes a natural and independent origin all their own, and he allows them to be analogous to nothing in the ancient world but the assemblies formed during the celebration of the public games. "There were the Greek church festivals, begetting fairs. Thus, a true fair was associated with the Olympic Games; and we learn from Demosthenes, that all causes relating to the festival of Bacchus

were heard on the spot"—to which custom answers the court of Piepowder in Bartholomew Fair.

In his second chapter, the historian describes how the first fairs were formed by the gathering of worshippers and pilgrims about sacred places, and especially within or about the walls of abbeys and cathedrals on the feast days of the saints enshrined in them. St. Basil, towards the close of the sixth century, complained that his own church was profaned in this manner. Under the Fatimite Caliphs, in the eleventh century, there was an annual fair held even on Mount Calvary. Bishops and abbots encouraged such a flow of profit to their churches and monasteries, and granted licenses to traders—every fair taking the name of the saint whose feast day brought it to life. "There were the fairs of St. James, St. Denis, St. Bartholomew, and at first their duration used to be for the natural period of three days: the day of assembling on the eve of the feast; the feast day; and the day following; when there were farewells to be said to friends, matters of business to further among strangers, and fairings (relics, perhaps, or images of saints, the ancestry of our small figures in gilt gingerbread) to be procured for relatives at home, before the general dispersion of the holiday assembly." The first fairs of modern Europe were long time the chief resorts of trade; and even in the sixteenth century, we are told, there was so little of commercial life in English towns, that stewards of country houses made annual purchases of household stores at fairs that might be a hundred miles distant from the establishment for which they were providing.

Mr. Morley records at full length the rise and progress of the particular fair of St. Bartholomew—its beginning in a grant from Henry I. to his ex-jester, Rayer the Monk, by whom was founded the Priory (afterwards Hospital) named after the same saint—the miracles that gave prestige to this feast and fair—the growth of trade (including sale of men and women) there—the tournaments on Smithfield site—the earliest dramas and first wild-beast show there exhibited—the Piepowder Court therein established—the relations between the fair and the City corporation—its extension into a fourteen days' fair after the Restoration—the attempts to suppress it—its decay as a place of merchandise—its reduction again to three days—and so on, down to its last proclamation by a lord mayor in 1860, and its extinction in 1865. The digressions which branch out from the main subject are numerous, nor does the author decline entering in detail into "collateral issues" by which his narrative may gain in interest, though it may lose in compact unity by these extraneous aids. Wherever a glimpse of something real and striking in history is connected with the annals of the fair, he wisely and forcibly makes the most of it. Thus, on the first day of the fair (the Eve of St. Bartholomew) in 1806, we are called to see the traders and pleasure-seekers, the friars and the jesters, clothiers, tumblers, walkers upon stilts, hurrying across the grass of Smithfield to see an execution under the Elms. "An execution during Fair time on that ancient exhibition ground, was entertainment rarely furnished to the public; for the Church forbade, among other work, fulfilment of a sentence of the law on any holy day of festival, and a Fair was a Saint's holiday. But on this occasion, law was eager to assure the execution of its vengeance. The redoubtable Wallace, hero of the Scottish people, had been taken. The rugged patriot,

strong of heart and strong of hand, had been brought to London in his chains the day before the Fair was opened, and on the day of the opening of the Fair was arraigned and condemned at Westminster as a traitor, and without even a day's respite, at once sent to his death. Under the Elms, therefore, in Smithfield, stood all the concourse of Bartholomew Fair, when William Wallace was dragged thither in chains at the tails of horses, bruised, bleeding, and polluted with the filth of London. The days had not yet come when that first part of the barbarous sentence on high treason was softened by the placing of a hurdle between the condemned man and the mud and flint over which he was dragged. Trade in the Fair was forgotten while the patriot was hanged, but not to death; cut down, yet breathing, and disembowelled. Mummers and merchants saw the bowels burnt before the dying hero's face, then saw the executioner strike off his head, quarter his body, and despatch from the ground five basket-loads of quivering flesh, destined for London, Berwick, Newcastle, Aberdeen, and Perth. Then all being over, the stilt walkers strode back across the field, the woman again balanced herself head downwards on the points of swords, there was mirth again round the guitar and tambourine, the clothiers went back into the churchyard, and the priest perhaps went through a last rehearsal with the man who was to be miraculously healed in church on the succeeding day." If the body of this extract is true ghastly-graphic, the concluding hit is thoroughly like the author of a *Defence of Ignorance*, when the *humour* of irony is strong within him, and oozes out at the finger-ends that guide his pen.

Another glimpse we have of Smithfield horrors—in the martyrdom, for instance, of Anne Ascue and others. "She was burnt in Autumn, and the ground must have been still black with the ashes of that Christian heroine, over which the dogs danced, and the devil in the miracle play jested, not very many days later at Bartholomew Fair." It was on a parcel of ground outside the Priory gates, and occupied by the tumblers and mummers and merry-andrews of the Fair, that the martyr-fires, in Henry the Fourth's reign and afterwards, were usually kindled.

When Bartlemy was in its prime, princes of the blood royal, and the highest nobles of the realm, would assist at its festivities. In the eighteenth century we find a "*Wonderfull Tall ESSEX WOMAN*" has the "Honour to shew herself before their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales," afterwards King George II. and Queen Caroline, "and the Rest of the Royal Family, with great applause." A paragraph in the *Daily Post* of August 30th, 1732, informs us that "Yesterday the Prince and Princesses went to Bartholomew Fair, and saw Mr. Fielding's celebrated Droll called the *Earl of Essex* and the *Forced Physician*, and were so well pleased as to stay to see it twice performed." The *Forced Physician* is, of course, Fielding's adaptation of Molière's *Médecin malgré lui*,—indeed Molière seems to have gone off well in more than one of his broader pieces, as Englished for the occasion by Henry Fielding, in whose booth it was, by-the-by, that Mrs. Pritchard made a sensation, and first took the town by storm. The prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, is said to have been a constant

visitor at the Fair. In the previous century it was resorted to, and described, not only by a Pepys and such-like gentlemen at large, but by a serious John Evelyn, and a hard-headed John Locke. Lady Rachel Russell's titled sisters go to the Fair, and bring her home fairings, and wonderful tales, no doubt, of the wonders there to be seen. Monsters had long been the rage among British fair-goers, as Shakspeare pun-
 gently bears witness by the mouth of Trinculo, when that witling lights on the prostrate form of Caliban, and is puzzled what to make of that nondescript creature: "Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Among the early attractions of the Fair in this department, the year after the Great Fire presents the following "WONDER OF NATURE," at Mr. Croome's, at the sign of the Shoe and Slap, near the Hospital Gate in West Smithfield—to wit, "A Girl, above Sixteen Years of Age, born in Cheshire, and not above Eighteen inches long, having shed the Teeth seven several Times, and not a perfect Bone in any part of her, only the Head; yet she hath all her senses to Admiration, and Discourses, Reads very well, Sings, Whistles, and all very pleasant to hear. GOD SAVE THE KING." The Thomasina Thumb of the day lacked not her Barnum, it seems, even in the year of grace 1667. Mr. Morley observes that the Kings and Queens of Europe in the years before and after 1700, shared in the taste of all classes for men who could dance without legs, dwarfs, giants, hermaphrodites, and scaly boys—a taste which still lingers among uncultivated people in the highest and the lowest ranks of life, but which in the reigns of William and Mary, or Queen Anne, was almost universal. "The taste for Monsters became a disease; of which the nation has in our own day recovered with a wonderful rapidity in presence of events that force on the development of all its powers. Bartholomew Fair is gone, and there are few English boys who now would care to see the giant under whose arm it pleased Charles the Second to walk." Handbills and broadsheets of the period make us acquainted with, now a Double Child without a nose, and with a mouth beneath the chin, and "other yet more wonderful peculiarities"—now "the Northumberland Monster," born to Jane Paterson of Dodington (1674), having the Head, Mane, and Feet of a Horse, with the rest like a man, which, immediately after birth, was scalded to death by advice of the schoolmaster of the town—now "two Girls joined together by the Crown of their Heads," and therefore unable ever to "go, sit, or stand"—now a Two-Headed Child—now (for sixpence apiece) a Monster "Humane upwards, and Bruit downwards, wonderful to behold"—now a "Living Fairy, supposed to be a Hundred-and-Fifty years old, . . . having no Scull, with several Imperfections worthy your Observation"—now a "man-child having in his right eye the words Deus Meus, and the same written in Hebrew in his left eye"—now (poor wretch!) "a Mail Child with a Bear growing on his Back alive"—now "a strange Monstrous Female Creature that was taken in the woods in the Deserts of ÆTHIOPIA in Prester John's Country." Then again, after the Revolution, the ex-

hibitors at the Fair announce "a Man with one Head and two distinct Bodies, both Masculine"—a Changeling, aged Nine Years and more, not above eighteen inches high, the whole Anatomy of whose Body you might see by setting it against the Sun, without teeth, yet "the most voracious and hungry Creature in the World, devouring more Victuals than the Stoutest Man in England"—"a Woman having Three Breasts," having a daughter similarly endowed—a Child with "three Leggs" and "sixteen Too's"—a "Woman with two Heads one above, the other," &c. &c. &c., not in *sæcula sæculorum*, but down to the days of Mies Biffin and Master Vine.

The wild-beast shows were of a less exceptionable character. The exhibition of rare animals appears, indeed, to have been confined to the Wombwells and Atkinsons of the time. Sir Hans Sloane studied in Bartholomew Fair, and had drawings taken of the denizens of the menagerie.

A prominent place is given in these Memorials to the theatrical doings of most ancient Bartlemy. "In fairs, the manliest form of modern imaginative literature, the dramatic, had its origin"—our playhouse being an offshoot from the Church, our Wigans and Comptons and Keeleys the lineal descendants of the Father Peters and Father Johns who performed in miracle plays, and mysteries, to crowded houses (at church). We cannot accompany the chronicler along so extensive a route; suffice it so say he supplies the curious with all they need care to know about Fair dramas, from times long previous to the countryman's "Ancient Song of Bartholomew,"

Their zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
The heart of a very fine man-a;
Here's patient Grisel here, and fair Rosamond there,
And the History of Susanna,—

down to the gorgeous spectacles and thrilling melodramatic romances of Richardson and his rivals.

The pickpocket is demonstrably an attaché to St. Bartholomew's Smithfield corps-d'élite. The first man who has "taken the trouble to describe what he saw" at the Fair, is one Paul Hentzner, a German tutor, who visited it in 1598, and who, in the course of his narrative, mentions that "while we were at this show, one of our company, Tobias Salander, Doctor of Physic, had his pocket picked of his purse, with nine crowns, which, without doubt, was so cleverly taken from him by an Englishman, who always kept very close to him, that the Doctor did not perceive it." This always keeping very close to him on the part of the Englishman reads just like a bit of evidence from to-day's *Times*, before Sir Robert Carden at the Mansion House or Mr. Henry at Bow-street. Ben Jonson's famous comedy—of which an analysis is furnished in this volume—takes due account of the "light-fingered gentry," and their share of the spoils in Ursula's booth. The oldest of the extant tracts (1641) professing to describe the Fair, speak of it as "full of gold and silver drawers: Just as Lent is to the fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Fair to the pickpocket; it is his high harvest, which is never bad, but when his cart goes [Tyburnia way] up Holborn." Sir Robert Southwell com-

memorates the same fraternity. Monsieur Sorbière (in 1698) says, "Knavery is here in perfection, dextrous Cut-purses and Pickpockets." In the eighteenth century, Smithfield got to be hemmed in by regions, "black with neglected ignorance, in which were some of the most famous haunts of London thieves." It is noticeable that in 1798, a pickpocket, caught in the Fair, protested to the City Marshal that he "got a very honest living by buying and selling bad shillings." In 1807 a gang of children was brought to justice at Guildhall, one of whom, aged ten, turned king's evidence, and showed that the associates, fourteen in number, disposed of their plunder (including toys, stolen *not* to play with) through a sausage-selling Fagin, with the Christian misnomer of William Perfect.

Pocket-picking was but one item, and far from the heaviest, in the black catalogue of the Fair's bad deeds. Centuries ago the Fair was denounced, by no puritans either, as the "scandalous nursery of all vices, vanity, and villany." Grand Juries began to present it as a nuisance. Pulpit and press dealt in warnings against its pestilent effect—its flagrant profligacy—its gross inducements to lewdness and debauchery. Scores of offenders were convicted, but the multitudes that escaped the constable's eye, much more the magistrate's sentence, must have been shamefully great. By George the Third's time, though decency might still visit the Fair to buy toys, and look at its presentable outside, its recesses had become too dark for any creditable visitor to explore, "and showmen were left to discover, that an ignorant and vicious rabble was the public by whose pleasure they must live." At the beginning of the nineteenth century, "all that was vile in London held its revel at the expense of much that was respectable." In September, 1815, forty-five cases of felony, assault, &c., committed in the Fair, were heard in one morning at Guildhall. "Wiser men than that rude enthusiast," Boat-swain Smith, "longed for the release of London from a yearly riot of iniquity." Where there's a good will there's a way, longer or shorter, rougher or smoother. Accordingly the desired release was at length accomplished, and a happy release it was. Old Bartlemy, with all its lions, went off like a lamb.

MY FRIEND PICKLES;

AND SOME SOCIAL GRIEVANCES OF WHICH HE DESIRES TO COMPLAIN.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

VII.

AROUND THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

I, FOR one, am anxious to raise my voice against a new and odious practice which is gaining ground among our modern writers—particularly in the newspapers and magazines—of running down all our hearty old English feelings and sentiments. The “fine old English gentleman,” for instance: they either caricature this noble specimen of the *genus homo*, or ignore his existence altogether. He was a low, vulgar, swearing, fox-hunting, wine-bibbing fellow, say they; Sir Roger de Coverley is a mere shell made up by Addison and Steele—there was never any fish in it: or if there were, it was coarse, and smelt horribly strong. I have faith in him, nevertheless, and I have liked him much better since I came in contact with the specimens of our improved civilisation, who are taking his places of authority and filling them in an upstart, purse-proud, overbearing, and tyrannical style. Many of our modern periodical writers, however, are never so happy as when they are trying to make out that everything is a sham; Shakspeare was a sham—Sir Walter Scott an impostor! Historic doubts and a maudlin scepticism are the rage. My friend Racketter knows a gentleman who is writing a work to prove that Alexander Pope was a rollicking fellow of six feet, and wrote all that appeared under the name of Addison, no such person having in reality existed. Sham, counterfeit, tinsel, conventionalism, humbug, bosh, impostor, are the favourite words of their vocabulary: honour, loyalty, British bull-dogs, the Englishman who can thrash six Frenchmen, the gun that said,

Load me well, and sponge me clean,
And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green,—

all these they laugh to scorn. Losing all our self-respect in this way—say self-love and self-glorification if you will—we are in danger of becoming a set of drivellers who will some day cry “peccavimus” to the world, and scream out, “There, don't hit us, gentlemen; we are too polished a people for fighting!”

But the most disgusting thing is that the funny writers whom the newspaper and magazine proprietors hire to write a funny commentary, and supply funny letterpress to the funny pictures of Kenny Meadows, Phiz, M'Connell, and the other funny fellows who draw such very pretty girls that Mrs. Pickles says they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for you never see such in real life—the men who are set to work to write a jolly, rollicking column or two about our plum-puddings and snapdragon, have got into a way, of late years, of beginning by proclaiming Christmas to be a solemn farce. No one is jolly, they declare: it is all nonsense and moonshine. We are trying hard to persuade ourselves that

we are merry, but it won't do. Are we not nipped up with cold? are not our fingers covered with chaps, and our feet with chilblains? have we not caught a villanous cold, and has not the doctor prohibited our tasting so much as a glass of wine? Are not our water-pipes frozen, or, worse still, burst? isn't the snow coming in at the roof? Isn't there *something* to be miserable about? If not, remember what a lot of bills there will be to pay next week, or how the turkey was overdone by just one turn. It's all nonsense: Christmas is a nasty, cold, cheerless, season, and the people who try to make themselves and others believe it isn't, are all humbugs!

Christmas amusements, i'faith! Fine amusements for rational beings! And away they cut right and left at the pantomimes, denouncing them with might and main as childish. Childish! why, of course they are! Can't we all be happy, laughing children once a year, and enjoy them? No! we must have classical spectacles, and extravaganzas with political allusions, that the little things—happy children!—can't understand, or pieces written with a high moral purpose that they go to sleep over.

"But then," whine these Pharisees, "think of the poor, who have no Christmas—the poor in the streets!"

Here I join issue. If it were not for Christmas, would the paupers in the workhouses ever taste roast beef and plum-pudding—would Dives of a moderate degree ever send his five shillings in postage-stamps to Arrow-street Police-court, or Rubicundus wax charitable enough to contribute to the Refuge for the Houseless? It is Christmas (and in too many instances *only* Christmas) that evokes our Christian sympathies, and thereby proves itself a Christian institution. What do you do towards it, Grumbler? Is it well to chill our Christmas enthusiasm?

What pleasure these gentlemen can derive from demolishing the harmless but happy fallacies (if, indeed, they be so) which we have been trusting to from childhood—which lighted up our early years, and shed a ray of evening sunshine upon our last ones—I can't conceive. But I deny the truth of their assertions. I maintain it's only their digestions out of order, or their minds out of original ideas. There's my friend Racketter, for instance, he wrote the Christmas article of the *Weekly Visitor*—and a precious unwelcome visitor he made it for Christmas time—a grumbling, discontented, cold-striking visitor, that stopped the merry laugh, and damped the jovial spirits of many a Christmas fireside. But I know how it was: he lives all alone in London—that is, all alone out of his set, and they are all men in chambers; he has not a household or a family among his circle (even Mrs. Pickles puts off the day when I am to ask him to come and dine with us); and he has to stay in town to look after the pantomimes, so cannot go and spend the holidays in the paternal cabin at Mullockabar. And there he sat, in that dismal old room at Gray's Inn, with no plum-pudding to cut into, concocting his manifesto against the Christmas of merry circles, and blowing out all their Christmas candles. Well, he's to be pitied, perhaps, but why write at all about the season if only to tell us it's a sham? We don't find it so! Picking (and stealing sometimes) the plums, stirring the pudding playing kiss-in-the-ring and hunt-the-slipper to please the children, surrounded by the ringing laugh of childhood freed from school—is there any harm in this, Mr. Thomas Racketter or Mr. Bilious Briefless? Better sit

down in that sombre old room of yours, and tell us a ghost story of the spectre client who haunts it still, or the goblin in wig and gown who hovers about its staircase. If you can't be funny, hold your tongue, but pray don't be so dismal. Mrs. Pickles cheers up at Christmas: and, after the anxiety about the turkey and the pudding, which has been consuming her for the last week, is relieved by every one pronouncing them excellent, she sends out some almonds and raisins to her old enemy in the kitchen, and draws into our circle round the fire, and joins in the children's forfeits, laughingly chides me as a silly old fellow when I tell the story of our courtship or our honeymoon, and then rings for candles, and piles up her halfpence, to try her luck withal at the royal game of goose, laughs till the tears roll down her cheeks when she gets into the maze or the gaol, and throws into the pool her last halfpenny to get out again. And such mistakes as she makes in counting the dice! and in a state of breathless suspense, wanting only two of the game, is sure to throw three, and has to begin again; and how we laugh at her—and the old girl takes it all in good part, and begins at one, with a dead certainty of getting into the maze and gaol again. Lord bless you, Mr. Briefless, you're suffering from enlargement of the mind!

I am no advocate for riotous gatherings or tumultuous departures at six o'clock A.M.; nor do I sympathise with the solitary soaker who keeps Christmas by himself and crawls up to bed on all fours. I don't altogether approve of the conduct of my next door neighbour, Mr. Jolly, who holds a comfortable situation under government, and receives eight hundred a year for attending a room with a nice Turkey carpet and gilt screen, from ten to four, reading the *Times*, and taking the glass of sherry and sandwich which another public servant, who is paid a hundred and fifty pounds a year to wait on him and two other gentlemen in adjoining rooms, brings him in at one o'clock. Mr. Jolly is a bachelor of sixty, with an alarming tendency to apoplexy, and a yearning fondness for the good things of this world.

"Fine weather, Mr. Pickles," said he, over the garden wall the other day.

"It is indeed," I replied, "and I think we shall get some frost for Christmas."

"I hope so," he rejoined, rubbing his hands; "that's the style—a sharp frost abroad and a bowl of punch at home—eh, Mr. Pickles, eh? I do love Christmas, but I'm obliged to be very cautious, you see, for my doctor says my life may hang on a glass more or less. However, Christmas is an exception, or must be made one, so I lay in a dozen Seidlitz powders, half a pound of salts, and twelve fine, fresh, lively leeches, to be prepared against all emergencies, and then I—I go it!"

No, it was not an agreeable picture, that solitary being shutting himself up and enjoying himself in this reckless fashion alone: Christmas must be shared with others, or it is no Christmas after all. We muster over a dozen every year. There are myself and my wife and my wife's second husband—I mean my wife's sister's second husband and *his* wife, and my five children and their three children, and an orphan niece of mine that never had any father or mother as far as is known, poor little thing! She is very small—not so big as our Sarah Jane, although two years older—but my wife is very kind to her, and I put her to school, because she is.

so like me when I was a young man, they say; and that poor, good, plain, relationless girl the governess, the daughter of my poor old lost friend Throatstrong, who at last drank himself to death in opposing me (*he* called it competition, poor fellow), and—my grandmother! You will hardly believe it, I dare say, but it is true; my grandmother—ninety-eight, and (once a year) in a brocaded satin of '98 that would stand alone—never at Christmas time alluding to the way things were done in when she was young (which she has a nasty habit of doing at other seasons), nor dropping objectionable reminders as to how her poor dear son, my deceased father, stuck to his business till the day of his death, for people didn't think of retiring in those days—yes, there she sits with three children on her knee going a steeple-chase to Banbury-cross! Now, our sports and games may be very silly and childish, but, Lord! I ask again, can't we be childish once a year without a pert, priggish young barrister walking in and telling us we're a parcel of fools? I know well enough that there is a sour bachelor concealed in that Christmas supplement, and under cover of Mr. Meadows's holly and mistletoe borders, who has just taken his solitary rump-steak at the Cheshire Cheese, which don't agree with him, and who has nowhere to go to spend his Christmas, and is dying to say to us, "It's all bosh and nonsense, my dear sirs and ladies; you're not enjoying yourselves—it's all conventional humbug!" Ask the children—aren't *they* enjoying themselves? Ask Mr. Dickens if his friends didn't enjoy themselves at Dingley-dell? If we don't, there must be something the matter with the times, for Christmas is a hearty English season; and we'll laugh, and sing, and dance, and play forfeits, and eat plum-pudding and mince-pies, and give extravagant prices for turkeys, and buy the fattest of beef that cannot be eaten; and slide if there is ice, and draw the curtains and be jolly if it rains, and have a jorum of egg-hot on Christmas-eve, and a bowl of punch on Christmas-day. All this we'll do in right merry style at Turtledove Villa, in spite and defiance of all the funny writers of Gray's Inn or Grub-street!

They should see Mrs. Pickles for a month before Christmas, surrounded with great pans and little children, who are helping her in their own way with the plums; they should see me at top of a pair of steps, my legs held by Sarah Jane lest I should turn giddy, arranging an ever-green arch across our hall, after a peculiar Gothico-general design of my own, surmounted by the word "Welcome," in silver letters—a perfect marvel of calligraphy; the children helping *me* now, for mamma is chopping the suet, which has no charms; they should see the man staggering up the steps with more holly and more ivy, till he looks like a jack-in-the-green; they should see the air of connoisseurship with which I taste the first brew of egg-hot; the weight of anxiety depicted on my wife's countenance when the pudding is borne in lest it may have broken; they may stand outside the windows and listen to the laughing, and singing, and sounds of mirth (for they shan't come in-doors; I'll have none of them or their funny Christmas numbers), and they'll be convinced they can never hope to undermine Christmas with us!

What if we are a week getting the house to rights again? What if a few plates and dishes *are* broken? What if my head aches a little with—the noise, I suppose? Why, as Mrs. Pickles says—and keeps on

saying up till Twelfth Night, when she puts on her harness, and drives the household coach to its strict time again—"we've enjoyed ourselves this year, at all events, and didn't they *all* enjoy themselves?" (That's the best of it, it's no fun unless every one is happy.) "And, after all, Christmas comes but once a year."

For my part, I wouldn't mind if it came oftener!

VIII.

OUR WINTER CAMPAIGN.

OUR winter campaign has commenced—we are armed to the teeth!

Poor Jolly, next door, has been garotted. His account is very confused, and well it may be, poor fellow! He had been dining with a friend, and, coming home alone, saw a great fellow standing on the kerbstone. It had been raining, and as our paths are new and rather slushy, and the kerbstone the soundest walking, he kept to it, but the fellow would not move off to make way for him, and on his coming up, struck him a tremendous blow on the face. This is all he knows, and certainly poor Jolly was quite insensible when the police brought him home in the morning. It does not appear that he was robbed of anything, and Mrs. Pickles, who is, I am sorry to say, at times rather uncharitable in her surmises, will have it that he had taken too much wine, and run against a lamp-post. My triumphant reply, however, is, how, in that case, could he have walked along the kerbstone? She doesn't know what it is to have taken too much wine, or she would not talk in that way! He has got a terrible gash on his nose and seam across his face, at all events.

The panic first seized us in August, but it was only a false alarm. It was the first day of oysters, and our servant had been out to get some for supper. She is not very correct in her pronunciation—in fact, does not appear to have received a very liberal education; and, on my wife letting her in, she exclaimed, with some show of excitement, "Oh, marm! there's such a big grotter round the corner!"

"A garotter! good gracious!" cried my wife, slamming the door, and putting the chain up. But the mistake was soon explained, and we burglariously entered a great number of oysters' houses in peace.

I have not been garotted yet, nor, indeed, can I well be, for Mrs. Pickles will not let me be out after dark whilst the work lasts; but I shudder to think what might be the consequences to me if I were, with my undeniably short neck!

I confess it is rather startling, when one is sitting over the fire these long winter evenings, to hear the smothered cry of "Police!" outside, as I did only the other night at our very gate. I crept stealthily to the window; I heard the death-struggle; I imagined the grapple at the throat of that poor victim at my garden-gate; and, breaking from Mrs. Pickles, who would have restrained me, I rushed to the door. Ay, poor fellow! there he lay sure enough, with that gurgling sound in the throat which I should say denotes a man garotted. I lift up my eyes and look for the garotter. Whither has he flown? it is bright moonlight, and I can see all around. He must have fallen into one of the gravel-pits, and if so, *Jacet in pace!* say I. So I turn to lift the poor victim—phew!

whew! drunk!—offensively, odiously, and odorously drunk! Rum, beer, gin, tobacco—ugh! Oh, horrible! horrible! This is the only case of garotting that has occurred in our road, and in this case, you see, the victim had garotted himself.

Potter, however, has been really garotted, and there is no doubt about it, for the fellows are taken, and confess it. For many nights he had gone to bed with his boots at the side of it, and his great-coat and hat in the room, for reasons that will be immediately apparent to fathers of families; and the other morning, at two o'clock A.M., had to run out a distance of three miles, in a dreadful fog, to invite an elderly female out of a court to come and take a bed in his house for a month, to partake of the best his house affords, and for whose entertainment he had previously laid in a stock of English spirits and the best tea. It may seem strange to my friends in chambers, but he did, and we all do it sometimes. They did not get much from him though, for he had not stopped to put his money in his pockets, only half-a-crown for a cab back, nor his watch in his fob, nor his ring on his finger; but they knocked him about (poor fellow, I often think he's used to that!), and, ever since, there have been mysterious cookings in our kitchen of jellies and subtle compounds—but they're not for Mr. Potter—and innumerable inquiries sent after the health—assuredly not of Mr. Potter! But all his cry, I am told, is, "Bother the children!" Silly fellow, as if it were children who garotted him!

But the number of burglaries we have had!—counting alarms and all (for we have only had our washhouse door forced once—to be sure it didn't lock, so it didn't require much force, even if the servant had not left it open, which she *may* have done). About five nights in each week the alarm is raised after this manner:

Mrs. Pickles—"Pickles, are you awake?"

Pickles—"No, my dear; that is, I was not."

Mrs. Pickles (in a confidential whisper)—"There's somebody in the house!"

Pickles—"God bless my soul, my dear, is there?"

I shuffle out of bed, shuffle on certain articles of clothing, and then we arm—arm heavily. I take my life-preserver in one hand and an old pistol in the other (it isn't loaded, for I don't like to handle the gentleman when he is, but the thieves don't know *that*), and my wife follows, with a poker, and a rattle, and the light. And thus we proceed cautiously and stealthily down stairs, peeping into empty rooms, looking behind curtains, poking into dark corners, and (so vigorous in her search has *Mrs. Pickles* become of late) opening the smallest cupboards, and even table-drawers, "for these fellows," she says, "sometimes manage to introduce mere infants into the house in the daytime to let them in at night." And then, as sure as clock-work, when we are in the remotest and most suspicious lowest regions of the house, little Willy is heard screaming at the top of his voice, and away go mamma and light, leaving me to grope my way up again in the dark, with a most extraordinary noise on the stairs above me. I fall over the cat, who is coming down with a cold chicken in her mouth, rush up, and scramble into bed again, chilled to the marrow. And this is a Christian country, and I pay fourpence in the pound for police to protect me! It's really shameful, and I

have written scores of letters to the *Times* about it, varying my signature from "Paterfamilias" to "Suburban," storming as "A Sufferer," or claiming to be heard as "An Englishman;" but the editor refuses them insertion. He's either in league with the thieves, or don't know what it is to look over the house in the middle of a cold night in winter.

We have caused great bolts to be put on the doors, bars to cross them, and iron to line them. The shutters are cased with iron: iron hooping here, sheet iron there; verily, it is the iron age with us! And yet the cry is "More iron! more iron!" We are the most ingenious and persevering inventors of fastenings—every one of them deserves a patent. Uneasy thoughts sometimes cross my mind as to how we should get out in case of fire; and, in addition to all, we have bells hung on to every door and shutter in the house. These are sometimes causes of vague apprehensions, and Mrs. Pickles will sometimes say in the middle of the night, "Hush, Pickles, I thought I heard a bell!" And then we lie, holding our breaths, till I am sure I for one am blue in the face, listening for the faintest tinkle-tinkle of an alarm.

Little Willy has caught the infection, and gives us most terrible frights at most unseasonable hours. The other night, when I went up to bed, having been for some time seeing to the fastenings after Mrs. Pickles had retired, I found that good lady quite cataleptic up in the bedroom.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Pickles," said she; "I've had such a start!"

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" I ask, rather nervously.

"There isn't any one there—behind the cheval glass—is there?" she rejoins, without turning her head.

"Lord bless me! I hope not. No, not a soul. Why?"

"Oh, that stupid child! Do you know, when I came into the room, he was standing upright in his crib, and cried out, 'Oh, mamma, there's a man in the corner!'"

As soon as it gets dark, and when one wants to sit for a few minutes before the candles are lighted, looking into the fire, and ruminating, the little urchin is sure to begin: "What's that?" "What's that noise?" "There's a black man coming in!" (A black man, of all others!) My eyes are for ever over my shoulders; and at last the candles have to be brought in.

An especially luminous idea occurred to Mrs. Pickles lately, and we now have lights burning in every bedroom in the house where there are no shutters, for, she says, the thieves will think there's somebody in them—the neighbours will think we keep dreadful hours, or a lodging-house! Moreover, she has half a dozen of my old hats always on the hat-stand in the hall, to convey the impression abroad that there are as many male residents in the house.

But this is not the worst. Once or twice she has said, in her most bewitching tones, "Wouldn't it be nice, now, *when* we can afford it, and the gas-pipes are laid down, to have a lamp in our front garden, and another in our back, so that we could see out of nights?" I have assented, with the variation on her sentence of "Yes, *if* we could afford it;" and so the alarming suggestion rests at present. Why, it would be preposterous! We should be knocked up at all hours of the night by

such drunken revellers as were abroad; who would mistake Turtledove Villa for a house of public entertainment. If these burglaries increase, I'm afraid I shall hear more of it.

And all this trouble, and anxiety, and alarm, is caused by the non-supply of the half-dozen policemen whom we pay for!

Mind, I do not complain of inattention on the part of the police: the single policeman who occasionally comes round is particularly attentive. He is always requesting to be allowed to look at the back, as he saw a suspicious character in the field, or making us feel remarkably comfortable on foggy nights, by advising us to be "on the listen;" or calling to caution us that the clothes were stolen yesterday at a house up the road; or inquiring whether our windows are all secure—and Mrs. Pickles always rewards him with a glass of gin. Sometimes he, too, knocks us up, and when I go down in my dressing-gown and open the door, his lantern nearly blinds my half-shut eyes, as he informs me that he found our gate open. I wish he could shut it without bringing me down stairs.

But of what avail is one policeman with an area of fifty acres, full of hiding-places, to traverse? It is in these outlying, half-finished settlements that the aggressive tribes of the night make forcible entry, not in the blazing high-streets, where you meet Z from 1 to 207 at every step. And yet they pay no greater police-rate in the High-street, or in Prickleton proper, than we do away among the brick-fields and the gravel-pits. I wish the District Parochial Reform Association would take *that* up—or the policeman take it up, as it staggers out of the Turtledove Arms at night.

HORATIAN LYRICS AND PATRICIAN TRANSLATORS.

BORN in an age of poets and philosophers, enriched with the divine gift of genius, and trained in the desire of honour, Horace acquired early in his lifetime that esteem of the great and gifted which has been throughout succeeding ages continued to his works. Gratitude to an emperor and to a patron, no less than ambition to win enduring fame, inspired him, from the first, to seek his laurels in the field of lyric poetry, in which among the Romans he had but one predecessor; and so successfully did he invoke the muse, that writings which were admired in the court of Augustus are studied in that of Victoria, and have for ages helped to form our statesmen and grace our speech, insomuch that Horace, it has been said, may be regarded as a kind of honorary member of the British constitution. His poems show that he had great knowledge of the world, they afford maxims for conduct, and teach contentment and virtue. Embracing an immense variety of subjects, we find those of the lighter kind treated with appropriate gaiety and grace, and those of the graver character recommended by a lofty dignity and strength. Statesmen, prelates and scholars, poets, and men of no poetic temperament, have all endeavoured to naturalise him in our tongue. Milton bent from his Christian sanctities to an ode of Horace; Dryden employed his

masculine vigour on Horatian verse; and now we are indebted to an English nobleman for a most attractive and polished translation of his Odes. Books relating to Horace fill of themselves one of the two thousand folio volumes into which the British Museum catalogue is now growing—such is the extent of Horatian literature. Nearly three hundred years have elapsed since the first attempt was made to translate any of the works of Horace. Forgetting that the translation of such an author should itself be classical, “like an antique or a gem,” we have had him clothed in Elizabethan ruffles and in Georgian tie-wig; and as his unrivalled felicity of expression renders the difficulty of imitating the form even greater than that of finding an equivalent for the sense, we have still had to desecrate a translation which should “convey to the English reader,” to use the words of Lord Ravensworth, “a just idea of the grace and beauty of composition which are almost faultless in the original Latin.”

At this object Lord Ravensworth has aimed in the translations contained in the volume* now before us, and we congratulate the noble author on his success. Horace, when wearied with the public life of Rome, sought refreshment in “the still land of truth and fancy,” and his latest translator, who was long known in parliament before his accession to the peerage, must have devoted to this labour of love no small part of the leisure hours of a not inactive life. Lord Ravensworth has produced a translation that can be read with pleasure, and has given another proof that true poetry may be transfused from one language into another. If the enormous difficulty of conveying in an English form the felicity, the dignity and music, of the polished verse of Horace has necessitated some indulgence in paraphrase, and prevented, except in the case of one noble ode, a translation stanza for stanza of the original, Lord Ravensworth’s translations, at all events, show that the full spirit and meaning of the original may be caught, and even its grace of expression preserved, by a translator of kindred mind.

We should like to give some extracts for the purpose of enabling our readers to judge of the extent to which these translations “convey a just idea of the grace and beauty of composition” of Horace’s Odes, but to do this adequately we must fill more pages than can be devoted to the present notice. We must be content, therefore, to select a few translations which at once afford fine examples of the poet’s philosophy and style of moralising, and show that the *curiosa felicitas* has not eluded Lord Ravensworth’s pursuit. For their fidelity we must refer our readers to the original Latin, the text of which luxuriously faces each translation in this elegant volume.

One of the lyrics which show that Horace was essentially a philosopher, is that eighteenth ode of the Second Book, in which he reproves the luxury and avarice of some of his countrymen, their rapacity and pride, and from his own example commends Contentment, of which pleasing ode Lord Ravensworth gives the following version, the latter part of which is confessedly a paraphrase rather than in the strict sense a translation:

My humble dwelling boasts no rich arcade,
With ivory panelled, and with gold o’erlaid;

* The Odes of Horace. In Four Books. Translated into English Lyric Verse by Lord Ravensworth. Dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. London: Upham and Beet. 1858.

Nor Libyan columns prop the architraves
 Of sculptured marble from Hymettus' caves ;
 Nor do I venture, as a doubtful heir,
 The wealth or throne of Attalus to share ;
 Nor do my clients' honest wives outspread
 For me the mantle of Laconian red.
 Yet here contentment brings a kindly vein
 Of mirth and wit ; nor do the rich disdain
 My humble home : why then should I complain, }
 Or kneel a suppliant at some patron's door,
 Or weary Heaven to grant a larger store ?
 Time rolls his course ; each morning leads to noon,
 Revolving months behold their changing moon,
 Whilst thou, oblivious of the fleeting hour,
 Art founding now a palace at threescore ;
 And—halting upon life's extremest verge—
 Art wont with age's petulance to urge
 Encroachments stretching o'er the Ausonian main
 Displeased on Baïæ's cliffs and Naples' plain.
 What though you level landmarks, and confound
 All ancient limits on your clients' ground ;
 Men, wives, and children from their dwellings torn,
 Their household gods within each bosom borne,
 Unpitied wander from their ruined door
 To beg the succour that they gave before ;—
 And yet, bethink thee that no surer doom
 Awaits the spoiler than the insatiate tomb.
 What wild desires are thine ! th' impartial grave
 Yawns wide alike for tyrant and for slave.
 Death, called or uncalled, welcomed or abhorred,
 Triumphant reigns, an universal lord.
 Death strikes the wise, the wealthy, and the bold,
 Derides their courage and rejects their gold ;
 Steeps in oblivion's stream the mourner's woes,
 And lulls the labourer to a long repose.

In the same spirit are the following stanzas from the tenth ode of the Second Book, which one can imagine the poet writing under the pine-tree sacred to Diana that waved above his villa :

Whoe'er observes the golden mean,
 Enjoys a quiet home
 In sweet security, between
 The pauper's sordid hearth unclean
 And grandeur's envied dome.

The stately pine or giant ash
 Most feel the tempest's shock,
 The lofty towers with direr crash
 Fall down, and oft the lightning's flash
 Shivers the highest rock.

We are much pleased with the noble translator's version of the well-known admonitory ode, "*Equam memento*"—the third ode of the Second Book :

Dellius ! since all are born to die,
 Remember, in adversity,
 To show thyself resigned ;
 Nor less when Fortune's favouring gale
 Impels thy bark with swelling sail,
 Maintain a placid mind.

Whether relentless Care hath cast
 Her gloomy shadows o'er the past,
 Or Indolence and Ease
 Have seen thee woo the vernal wind
 And quaff the purple grape reclined
 Beneath the waving trees;

Where the tall pine and poplar white
 Their mingled foliage unite
 In hospitable shade;
 And where the struggling rivulet
 In rocky channel seems to fret
 Its winding course delayed.

Here bring the perfumes, bring the wine,
 And round thy brow fresh roses twine
 Ere yet their bloom be fled;
 Or ere the Fates, stern Sisters three,
 Have past the immutable decree
 To cut Life's slender thread.

Then must thou leave thy lands and home,
 Thy noble villa's lofty dome,
 And Tiber murmuring nigh;
 Resign thy groves and gardens fair,
 To gratify thy longing heir
 With riches heaped on high.

* * * *

We all must pass that dreaded bourne
 From whence no travellers return,
 And all alike explore,
 Early or late, those regions dark,
 Where Charon plies his fatal bark
 To th' undiscovered shore.

In the same style of moralising is the ode in which the poet addresses
 Sextius on the departure of winter :

Now Cytherea leads the dance,
 And by the quivering moonbeam's glance
 The Nymphs and Graces' quire
 With step alternate brush the dew;
 While Vulcan and the Cyclops' crew
 Stir up their mouldering fire.

And then, true to the Epicurean philosophy, proceeds :

'Tis now the time to wreath our brows
 With woodland myrtle's glossy boughs,
 Or earth's expanding flower;
 And immolate in shady groves
 The lamb or kid that Faunus loves
 As best befits the hour.

Death with the same impartial tread
 Knocks at the beggar's lowly shed
 And shakes the palace gate;
 Ah, favoured Sextius ! life's brief sum
 Forbids long hope of days to come,
 And warns us of our fate.

But as Horace derived from the uncertainty of life a warning to enjoy its pleasures, many of his most celebrated odes are of an amatory character, and of these we select the famous little ode to Chloe, of which we unhesitatingly prefer Lord Ravensworth's version to any previous translation:

You fly me, Chloe! like a vagrant fawn,
Tracing the footprints of its parent deer
Through each sequestered path and mazy lawn,
While woods and winds excite a causeless fear.
For should the aspen quiver to the breeze,
Or the green lizards rustle in the brake,
It bounds in vague alarm among the trees,
Its heart-pulse flutters and its fibres quake.
Yet not as tigers do I follow you,
Or Libyan lion, to destroy your charms;
Then cease to linger in a mother's view,
And learn the rapture of a lover's arms.

Horace, however, like all good and wise men, changes his thoughts with his age, and believes that every stage of life has its proper avocation; and so, when he had attained years at which he thought he should renounce love and gallantry, he wrote that beautiful ode to Venus which begins the fourth book, and of which Lord Ravensworth has given us this pleasing version:

Dost thou again, O Queen of Love!
These long-forgotten transports move?
Spare me, oh spare, I pray!
The winged years relentless pass,
I am not now what once I was
In Cinara's blest day.
Ah, cruel! thy seductions cease,
And leave my fifty years at peace.
Go where the young with blander prayer
Invoke thy seasonable care;
Speed on thy purple wings,
And join the revellers who come
To Paulus' hospitable home,
Inflict on him thy stings;
For noble is the youth, and kind,
And blest with pure and generous mind.
He, richly stored with liberal arts,
Thy chains shall bind o'er captive hearts,
And spread thy trophies wide;
And if he smile, by thee made bold,
Triumphant o'er his rival's gold,
On Lake Albano's side
Thy marble form shall stand portrayed
With beams of cedar overlaid.
Nor shall the mingled strain be mute
Of lyre and Berecynthian flute,
When youths and virgins round,
Led by the Salian priest, shall greet
Thy name, and tread with snowy feet
In choral dance the ground;
While incense, steaming to the skies,
Attests the bloodless sacrifice.

Me, neither gentle woman's love,
 Nor that fond credulous hope can move,
 Which warms each mutual vow;
 No more the jovial task be mine
 To pass around the flowing wine,
 Or wreath with flowers my brow.
 Yet why, Corinna, tell me why
 Do silent tears bedew mine eye?
 Why doth my faltering tongue refuse
 Its wonted eloquence, nor choose
 To express the secret thought?
 While dreams my sleeping hours invade,
 And paint thee through the midnight shade
 A willing captive brought;
 Sometimes pursued o'er dale and hill,
 Sometimes beneath the eddying rill.

We must conclude our extracts with Lord Ravensworth's graceful version of the celebrated ode "*Diffugere nives*"—a composition full of a lofty pensiveness. Here, as in the other versions, no fetters are apparent: the composition has the freedom and the flow of an original production, and approaches what we may suppose the author would himself have written had English been his language:

TO TORQUATUS.

The winter snows have fled, the grassy lea
 Grows green, and foliage decks the tree;
 Earth feels the change, within their banks the rills
 Diminished trickle from the hills;
 With zone unbound, the nymphs and graces dare
 To frolic in the vernal air.
 Do thou take warning from the fleeting year,
 Nor hope for joys immortal here.
 Spring comes, the zephyrs thaw the frozen glade,
 And summer follows, soon to fade;
 Brown autumn sheds his ripened fruit, and then
 The sluggish winter comes again.
 Yet in this changeful system, loss is soon
 Repaired by each revolving moon;
 Herein destruction hath no lasting power;
 While we frail beings of an hour,
 When once we sink into the greedy grave,
 Which swallows up alike the brave,
 The rich, the poor, the mighty, and the just,
 Moulder in ashes and in dust.

Such poems are written for all time; their teachings have lost none of their force; their universality gives them continued life; and English readers are greatly indebted to Lord Ravensworth for clothing the imperishable thoughts of Horace in verses marked by so much refinement and good taste. The noble translator has for ever connected his name with the odes of the Roman poet, and has shown that he, at all events, is a scholar among lords, and more than a lord amongst scholars.

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.*

PREVIOUS to the year 1772 the British army had no corps of mechanics permanently attached to it. Since the formation of a standing force in this country, those of our wars which were not purely naval had been carried on in concert with other powers; so that such a force, when not unnecessary, had been supplied by the resources of our allies. In Great Britain, works of defence were then, as now, so rare, as compared with continental states, that it was considered better economy to have the necessary repairs and alterations executed by civilian contractors and labourers, who worked under the direction of the officers of Royal Engineers. When, however, about the year 1765, the aspect of our relations with Spain became threatening, it was judged advisable to add considerably to the fortifications of Gibraltar. In spite of the wounded pride of its natural owners, this fortress had been in our possession nearly seventy years; nor had the successive failures of frequent attempts to regain it served to reconcile the Spanish government or people to the continued alienation of so valuable a possession. It was evident, therefore, that in case of a rupture, their first and principal attack would be in this direction; and to provide against such an attempt, workmen were being continually employed in strengthening and enlarging its means of resistance. But foreign labourers could not be trusted, and though mechanics from England might be tempted thither by a high rate of wages, their exertions were neither regulated by discipline, nor stimulated by competition. The great expense and uncertainty which any change involved frequently compelled the authorities to continue inefficient men upon the works, and at last the chief engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel William Green, suggested the formation of a corps which should unite the enforced regularity of soldiers with the mechanical skill of civilian artisans. The plan was immediately adopted by the home authorities, and a company was quickly raised in England called the "Company of Soldier-Artificers," and forwarded to Gibraltar; it consisted at first of three sergeants, three corporals, and sixty-eight privates.

The superiority of the new system was very soon apparent, and in '74, '75, and '76, the company was augmented, till in the latter year it contained a hundred and sixteen privates. By their efforts, aided by working parties from the regiments in garrison, the works quickly progressed, and the whole place was put into such a state of defence, that when in 1779 war was declared by Spain, and an immediate attack made upon the fortress, it was enabled to stand successfully one of the severest sieges on record. The details of its defence, by General Elliott, the sufferings of the garrison, and the ultimate destruction of the enemy's batteries, are too well known to need recapitulation. It will be sufficient to say that the soldier-artificers rendered invaluable service in repairing breaches and erecting works. One name ought to be specially mentioned in con-

* History of the Royal Sappers and Miners. By Quartermaster Conolly Second edition. London: Longmans. 1858.

nexion with this siege—that of Sergeant-Major Ince*—to whose suggestion and direction is due the formation of those wonderful galleries and tunnels through the rock, which, though their utility in a purely military point of view has been doubted by authorities of no mean value, must ever remain as lasting memorials of the skill and ingenuity of their inventor. The siege lasted four years, and at the cessation of hostilities in 1783 the town was a heap of ruins. Consequently, the labour of the soldier-artificers became as necessary in rebuilding and repairing as it had been in destroying. Their conduct, also, since the time when they first landed, had been most exemplary; and so popular were they with all classes, that soon after this, when a change of uniform was ordered, the Jews of the place offered at their own cost to substitute gold lace for the yellow worsted ornaments! An offer which of course could not be accepted.

In 1786, the Duke of Richmond, then Master-General of the Ordnance, taking into consideration the defenceless state of the country, laid before parliament some estimates for an extensive system of fortification to be carried out in various parts of the country. The plan, however, was considered an unnecessary expense, and consequently rejected; but a smaller one for strengthening the defences of Plymouth was allowed, and with a view to its execution on the most reasonable terms, the duke proposed to Mr. Pitt to raise six companies of military artificers, similar to, but at the same time independent of, those of Gibraltar. The royal consent having been obtained, a warrant was published October 10, 1787, authorising their formation. The men were readily enlisted, good character being the only necessary qualification, and no absolute standard being required either for age or height. Each company consisted of one sergeant-major, three sergeants, four corporals, and two drummers, with ninety privates, divided into—12 carpenters, 10 masons, 10 bricklayers, 5 smiths, 5 wheelwrights, 4 sawyers, 8 miners, 2 painters, 2 coopers, 2 collar-makers, and 30 labourers.

As might have been expected, their embodiment excited great jealousy among the civilians employed on the government works; and a quarrel having arisen at Plymouth between one of the latter and an artificer, it was so warmly espoused by the partisans of each as very quickly to assume the aspect of a general affray. Nor did the public readily comprehend or easily assent to the terms upon which the new force was raised, for when the Mutiny Act was being passed in the first session of parliament after the organisation of the companies, and was found to include them, the proposal met with the warmest opposition in both Houses, but was eventually carried by large majorities.

In 1793, war having broken out with the Convention, it was determined to despatch a body of the military artificers to the West Indies.

* He was afterwards appointed overseer of the mines at Gibraltar, and in that capacity won the esteem of successive governors of the place. The Duke of Kent, when holding that situation, one day met Ince very badly mounted, and shortly afterwards sent him a handsome charger from his own stables. Meeting him again soon after, mounted as before, the duke naturally asked him why he was not riding his new horse. Ince replied, that being an old man, the horse was too much for him, and begged to be allowed to send him back. "No, no, Mr. Overseer," said the duke, "if he's too good for you, put him into your pocket." A permission which Ince very gladly availed himself of by selling the animal at a very large price.

The proposal caused great dissatisfaction and ill feeling amongst the men. Because the Gibraltar companies had been raised for a local object, those of the later formation believed, or affected to believe, that they were not to be removed from their original position, and that this new order, therefore, was an infringement of the terms of their enlistment. Many of them had wives and families, and all the best workmen had civil occupations, which they had time and permission to attend to besides their military duties. When they discovered their mistake, a large number purchased their discharge, while the more needy or more unscrupulous adopted the speedier method of releasing themselves from their engagements by desertion. The first detachment that started for foreign service consisted of one corporal and seventeen privates, and was divided between Granada and Antigua; but in a few months it was totally cut off by yellow fever. At the same time two companies were sent to join the army then serving in Flanders under the Duke of York, and rendered very valuable assistance at the siege of Valenciennes. One of them was then withdrawn, and was sent to the West Indies, where they served in the expedition under Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey for the reduction of Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe. But again the yellow fever broke out amongst them, as it had amongst their predecessors; and though they were reinforced by a draft sent out under Sir R. Abercrombie to St. Domingo and the Windward Islands, they were very soon reduced to such a small effective number as to be scarcely of any service. A similar fate attended another reinforcement, and in consequence it was determined to send out no more recruits from England, but to supply future vacancies by qualified volunteers from the regiments already acclimatised by service in those parts. In 1795 the second Flanders company returned to England, and was then occupied in the erection and repair of fortifications on the south coast, and for the protection of the Thames.

When, in 1795, a great portion of the army mutinied, and the infection had extended to the fleet at the Nore, the military artificers, except in a few individual cases, remained firm; and Lord Cornwallis, in publishing the order for an increase of pay to the ordnance troops, bore ample testimony to their loyalty. They, in fact, had no grievances to complain of; for, although they received no better pay than the rest of the army, they had in addition working pay when actively employed either at home or abroad, and were allowed to add to their earnings by working at their trades. Yet on other occasions they appear to have found causes for discontent, and to have adopted very similar means for expressing it. The Gibraltar companies, for instance, which were incorporated this year with the other six, had outlived their good reputation, and it was thought expedient to bring them under the more immediate superintendence of the home authorities. During the erection of the fortifications, the siege, and the subsequent rebuilding of the town, the services of the artificers could not be spared from the works; and while thus constantly employed no attention to personal appearance could be expected of them. If they were not faultlessly temperate in their habits and orderly in their behaviour, it was only when the work of the day having been completed some sort of excess, if not really earned, might be not unreasonably expected. But when their occupation as artificers was gone, it was discovered that neither

in appearance nor discipline were they soldiers, and the efforts of the authorities to assimilate them to the rest of the garrison in this respect were received with very considerable dissatisfaction. Nor was this all; for subsequently, when, owing to the adoption by the Duke of Kent, then governor of the place, of some stringent measures for the suppression of drunkenness in the garrison, a mutiny broke out in the Royals and 25th Regiment, the artificers seized the opportunity of manifesting their discontent by joining the mutineers. The outbreak was soon repressed, and some of the linesmen were executed, and several more punished in various ways; but unwilling to forget the extraordinary services of the artificers, and perhaps anxious to conciliate men who, on account of their very utility, were disowned by both soldiers and civilians, the duke not only pardoned them, but granted their principal demand, by ordering that for the future they should be drilled only by their own officers.*

In order to stimulate and assist the opposition of the Porte to the projects of Napoleon in the East, a small force was sent by the Ordnance, under General Koehler, to Constantinople. Having remained some time there, and at Gallipoli, they proceeded to Syria, where they fortified Jaffa and some other places, and eventually accompanied the Ottoman army in its march across the desert to Cairo. On the arrival of Sir R. Abercrombie's force in Egypt, they returned to Malta, and soon afterwards to England, having lost their commander and more than half their number by disease, accident, or privation.

Three years afterwards the fort on Spike Island was erected by one of the companies, and small parties of the corps were attached to Lord Cathcart's Hanoverian expedition, to the force which accompanied Sir J. Craig to Naples, and afterwards to Calabria, and still later to that which finally wrested the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch. But the necessity, which was becoming more and more acknowledged, of having a body of artificers attached to every expedition, rendered it imperatively necessary not only to fill up the vacancies which occurred, but also to augment the total strength of the corps. Volunteering from the line had always been permitted at Gibraltar, and latterly, as we have seen, in the West Indies; but now it became necessary to draw five volunteers from every line and militia regiment at home. Of this plan it is said, "Filling up the corps in this manner was highly prejudicial to its best interests and efficiency, so far as the transfer from line regiments was concerned. Officers of these regiments were naturally averse to parting with their good men, and out of a batch of volunteers the five least reputable in every battalion, unless under extraordinary circumstances, were selected to be transferred. To prevent the reception of such characters, every precaution was taken by the engineers appointed to this duty; but, with all their circumspection, some of the most abandoned characters were passed into the corps. With the different militias, however, this was not the case. All the volunteers were unreservedly

* The reader should constantly bear in mind that there were at this time no commissioned officers belonging to the corps of military artificers. On the works the men were under the direction of the officers of Engineers; but as these could not be spared to superintend the drilling, a "sub-lieutenant" was soon after this period added to each company for that purpose, and his duties corresponded with those usually performed by the adjutant of an ordinary regiment.

surrendered to the recruiting officer, who was at liberty to pick from the number those whom he desired, and subject them to whatever examination he pleased before accepting them. In this way some of the ablest mechanics and many of the best conducted men joined the corps, and their behaviour and usefulness in after service furnished the best test of the advantage derived by receiving volunteers from the militia regiments."

By these means two companies were added, and the old ones somewhat augmented; and it was at this period, also, that three companies were raised at Malta from the natives of the island, and the adjoining parts, for duty in the Mediterranean; two of them being stationary in Malta and Gozo, and the third being attached to such expeditions or garrisons as required its services. The principal reasons for this plan of employing foreigners were probably its greater economy, and the scarcity of English recruits; but Sir C. Pasley does not hesitate to declare* that, as the Gibraltar companies were, from circumstances, the worst in the corps, the detachments formed from them were found so very inefficient that Maltese and Sicilians were preferred for the important service of the engineer department. With these additions the corps now contained seventeen hundred and ninety of all ranks; and from this time its services became more extended. Passing by minor expeditions in various parts of the world, the first great undertaking we find them engaged in was the lines of Torres Vedras, the completion of which occupied a year. At no time were there more than eighteen artificers employed at once upon this work; each man having under his control some hundreds of soldiers and labourers; so it may well be imagined that the great power and responsibility vested in each member of the corps, while it served to bring out all their energy and resolution, made them at times forget their subordinate position. A certain Corporal Wilson (so the story runs) having under his orders a number of Portuguese *caçadores*, allotted to two of them a task which they thought excessive. The question was referred to the superintending engineer, who took their part; whereupon the corporal offered to bet him a dollar that he (Wilson) performed the task *single-handed*, within the allotted time. The officer took the bet, and lost it.

In 1811 a further increase was made to their numbers by the addition of a thousand men, and two great improvements were also effected in the management and training of the companies. Before this time each had had its own peculiar station in England, from which it never moved except to go on active service abroad. Now, however, this system was abolished, and the artificers henceforth partook of the general mobility of the rest of the army. Secondly, no instruction had been hitherto given to the men in field-works, but the failure before Burgos occurring this year, such a course was strongly advocated, and accordingly an establishment was formed at Chatham for this purpose, under the command of Major Pasley, of the Plymouth company, and the name of artificers became merged in that of "Sappers and Miners."

"Greater attention was now paid to arming the corps. Heretofore in this respect great irregularities had crept in. At Newfoundland the de-

* Elementary Fortification, note A, p. iv.

tachment was armed with swords, cutlasses, and accoutrements of every shape saved from the American war. In the West Indies the companies used the shattered remains of old armouries and black accoutrements of various patterns. In Sicily, the military artificers could only muster a few foreign cumbersome firelocks; whilst the Maltese companies were unable to appear with a weapon of any kind. For a number of years the Gibraltar companies wore the obsolete accoutrements and cartouches-boxes of a disbanded Newfoundland regiment, and a party of the corps, on its way to the Peninsula, did duty with pikes and blunderbusses. Among the sergeants the swords and belts were very dissimilar. Permitted to purchase their own arms, more attention was paid to fancy and ability of payment than uniformity. These, and other anomalies, were progressively removed from the corps in consequence of the improved method of officering the companies."

Meanwhile, the war in the Peninsula was going on, and siege followed siege in rapid succession. Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Burgos fell one after the other, and in work so well fitted to them, the sappers, it is unnecessary to state, earned their full share of honour. But it was not till the siege of St. Sebastian, in 1813, that the first detachment from home, educated under the new system, joined the army, and got the nickname of "Pasley's Cadets;" and when the army moved forward after the capture of the place, Captain Frank Stanway, R.E., and his company, were left to direct the Spaniards in rebuilding their fortifications. With the construction of the bridges over the Bidasoa, the Nive, and the Adour the labours of the sappers in this war may be said to have terminated; but at the end of it, in 1814, three companies were employed in repairing and improving the fortifications at Ypres, Tournay, Brussels, and several other places. The labourers under their direction were the peasantry of the country, no small part being of the softer sex.* These companies were largely reinforced at the breaking out of the war in 1815, but no part was engaged at Waterloo. Immediately after the conclusion of peace the two stationary companies at Malta and Gozo were disbanded, and the third shared their fate in 1817.

One company was attached to Lord Exmouth's expedition to Algiers, but as no landing was effected, the men served as artillerymen on board the *Queen Charlotte* and *Impregnable*.

With this event may be said to close the first era in the history of the Royal Sappers and Miners. Hitherto we have seen them employed wherever British arms were engaged, taking no unworthy part in the great struggle then going on between constitutional government and military despotism, and contributing not a little to the result. On all occasions where engineering skill could be serviceably employed, they occupied the foremost position of the army; erecting batteries or mounting breaches with a readiness which proved that the most reckless daring is by no means incompatible with scientific knowledge. Moreover, we have seen them serving independently of the rest of the army, and paving the way to its future successes; applying the resources of modern warfare

* It is mentioned of Sergeant John Purcell that he had from three hundred to four hundred women under his orders at Ypres, and "obtained from their willing obedience and energies an amount of labour that was altogether astonishing."—*Qy.* for its magnitude or insignificance?

to the old battle-fields of the East, and awakening echoes which, perhaps, may have slumbered unheard since they answered the war-cry of the Crusaders. But wide as the sphere of their duty has already been, we shall find it from this time considerably enlarged, and their services more usefully, and not less honourably engaged. It would be impossible within our limits to give even a meagre outline of all the expeditions for warlike or scientific purposes in which the corps has been employed since the peace of 1815. From the North Pole to the Cape of Good Hope, from Ireland to Australia, will henceforth be found traces of this ubiquitous body; and while the progress made in the art of war since that period has rendered its services indispensable in all civilized warfare, we shall find small parties of it acting, likewise, as the messengers of peace and order, and in the wildest and most uninhabitable portions of the earth, doing duty as the vanguard, frequently, alas! as the forlorn hope of enterprise and civilisation.

In June, 1824, it was determined, in consequence of a recommendation of a committee of the House of Commons, that a trigonometrical survey of the whole of Ireland should be taken with a view to an adjustment of the local burdens. In order to effect this most efficiently and economically, a company of Royal Sappers and Miners, under the command of Major W. Reid,* was formed at Chatham, selected for the service from the other companies, and trained for its special duties by Colonel Colby, R.E., to whom the direction of the whole work was entrusted. In the course of the following year their zeal and proficiency gave so much satisfaction that two additional companies of the same description were raised. The survey of Ireland occupied seventeen years, and the number engaged at a time averaged two hundred. Being necessarily scattered over the length and breadth of the land in very small parties, they were but little under the control of their officers, and much exposed to temptations of all kinds; but they steadily maintained their good reputation, and their exemplary behaviour not only conciliated the inhabitants of the districts in which they were engaged, but earned the admiration of the more distant authorities. They were assisted in the work by a few civilians, who undertook the drawing and engraving of the plans, but the labour of surveying, the management of the instruments, and the verification of the results, was entirely accomplished by the sappers. Another great undertaking which was accomplished by them about this time, was the Rideau Canal, which forms a connecting link between the two provinces of Canada, begun in 1827, and finished in 1831. By means of dams and locks, vessels are raised upon it to a summit level of two hundred and eighty-three feet in eighty-four miles, and again are lowered one hundred and sixty-five feet in forty-three miles. A very great number of desertions to the United States took place amongst the sappers employed here, and by this means the work was considerably retarded. In consequence of this, the plan of sending married men only to reinforce the Canadian companies was afterwards adopted.

In 1835, Colonel Chesney, in his descent and ascent of the Tigris and Euphrates, was accompanied by five sappers, who had been previously

* Afterwards Sir W. Reid, K.C.B., and lately deceased. He was author of "The Law of Storms," and successively governor of Bermuda, Barbadoes, and Malta.

instructed at Birkenhead in the manufacture and management of steam-engines. The difficulties which they encountered at the outset are thus described :

"From the mouth of the Orontes to Bir, a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles, the sappers as well as the other soldiers and seamen were employed in transporting the materials for the construction and armament of two steamers across a country of varied and difficult features, intersected by a lake and two rapid rivers. Boilers of great weight were forced up hills inch by inch by means of screw jacks; and through the unflagging exertions of officers and men, and their patient endurance of suffering and fatigue, was accomplished one of the most gigantic operations of modern times."

Two of the sappers died in consequence, and another was lost in a storm which they encountered whilst ascending the Euphrates, after their return from Bombay.

As if in order to extend the range of their operations to a hitherto untried element, and the more thoroughly to realise their lately-acquired motto,* the sappers became in 1838 engaged in working under water, for the purpose of removing sunken vessels. Two ships, one off Tilbury Fort, and the other off Gravesend, were blown up by them with the aid of some civilian divers; but in the following year they undertook, unassisted, the removal of the *Royal George*, which had lain for nearly sixty years at the bottom of Portsmouth harbour, and rendered the anchorage very unsafe. As the work could only be carried on during the summer months, it lasted for five years, and during that period several of the men became very expert in submarine labour. One especially, Corporal Harris, acquired a knowledge and experience here which enabled him afterwards to execute the difficult task of deepening St. George's Harbour, Bermuda, by removing coral reefs at the bottom of it.

In 1836, a small detachment of the corps under Lieutenant Vickers, R.E., was attached to the force under Lord John Hay, employed against Don Carlos in Spain. It consisted at first of volunteers from the different companies in England, and comprised, of course, some of the worst characters in the corps—men to whom the frequency of punishment in their present situation had made any change acceptable, and whom their officers were only too glad to part with at any price. However, strict discipline, active employment, and the admixture of some reinforcements of a better stamp soon gave a tone of steadiness to the men, and brought out their better qualities. They did good service at the attack of Anatz Gaña and Oriamendi, and being afterwards attached to the army of General O'Donnell, narrowly escaped being taken prisoners at the siege of Aindoin. Before they left Spain they received the thanks of Lord John Hay, and had become regarded as a most invaluable force by their Spanish allies.

In 1838, government accepted a contract for the tithe surveys in England, allowing ninepence per acre for the work. This being very much

* "Ubique
Quo fas et gloria ducunt,"
granted to them in 1832.

beyond the cost of similar works executed by the Ordnance, the contractors were enabled to outbid the government in their price for civilian assistance. Consequently the non-military surveyors in government employ resigned their posts, and the authorities of the Horse Guards, in order to supply the deficiency, and render themselves more independent for the future, largely augmented the survey companies. Even this plan, it was found, was insufficient; for the men, after being thoroughly educated for their duties, either deserted or purchased their discharge; and therefore, with a view to creating sufficient inducement to them to continue in the service, the working pay, which had hitherto never exceeded two shillings a day, was raised to three, and subsequently to four. In addition to this the number of non-commissioned officers was increased, in order to quicken and facilitate promotion.

One corporal and seven privates accompanied Captain Trotter in 1840 in his expedition to explore the river Niger. They entered its mouth in August, but the crews became so enfeebled by fever that it was found necessary to abandon the enterprise. They returned to Fernando Po in the middle of October, and in the course of the next year the sappers were sent back to England.

About this time, the British government having resolved on making a permanent settlement on the Falkland Islands, a detachment of the corps was sent thither under the command of Lieutenant Moody, R.E.,* to erect a government house and other buildings at Port Louis, the capital of the colony. The whole population of these miserable islands only amounted to about two hundred souls, from various sources, and of a loose and heterogeneous character. One of the principal duties, therefore, of the sappers consisted in maintaining order, and a hill near Port Louis still commemorates, under the name of "Hearnden's Hill," the non-commissioned officer who superintended the police department of the islands. In 1843 the seat of government was removed to Port William, and the company remained there building a town, making a harbour, and generally nursing the infant settlement till 1848, when it was removed.

In 1843, it being found necessary to define accurately the boundary line separating the possessions of Great Britain in North America from those of the United States, some sappers and miners, having undergone a preliminary training at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, were despatched across the Atlantic under the command of Captains Pipon and Robinson. Their number was at first but six, but was afterwards increased to twenty. The importance and responsibility of their duties are described by our author (perhaps a little pedantically) to have consisted in—

"The taking and calculating observations for latitudes and longitudes, and for absolute longitudes by lunar transits, and culminating stars, to discover the azimuthal bearings of the line as defined by the treaty of Washington."

The survey likewise included the chief natural and artificial features of the country, in order that the line might be at any future time more easily discoverable. An ingenious method of ascertaining the difference

* Now Lieutenant-Colonel Moody, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vancouver's Island.

of longitude in a case where the usual method of an interchange of chronometers could not be adopted, is thus described:

"Between the north-west branch station and Quebec, a hill some twenty miles from the former and visible from the latter, was selected as the station for an observing party. Captain Pípon, therefore, established his transit instrument on the plains of Abraham, with a pocket-chronometer, tent, provisions, and gunpowder. Sergeant Bernard M'Guckin removed to a range of hills from the Lake Hill station, and encamped himself and his labourers on the highest point of the range, which was covered to the top with dense wood. Climbing the height, and finding that he could see back to the Lake Hill and forward to Quebec, he set his labourers to clear away the summit, except one high tree, which he stripped of all its leaves and branches likely to intercept the free range of the observations. At the base of this tree he constructed a high platform, and every evening, for two hours, at intervals of ten minutes, the sergeant fired flashes of gunpowder, by hoisting the charge, with the assistance of a pulley, to the top of the tree, with a slow match attached. . . . The result of the experiments was most successful."

Deficient as our campaigns at the Cape naturally have been in scientific features, yet nowhere has the value of our scientific corps been more thoroughly felt. This may appear strange at first, but will be easily understood if we bear in mind that the wars with the Caffres, though tedious, expensive, and bloody, were in reality nothing more than a series of skirmishes and forays on both sides, which affording but little scope for combined movements or recognised systems of tactics, depended in a great measure for their success on the aggregate amount of individual judgment in the troops engaged. In this respect the sappers, from their peculiar habits of self-reliance, acquired in situations of independent responsibility, were superior to troops who had been trained as much as possible to regard themselves and to act only as parts of an organised whole. Sir Harry Smith was especially pleased with their conduct both in action and in camp; and on one occasion complimented them thus: "Well done, my lads; you can build works, and storm them too." In these campaigns, also, it was found that they derived no small advantage, especially at the first start, from their industrious habits, and regular employment when the rest of the army was inactive; and it was on this account that they were less affected by the fatigues of long marches, and appeared to exhibit a greater endurance.

In 1846, part of a company was employed under Captain Yoland in the survey of the town of Southampton. The result was the most elaborate plan that had yet been completed by the corps. It was executed on a scale of sixty inches to the mile, in a minutely accurate and highly-finished manner, by two non-commissioned officers; and was subsequently presented by the Ordnance to the town of Southampton, amongst the archives of which it may still be seen. But perhaps the most important and most responsible duty discharged this year by the sappers was the superintendence of the government works in Ireland. In many parts of that country roads were being made and repaired in order that employment and wages might be found for the starving population. In the direction and supervision of these works was required not only shrewdness and industry, but also unflinching integrity. Great frauds had been

perpetrated by and upon the local overseers, who, partly under the influence of intimidation, partly from a wish to court popularity, allowed inferior and insufficient labour to be paid for at the full price. A great deal of the money likewise found its way into the hands of the farmers, who (it was reported) employed the people on their own farms, and thus saved their own pockets at the expense of the public charity. To remedy these defects was no easy task. Stationed by himself in the midst of a hungry and reckless people, the non-commissioned officer to whom the charge of the work was entrusted, had every inducement which fear or odium could furnish, to neglect his duty. Without force to back him he had to overawe the turbulent, and by his own unaided vigilance to exact a just amount of labour from men whom the sharp pangs of famine alone compelled to work, and whose object, therefore, was to keep body and soul together upon the least possible amount of exertion. Not unfrequently, too, his remittances ran short or were delayed, and it required them no ordinary amount of tact to keep the labourers from breaking out into violence and bloodshed; and no small credit is due to the temper and forbearance of either party, that not a single case is recorded of a sapper having been maltreated in the performance of his duty at this period.

Besides that of Southampton already alluded to, surveys were taken of Pembroke and Windsor, and in 1848 the great one of London was begun, and finally completed in June, 1850. Most people will remember the "crow's nest" which was for a long time hanging on to the ball and cross of St. Paul's, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. From this position were visible the signal staffs erected on the loftiest buildings of the metropolis and the adjacent hills, and the relative angular distances were thus determined. This formed the groundwork of the plan, and upon this basis a minute and comprehensive survey was filled in. In addition to the exact position of every alley and separate building, the gradients and relative height of every street was ascertained and noted. As the work could not well be carried on while the streets presented only a moving mass of vehicles and passengers, it was begun soon after daybreak, and continued until the streets became too thronged.

In 1851, Lieutenant-Colonel Reid having been appointed chairman of the Executive Committee of the Great Exhibition, two companies were placed under his orders to carry out the details of management. To them the building was entrusted by the hands of Messrs. Fox and Henderson; and in their care it remained, together with all internal arrangements, from the business of unpacking in the spring to that of packing up in the autumn. The superintendents of the former operation had their virtue not unfrequently tested by bribes offered by the owners of goods for priority of time or space. Many such cases were reported to the committee, and it is believed that none of these offers were accepted. At night the building remained entirely in the care of the sappers, in whose charge also was the machinery provided in case of fire, the means of ensuring proper ventilation, the registration of the thermometers, cleaning of the building, and superintendence of a party of forty boys employed every morning in sweeping the floors. At the close of the building, a sum of 600*l.* out of the surplus proceeds was distributed

amongst the non-commissioned officers and men, and each received, according to the length and value of his services, a memento of this most arduous but pacific duty.

We have now brought down the history of this memorable corps from its first organisation to a period within the personal recollection of the youngest of our readers. We have seen the unpopularity which greeted its formation, and the results which have proved the success of the experiment. The rapid and continual augmentation of the companies has been the consequence, and the nature of their duties increasing with their numbers, it becomes hard to say whether we ought to admire most their services in war or peace. In this brief sketch from the original narrative much has been already omitted, and not a little might be added that has occurred subsequently. We have not alluded even passingly to the volunteers who accompanied Sir John Richardson in his Arctic voyage, and for the sufferings and hardships of Captain Grey and his companions in New Holland and South Australia his own narrative may be consulted. The deeds of the few gallant spirits who shared Omer Pasha's Danubian campaign, the less brilliant but no less useful services of their brethren in the Crimea, are still too freshly remembered by us all to make it necessary to remind our readers of them. Since the Crimean war the corps has again changed its name, and is now included under the general head of "Royal Engineers." To any one who wishes to judge of the literary taste and industry of the non-commissioned officers, we can confidently recommend the work before us.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1818.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

BOOK THE SECOND.

I.

I ENTER UPON MY PROFESSION.

In January, 1798, I entered upon active business as assistant to a medical man in Weimar. He was a strange, precise person, rather eccentric in his habits. Well do I remember his black coat and knee-breeches, his tight-fitting stockings, shoes and brilliant buckles, with his hat invariably under his arm; for he never wore anything on his head whilst in the open air, but, as if by the rule of contrary, when he was in the house his head was always covered with a dark blue velvet cap, from which hung a long black tassel. He spoke in short, concise sentences, and very much to the point, though tart and cold. One of his many peculiarities was a continual nervous kind of grunt, which never ceased during the day, and before I became accustomed to it, it cost me many a

hard struggle to prevent smiling, which would have been a most unfortunate indiscretion, as he was excessively sensitive on the point.

The first visit I paid the poor old man was rendered rather ludicrous from this natural infirmity. It was thus he addressed me :

"You are the young student, are you ?—hum, hum, hum."

I thought these last exclamations were internal comments on my appearance, and bowed low, imagining him to be an eccentric gentleman fond of uttering his thoughts in an under tone to himself, but when the sound continued during the whole of my answer, I could scarcely contain my astonishment, and gazed at him in wonder.

"Have you studied many works on medicine?—hum, hum, hum—or is your knowledge founded chiefly on experience?—hum, hum, hum."

What could "experience—hum, hum, hum," mean? I wondered, but I replied quite gravely that my experience was as yet small.

"Name some of the works—hum, hum, hum—that you have read."

I went through a list of books which seemed to surprise him, for they comprised authors of all times, both ancient and modern.

"The last—hum, hum, hum—work you mention is very good, but why do you waste your time over such books as Galen's? Young men should occupy themselves with modern discoveries, not puzzle themselves with antiquated—hum, hum, hum—ideas which are extinct."

"Is it not as well to learn what the science was in its infancy? We are not likely now to be led away by the errors which blinded our forefathers."

"Do not contradict me; I say you ought to attend to modern writers, and you must—hum, hum, hum."

The sublimity of this reproof was marred by its delivery, and I am afraid I did not look like the submissive youth he wished me to be, for I was very proud of myself, and, like most young men who have studied hard, had no small amount of self-sufficiency.

In spite of rather a choleric temperament, which was increased by a tendency to gout, he was a kind-hearted old man, and though he despised the youthful mind in general, and looked upon me as scarcely to be trusted, we jogged on very comfortably together without ever coming to any violent outbreak; and as I was constantly in his society, and lived almost entirely under his roof, this was something to be said.

The family, of which I may call myself a member, consisted only of three, the old doctor, his wife, and a niece—poor Margaret. To her is attached a most painful history, and to excuse her subsequent conduct, as well as excite pity, I must endeavour to sketch her character justly and without reference to private feeling.

Margaret was a quiet, ordinary-looking person, with nothing to recommend her outwardly but a sweet voice and retiring manner. She was plain, short, and stoutly made, but her step was light, and when she moved it was as if she were fearful of attracting attention. Her eyes were the only striking feature of her face, but, though very expressive, they were not handsome. The colour was that greenish-grey to which the bright blue eye of childhood so often changes, and she had a habit of fixing them upon the object she wished to look at as if they could never move again.

I think I see her knitting in the corner of the sitting-room which was peculiarly hers; no one ever sat upon that low chair but Margaret, and

there was always a footstool near her, the property of the favourite cat which followed its young mistress wherever she went, and curled its large body round upon this stool as soon as ever Margaret sat down to rest, after having performed the more active duties of the house. They were inseparable companions, and I can never think of the large Cyprus cat without the pale face of its mistress rising up before me. Margaret seldom spoke, but her eyes watched everything that went on, and they alone, of all that placid form, told of a quenchless fire within her breast, which was ever flaring up or smouldering in morbid fancies, but still there, preying upon her very life-blood. No one knew of it then; no one guessed it existed; no one believed her capable of entertaining such deep-rooted passions as she was ultimately to display. "Still waters run deep," the wise have told us, but yet placidity and passion seem incompatible with each other. We are slow in letting ourselves believe how little we know of those who surround us and daily cross our path; we cannot picture to ourselves the fact that perhaps a tragedy is enacting in the inner life of the very person we are sitting next, and to whom we may probably be in the constant habit of talking carelessly.

Margaret had read a great deal, more especially of poetry. This surprised me when I discovered the fact, for a book was rarely ever seen in her hand; she used to read at night by moonlight, or very early in the summer mornings, when she could be quite alone, and there was no fear of interruption. Her uncle was devotedly attached to her, but not being a demonstrative man, I fancy she was scarcely aware of the great tenderness with which he regarded her. Margaret was reserved, but I cannot help thinking this arose more from the constant self-restraint she put upon herself than from its being a natural trait in her character. Very woven and intricate was this poor girl's inner life. I dare hardly undertake to decipher it, and yet I must, for she lived within herself; her food was dreamy thought, her life-blood sentimentality. The ideal occupied the principal place in her mind, still nothing could be more practical than her daily life. Never was a person more distinctly two in one; outwardly, she was a calm, common-place, industrious woman; inwardly, a wild dreamer and a dreamer of the worst sort, building upon false impressions, and allowing sickly sentiment to gain the mastery over her mind. She read Goethe's romance, "*Werther*," and it had done her no good; she was at an age when the heart is most prone to receive impressions, and she gave way to full, entire sympathy and admiration for the hero. Suicide became in her eyes the natural and right result of misery and disappointment in love. "Of what use is a blighted life? Better end it at once," she might have reasoned. "We were not meant to be miserable, but when it comes upon us we cannot shake it off, it overwhelms and destroys us; we had better die, for in death we shall be restored to happiness."

Margaret had mixed little in the world, and the appearance of a young man in the close family circle was a thing unknown, till advancing age and growing infirmities obliged the doctor to devolve some of his duties on an assistant, and I entered the abode of peace. Margaret scarcely spoke to me, except by monosyllables, for the first weeks of our acquaintance, but when we were in the room together I used to feel her eyes resting on me, though I did not see them, and I was restless and uncomfortable under her gaze, as if the strange orbs of that poor girl had some

secret power in them which could fascinate the object on which she turned them.

It is very difficult to trace the mysterious charm which inclines two human beings towards each other more than to all the world besides. We cannot often discover the starting-point—the strange growth of affection—in our own breasts; it would be vain, therefore, to attempt to trace it in others, more especially when we ourselves are the objects which excite that affection.

It may appear cruel to tear open with a ruthless hand the sad veil which shrouds a life of sorrow, yet I must do so, for it is a prominent incident in my history, and I feel less compunction in exposing the tragic end of poor Margaret to the world now that I alone of that little circle am left, and those whom I might thus have pained are far above earthly mortification and sorrow.

Few of my readers will be unaware of the dangerous mental disease prevalent about this time; it was not confined to Germany, though, perhaps, it showed itself here in its worst form. Its chief features were laxity of moral strength, free scope to morbid sentimentality, and a want of good principle in general. Suicide lost all its terrors, and the act was regarded with admiration, as a proof of strength of mind and resolution. Death was a friend, life an enemy, which had to be borne. The former was regarded as rest, the latter as perpetual turmoil and pain; to get rid of an enemy was no crime; death, therefore, was courted, and greans and tears considered praiseworthy in a mortal condemned to live.

Poor Margaret was affected by this contagious disease of the age, and its inward workings peered out from her strange, lustrous eyes. She never spoke of herself, and, therefore, I was ignorant, for the first year, of her state of mind; events then disclosed it to me, but I must not anticipate them, and now that I have sketched Margaret's character, I will begin at the beginning of my story, and let my readers develop the rest by degrees for themselves.

"Gretchen, get the cakes out, and put them before Herr Mitterkamp, our new partner."

This was my introduction to the niece. She rose from her quiet corner, and bowing to me prepared to obey the order, when I stopped her by assuring them that I wanted no refreshment. The large cat, perceiving that a stranger had intruded into the abode, got up, and stretching itself leisurely on its cushion, advanced cautiously to investigate my heels. I know not if the result were satisfactory or no, but after a deliberate sniff it retired with noiseless step, and ensconced itself on its bed again.

"Where is your aunt?" asked the old man.

"Gone to market, uncle."

"Tiresome! she has always gone to market when I want her at home. When will she be back?"

"I cannot say exactly, for she talked of paying a visit on her way home."

"Most provoking—hum, hum, hum." Then, turning to me, he said he was obliged to go out for half an hour, if I would excuse him.

"Gretchen, show Herr Mitterkamp whatever the house contains that is amusing."

"This was a terrible order for the poor girl to execute; she had scarcely taken her eyes from my face since the time I entered, but now that she was expected to entertain me she let them drop, the colour mounted to her cheek, and she looked the picture of agitated simplicity. In hopes of reassuring her by making myself at home, without waiting to give her the pain of asking me to sit down, I took a chair, making at the same time an easy and common-place remark. I was destined to receive no response. I put forth a question, and a very soft "yes" was the reply. I begged her not to let me disturb her in any way, and I hoped she would continue her knitting. She blushed, and took it up without speaking; but her hand trembled, and the balls of cotton ran under the table. Of course I dived after them, and received some gentle thanks. Now came a dead pause. It is almost impossible to talk to a shy stranger, and in despair I began playing with the cat's tail, which made it very angry, and I got a scratch for my pains. Margaret was distressed at this, and getting up with the plea of putting the cat out of the room, she left me and did not return, which was a relief—a relief, not from the embarrassment of want of conversation, but from the expression of her eyes, the strange power of which affected me even on our first interview.

In February my sister Veronica was married, and went with her husband to Berlin. She was a merry little bride, and we had joyful letters from both. The great city excited her admiration, but we heard more of Heinrich in these first days than of anything else. She always used the pronoun "we," never the selfish "I," and yet I much question if Schlosser had an equal share in the enthusiastic admiration she displayed for the beautiful Queen Louisa. When I wrote to her I asked if *we* meant *I* in that part of her letter. Her answer was, "*We* is most natural to me now; it is a dear little word which expresses unity, and my only ambition is to convey our thoughts to you, for I wish to think and feel as Heinrich does." Such is the simple desire of early married life; it does not often last long, but there are some few instances where unity of mind and will is the aim throughout, and this I fondly hoped would be the case with Schlosser and his little wife. Nor was I mistaken, although time naturally tempered exaggerated sentiment into a more healthy, practical attachment.

My life was a busy one at times, whilst at others I had much leisure, and could devote myself to study. The evenings were often spent with my mother, or at Rosenthal's house. I forced myself to meet Ida with indifference, and the rather cold manner which she henceforth preserved towards me made my task much easier. Custom wore away the first bitterness I had felt, and my heart ceased to beat faster when I met her. Love vanished, but left a tenderness in its place which prevented me from looking upon another woman as worthy to fill her place. I could never love again: I might marry, but affection, not passionate love, would be all I could bestow on my wife.

Thus matters stood as I entered upon the practical scenes of life. I had escaped the prevalent disease of the age—suicide; but now, when I look back on all I suffered at Strasburg, I see how near I was to the abyss. I owe much, very much, to the stranger of the cathedral tower, and the thought how meagrely I expressed my thanks to him pains me now that he is no longer on earth to receive a renewal of them.

Summer came. I was intimate in the family of the worthy doctor.

Margaret was no longer shy in my presence; she talked more to me than to any one. She liked to hear about Veronica, and would fix her eyes upon me all the time I spoke. She had a sweet voice, but was no performer on the piano, so that I offered to accompany her, which she gladly accepted, and her old uncle used to make us soothe him to sleep. Once or twice I remarked that Margaret's eyes filled with tears whilst singing, and her voice had a slight tremor in it, but I never took any notice of this, and she would soon recover herself.

I had learnt to read English, and though my pronunciation would doubtless have astonished a native, I understood the language theoretically. Margaret happened one day to express a wish she had long cherished—to learn English—and, upon my confessing my acquaintance with it, asked timidly if I would help her in the first commencement, as the difficulties frightened her when she attempted them alone. I willingly agreed to do so, and she thanked me so humbly that I felt interested in aiding her. Our time for study was limited, but we set to work in a manner that would have done credit to a paid translator, and never deviated from our object to talk of other concerns. Margaret's application astonished me; she learned long poems by heart, wrote exercises, and prepared pages of reading, and all this without any one ever seeing her at work. The poor girl sat up at night, depriving herself of at least half her natural rest, with the sole object (as I afterwards learned) of making the lessons less irksome to me. I remonstrated once or twice, when I discovered the secret of her being able to get through so much, and she said, blushing scarlet, that if I wished it, she would not sit up any more.

"It is not for me to express a wish," I rejoined. "I did but fear that you might injure your health by over-application, and you must weigh well in your own mind whether that or the acquisition of the English language is of the most consequence to yourself."

She agreed with me in thinking the preservation of health most necessary, but I found no difference in the quantity of work she got through; so I concluded she had made no change, and I was right. Some weeks after I could not help remarking how ill she looked. Her whole face brightened as she heard me say so, and I inquired the reason.

"I want to be ill," she simply replied, and refused further explanation.

My eyes began to open to her strange character, but still they were blind to a point I ought to have discovered, and this blindness has caused me many a bitter pang of remorse.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE II.*

How the *Memoirs of Catherine the Great*—the *Semiramis of the North*, as Voltaire called her, but the *Messalina of the North*, according to others—indited by herself, ever saw light, is a mystery. We have a preface penned by the editor, A. Herzen, in which the history of the MS. is recorded from the day when the Emperor Paul ordered Count Rostoptchine to seal the papers of the defunct empress to that when copies were circulating even in the library of the poet Pouschkine; and from the time when Nicholas ordered the confiscation of the said copies to the day when one or two more came into circulation: it is insinuated as a consequence of the present emperor having in 1855 requested to have it in his power to peruse the same scandalous record. All this gives zest to the mystical history of the manuscript, without enhancing its authenticity. As to that, we are told it is sufficient to read two or three pages to be convinced.

Catherine II. propounds her *Memoirs*, then with an axiom, vindicated by a syllogism, which is again enforced by two examples:

“Fortune is not so blind as she is imagined to be. She is often the result of just and calculated measures not perceived by the vulgar, yet which nevertheless preceded the event. Still more is such the result of personal qualities, character, and conduct.

“In order to render this more palpable, I shall expound it as follows:

“Qualities and character are the major;

“Conduct, the minor;

“Fortune, or misfortune, the conclusion.

“Here are two striking examples:

“Peter III.

“Catherine II.”

Considering the fate that awaited Peter III. at Catherine's hands, the conclusion arrived at is, to say the least, a strange one. Peter III. was brought up by his cousin, Adolphus Frederick, Bishop of Lubeck, Duke of Holstein, and afterwards King of Sweden. His education was superintended by Brummer, a Swede, but the young prince spurned all tutorship to cultivate the more congenial society of his two valets, Cramer, a Livonian, and Romberg, a Swede. He particularly affected the latter, a rude and coarse dragoon of the time of Charles XII. Already, ten years of age, the prince is said to have shown a marked predilection for drink.

The Empress Elizabeth having succeeded to the throne of Russia, she sent for her nephew from Holstein. Catherine, whose mother was sister to the Bishop of Lubeck, was acquainted with the prince before he left that country, when she was also about ten years of age. He was, she declares, given to drink, impetuous, and self-willed, disliking those who were around his person, sickly-looking, thin, and delicate.

* *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catherine II. Ecrits par elle-même, et précédés d'une préface par A. Herzen. Trübner and Co.*

Peter having been inducted into the Greek Church, was declared heir to the Empress Elizabeth, and Grand-Duke of Russia. He had been baptised and brought up as a Lutheran, but he was as indifferent to the one form as to the other, as he soon testified to his newly appointed preceptor, Simon Theodorsky, afterwards Archbishop of Pleskov.

In 1744, the Russian court being at Moscow, Catherine arrived there with her mother. She was at that time fifteen years of age. The court was divided into two hostile factions. At the head of the first were Woronzoff, Lestocq, and other of the conspirators who had raised Elizabeth to the throne. This party held by France, Prussia, and Sweden, and hence the Marquis de la Chetardie was high in favour with it. The other party, with Bestoujeff at its head, held by Austria, England, and Saxony.

Catherine places on record that Peter paid her much attention the first days of her arrival. She says that she could at once perceive four things: first, that he did not much care for the country which had adopted him (he is said to have preferred Sweden, for which he was originally destined), that he favoured Lutheranism, that he did not like those who were around his person, and that he was very childish in his manners and ideas. He said to her (Catherine), that what pleased him most in her was that she was his cousin, and that he could be candid with her. He added, that he had loved one of the empress's maids of honour, and that he would have wished to have married her, but that he was resigned to marry her (Catherine), since his aunt wished it.

Catherine had not been long in Russia before she caught a violent cold, which had nearly been the death of her. Her mother insisted that it was small-pox. The doctors said it was pleurisy, and bled her sixteen times, sometimes four times a day! Her mother sent for a Lutheran minister: Catherine was wise enough to ask for Theodorsky. Youth triumphed over not only the sickness, but over the still more formidable assaults of the professional men. But Catherine remained thin and pale; so the empress provided her with carmine. The mother of Catherine was so little in favour with the empress at the onset, that both had nigh been dismissed from Russia together. Catherine and Peter were having a little chat on the occasion in the recess of a window when Lestocq came in. "Ah!" he said, "your pleasures will soon be over. As to you," turning to Catherine, "you may make up your baggage, as you are going home at once." Peter ventured to remark, "But if your mother is to blame, you are not so." "But," adds Catherine, with quite as much naïveté as belonged to Peter, "I saw clearly that he would have left me without regret. As to me, seeing his indifference, he was equally indifferent to me; but the crown of Russia was not so."

On the 28th of June, Catherine made a public profession of faith, and the next day—St. Peter's—she was affianced to the grand-duke. From that time she had her own little court. The course of what little love existed between the parties no more ran smooth, however, than had it been a deeper passion. Small—very small—trifles are as much an occasion for quarrelling among the great as among the little. Catherine's mother, who appears to have been disliked by all, certainly does not seem to have possessed either temper or amiability of disposition. Being at Koselsk:

One day the grand-duke came into my mother's room while she was writing. She had her casket open beside her, and he went to ferret in it. My mother bade him not to touch it, so he jumped away to an opposite side of the room. But as he continued his gymnastics, jumping from one side to another in order to make me laugh, he caught the cover of the casket and tumbled it over. Then my mother got into a passion, and there were violent words between them. My mother reproached him with having purposely upset the casket, and he denied it, both appealing to me for the truth of their statements. I, who knew my mother's temper, was afraid of having my ears boxed if I did not side with her, yet not wishing to tell a story or disoblige the grand-duke, I remained between two fires. Nevertheless, I said to my mother that I did not think that the act had been intentional on the part of the grand-duke, but that when jumping his coat had got entangled with the cover of the casket, which was on a low stool. Then my mother took me to task, for, when she was in a passion, she must have some one on whom to vent her anger. I held my tongue, but began to weep. The grand-duke, seeing that I had incurred my mother's anger by taking his part, and that I was weeping, accused my mother of injustice, and said she was furious in her anger: she, on her side, retorting that he was a badly educated urchin. In a word, it was difficult to carry the quarrel further than the two did without actually fighting.

From that time the grand-duke took a dislike to the mother of his affianced. He never forgot that quarrel. She, on her part, held him in equal dislike; so Catherine had a difficult part to play between the two. It would appear, however, with such a disposition as Peter's, this unpleasant state of things was rather favourable to her prospects than otherwise, for Peter stuck by Catherine against the mother, and thus became a little more attached to her. If Peter, however, took Catherine's part against her mother, he was not equally gallant when the empress was concerned; and one night, when the latter took the strange opportunity of being at the theatre at Moscow to publicly rebuke Catherine for getting into debt, Peter, who was in the same box, took his aunt's part, and did not conceal the pleasure he felt at seeing her get a scolding. Catherine excuses herself for getting into debt by intimating that she had to be constantly making presents to her mother, to keep her in good humour; to the grand-duke, to attach him to her person; to her lady-in-waiting, to gratify her cupidity; and to all and every one because it was the absurd practice of the country.

Nor did matters in other respects go on over well between her and the grand-duke—the affianced were always quarrelling. One day she was too pious, another she was too lively; Romberg taught him that a wife should not open her mouth, and finally his visits ceased almost altogether. Catherine did not feel the neglect poignantly; ever since Peter had had the small-pox she had a positive repugnance to his person, and declares that he was frightful. Preparations were all the time being made for the ill-starred marriage. "In proportion as the day approached," says Catherine, "I became more and more melancholy. My heart foretold no happiness: ambition alone supported me."

The nuptials, however, were effected with much pomp and magnificence. "But," adds the discontented Catherine, "my husband did not pay me the slightest attention, he was always with his valets, playing at soldiers, making them go through the manual exercise in his room, and change their uniform twenty times a day. I did nothing but yawn, having no one to speak to." This was the day after the wedding! On

the one hand, Catherine gained by her marriage in the departure of her mother and the dismissal of Countess Roumianzoff, two persons with whom she never could agree; but, on the other, she suffered a grievous loss in the person of Mademoiselle Joukoff, to whom she was much attached, and who was replaced by a Madame Krouse, and who was in consequence naturally taken in great dudgeon. Catherine, however, found a husband for her favourite, but when the empress discovered this she banished the two from the country.

The ducal couple had, on removing to the Winter Palace, separate apartments, but still they met frequently, and Catherine played at billiards with the chamberlain Berkholtz, whilst Peter played at soldiers with his valets. A fortnight after his marriage, the grand-duke told his wife in confidence that he was in love with Mademoiselle Carr, and that there was no comparison between herself and that young lady. On the other hand, the empress and the court generally gave Catherine just as little credit for loving her husband. Indeed, there seems scarcely any doubt, from her own avowal, that she was as much attached, at the time of her marriage, to one Czernicheff, the son of a lieutenant in the empress's grenadiers and page to the grand-duke, as the grand-duke himself was to Mademoiselle Carr. Peter, however, was very inconstant. When at Reval, a short time afterwards, he fell in love with a Madame Codersparre, and, as usual, took Catherine into his confidence. Catherine, on her side, was, according to her own account, hypochondriacal and surly—she was always either sick or sulking. One day it is Madame Tchogloloff who makes herself pre-eminently disagreeable; another, she loses at pharaon, a game played in the empress's ante-chamber from morning till evening; another, she is in tears, or in bed, or being bled. As to the grand-duke, whether at Oranienbaum or at Peterhoff, he had always the same resources, and that was to put all about him through the musket exercise. Chamberlains, gentlemen of the bedchamber, adjutants, domestics, huntsmen, gardeners, all alike were pressed into the ranks, and in the evening Catherine and her ladies were made to dance with the gentlemen in gaiters. During the day, Catherine would sometimes read a book, or ride out on horseback. Then again, when the grand-duke was tired of playing at soldiers, he would sometimes play on the fiddle. Catherine, who detested him, says that he only grated her ears. At night, when in bed, he would cover the counterpane with dolls and other toys, and Catherine and Madame Krouse had to keep awake and play with him till one or two in the morning. He would vary these amusements by bringing his dogs into the bedroom, and then his domestics masked, and he would dance with the latter, playing at the same time on the fiddle. He would also at times gamble with his wife, in which case, she asserts, he would get furious if he lost, and would sulk for two or three days.

When at Oranienbaum, Catherine would sometimes get up at three in the morning, dress herself as a man, and, attended by an old huntsman, would go out in a canoe to shoot wild duck. The grand-duke would follow in another boat an hour or two after to partake of the same diversion.

Catherine's chief confidant all this time appears to have been her valet, Timothy Yevreinoff. By his means she succeeded in obtaining

Feb.—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLVIII.

Q

occasional intelligence of Czernicheff, who had been imprisoned with his brothers in the fortress of Smolnoy Dvor. She even received letters from her lover, which she managed to reply to, although she was forbidden to write even to her mother. As in all other matters excess of zeal or prudence defeats the very object proposed, so it is impossible not to feel that the extraordinary system of discipline, the rigorous etiquette, and the petty vexatious surveillance which was observed at the Russian court, entailed that extraordinary state of things—petty intrigues, courtly jealousies and rivalries, and almost overt profligacy—which these memoirs attest to have existed to a degree that is in the present day scarcely credible. The empress herself, proud and choleric as she was, set the example, which appears to have been followed by every one else. She had for gentleman of the bedchamber one Ivan Ivanowitch Schouvaloff, who was understood by the whole court to be the empress's favourite.

Often for months together Catherine only met her ducal husband at table or in bed. He came to the latter, she states, after she was asleep, and went away before she woke up. This with some few exceptions, which were not always of a very agreeable character. A certain princess Courland had captivated the duke's vagrant affections. She was not, to believe her wedded rival, either pretty or handsome; on the contrary, she was small and humpy, but she had fine eyes, was intelligent, and possessed a singular capacity for intrigue.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the evil results of this ill-assorted union lay to the charge of the grand-duke. Catherine, by her own admission, and as we have seen before, was rarely, if ever, in a good humour. The only instance of actual gaiety that we find throughout the whole record was when she was playing tricks to Madame Arnheim, who, being a bad horsewoman, it was Catherine's especial pleasure to canter away from her and let her follow as she could, and the more tumbles she had the greater the fun. But with a few silly exceptions of this or a similar description, Catherine was either ill with toothache, headache, sore-throats, colds, rashes, or some ailment or other, or was intriguing for or against the courtiers and valets and employés of all kinds and descriptions, or sulking, or flirting. Even M. Tchoglokoﬀ, a coarse, fat old courtier, "who was hated by every one as if he were a toad," yet who appears by his adventure with one of Catherine's maids of honour, Mademoiselle Kocheleﬀ, to have been a successful gallant, presumed to flirt with the grand-duchess; but the latter acquired the friendship of Madame Tchoglokoﬀ by rejecting his advances—a sacrifice which it cost her nothing to make, yet for which she took no small credit to herself.

At the beginning of 1751, Schouvaloff encountered a rival in his mistress's affections in the person of the cadet Beketoff; but the latter, being fond of music and song, was so much in the company of the empress's young choristers, that a malicious turn was given to the circumstance, and he was dismissed in disgrace. Catherine, on her side, was equally wrapt up in a new favourite, one Leon Narichkine, whom she describes as an "arlequin né," but he seems to have been as shrewd and clever as he was comical. He was indeed a lucky man: he could make Catherine laugh. It was, however, in the autumn of the same year that Count Czernicheff came to St. Petersburg:

As, being an old acquaintance, I always treated him with kindness, it remained with me to interpret his attentions now just as it pleased me. He began by saying that he found me much improved—more beautiful than ever. It was the first time in my life that any one had made such an observation to me. I found it to be by no means disagreeable. I did more, I was simple enough to believe what he said. One day, Princess Gagarine brought me a motto from him, which I perceived had been opened and then gummed together again. The motto was like the rest, a printed one, but it was of a very tender and sentimental character. I had some mottoes brought to me after dinner, and I sought among them for one which would, without compromising me, convey an answer to the one sent me. I found one, and inserting it in a device that represented an orange, I gave it to Princess Gagarine, who took it to Count Czernicheff. Next day she brought me another motto from the count, but this time I found a few sentences, written in his own hand. I replied to them at once; and so there we were, engaged in a regular sentimental correspondence. Dancing with me afterwards at a masked ball, he told me that he had a thousand things to say to me which he could not put on paper, or that he could trust to any device which Princess Gagarine might break in her pocket or lose on the way; and he begged me to grant him an audience in my room, or wherever else I might elect. I told him that that was utterly impossible, that my rooms were inaccessible, nor could I go out of them. He told me he would disguise himself, if necessary, as a servant; but I refused to accede to this arrangement, and the affair did not go beyond a correspondence in devices. At length Princess Gagarine, too, saw what might come out of it, took me to task, and refused to convey any more messages.

Count Czernicheff left the court to join his regiment after the carnival of 1752, the court itself leaving soon afterwards for the Summer Palace. Catherine does not seem to have grieved long for him; he was soon replaced by an apparently still more adventurous spirit, the chamberlain Serge Soltikoff. At this time the evenings were often spent in concerts in the rooms of M. and Madame Tchoglokooff; among the company were Serge Soltikoff, Leon Narichkine, "who was looked upon as a personage of no consequence whatsoever, except as an original," Princess Gagarine, and a few others. Catherine had before remarked that Soltikoff was becoming very assiduous in his attentions, and she wondered at his cultivating the acquaintance of such repulsive people as the Tchoglokooffs.

Here occurs in the Autobiography the details of a strange incident, which we regret we have not space to extract, when by an unexpected rising of the waters, Catherine and Soltikoff were detained all night on an island. Nor were the results of this incident long in manifesting themselves. Catherine left for St. Petersburg on the 14th of December, 1752, "*avec quelques légers indices de grossesse*," and the consequence of the long and hurried journey was that she miscarried at the last stage. The grand-duke does not appear to have been quite blind to what was going on. Serge Soltikoff had before this repeated to the grand-duchess an observation of his to the effect that the two were deceiving the Tchoglokooffs, making them believe just what they liked, and then laughing at them. Catherine, however, contented herself with recommending to Soltikoff to be more discreet for the future. That which really annoyed her much more was, that the favourite having gained his point, his attentions waxed less, and he had even become, in her own eyes, "*distract, quelquefois fat, arrogant et dissipé*."

Love is proverbially forgiving, and although Catherine avows that she was much hurt by the apparent indifference of her favourite, still she says

that he afterwards, when at Moscow, gave so many good reasons for his conduct, pretending that his want of assiduity was only feigned to deceive their enemies, that she says "my vexation was altogether banished." Madame Tchoglokoﬀ, on her side, was also so amenable, that, taxing the grand-duchess with her preference, she said, "You will see that it will not be me who will throw difficulties in your way." The consequence of all this was, that in May, 1753, there were "*de nouveau des indices de grossesse*." But this was, as in the former instance, followed by a "*fausse couche*." This time Catherine was very ill, having been confined to her bed for six weeks. The death of M. Tchoglokoﬀ, which occurred shortly after this, gives Catherine an opportunity for narrating a curious little bit of court superstition.

Serge Soltikoff and Leon Narichkine were in Madame Tchoglokoﬀ's room at the time of her husband's decease; the windows of the room were open, and a bird flew in and settled on the cornice opposite to Madame Tchoglokoﬀ's bed. Seeing this, she said, "I am certain that my husband has given up the ghost, go and see if that is the case." Word was brought back that it was true; he was dead. She said that the bird was her husband's soul. An attempt was made to convince her that the bird was just like any other bird, but it could not be found. She was told that it had flown away, but as no one had seen it do so she remained under the belief that it was her husband's soul that had come to see her.

Catherine was more than ever annoyed at this period by the empress placing the Countess Roumiansoff, who was an implacable enemy of Serge Soltikoff's, near her person. Her tears and her interesting condition saved her, however, from this grievance, which was soon followed by another, the apprehension that Soltikoff and Narichkine would be left at Moscow—a disappointment that did not, however, occur. But she seems never to have been happy save in the favourite's company, and on the way to St. Petersburg she actually cried in the carriage till Soltikoff was brought to her. Arrived at Peterhoff, it was the same thing. "My hypochondriasm had become such," she says, "that at all times I had tears in my eyes, and a thousand apprehensions passed through my mind; in one word, I could not divest myself of the dread of being separated from Serge Soltikoff."

At length, on the 20th of September, Catherine gave birth to a son. The child was at once taken away from the mother, who was scarcely, indeed, allowed to make inquiries after it, for she tells us that to have done so would have been tantamount to casting a doubt upon the care that the empress took of it. On the sixth day the child was christened by the name of Paul, and the empress made a present to the mother of 100,000 roubles; but a few days after Baron Tcherkassof, the empress's secretary, came to ask for the loan of the money, as the empress was without a sou.

Serge Soltikoff had been sent to Sweden to announce the birth of a grand-duke, but he returned during the carnival of 1755, at a time when the advent of a prince was being celebrated by a succession of festivals, masked balls, and fireworks. Soltikoff was, however, rapidly losing favour. In the first place, he had the fatuity to spend a night with the freemasons when Catherine had appointed that very night to receive him, and, what was worse, the grand-duchess learned that he had boasted of the favours conferred on him, more especially to women, both at Dresden and in Sweden.

Leon Narichkine appears to have succeeded to the place in the grand-duchess's heart vacated by Soltikoff. This eccentric lover used to be admitted to her apartment by mewing at the door like a cat. He was, however, a safer favourite than Soltikoff, for, being a buffoon, everybody treated him as a person of no consequence whatsoever. One night (the 17th of December) Catherine dressed herself as a man, and, thus disguised, left the palace with this scapegrace to go to the house of Anna Nikitichna, where she says she enjoyed herself exceedingly. This succeeded so well, that the same prank was put into practice again and again, and the spring of 1756 was passed in this agreeable intrigue. The grand-duke was at the same time quite as deeply engaged in an intrigue with Madame Teploff. Intrigue, indeed, seems to have been the fashion of the day amongst all the ladies of "honour;" and as the Princess of Courland's room lay in the way, parties passing through had to pay toll, and "I have it," says Catherine, "from the mouth of several—among others, of Leon Narichkine and of Count Boutourline—what kind of toll they, in the deficiency of current coin, had to pay to the lady."

In the spring of 1757, Leon having fallen in love with Countess Voronzoff, Peter's favourite, his mother wished to prevent such a dangerous connexion by marrying him to Mademoiselle Hitroff, but such an alliance not suiting Catherine's views, she insisted on his wedding a niece of Count Rasoumowsky's. "So," to use Catherine's own words, "Leon, in love with one lady, his mother wishing him to marry another, was about to be wedded to a third, of whom neither he nor any one else had had a thought three days previously." This project does not appear, however, to have worked well. During the winter of 1757-8, Catherine relates: "I suddenly remarked a great change in the bearing of Leon Narichkine; he was becoming uncivil and coarse, and it was no longer a pleasure to him to come and see me." He does not seem, in fact, to have approved of the marriage projected for him. All this, too, at a time when the grand-duchess was once more in an interesting condition. This latter fact, however, only heightened the favourite's impertinence. One day, entering her apartment, she found him reclining on a sofa, singing something "*qui n'avait pas le sens commun*." In order to punish his impertinence, the grand-duchess, assisted by her attendants, armed themselves with nettles, with which they whipped the presumptuous youth so effectually that he could not appear at court for several days afterwards.

In the mean time, the interesting condition in which the grand-duchess found herself assuming, as it did daily, a more formidable aspect, she was prevented going as much into society as was customary with her. His imperial highness, the grand-duke did not like this state of things; so he one day gave vent to his annoyance with his characteristic bluntness in presence of Leon Narichkine himself, as well as of several others. "*Dieu sait où ma femme prend ses grossesses; je ne sais pas trop si cet enfant est à moi, et s'il faut que je le prenne sur mon compte*."

Leon Narichkine hurried away to the grand-duchess with the news of this alarming language, so publicly held by his imperial highness; but Catherine was not the person to be much affected by it. She at once imagined a plan by which all such foolish doubts and surmises would be put an end to for ever. "You are a parcel of fools," she observed. "Exact from him an oath that he has not slept with his wife, and tell him that if he makes such an oath you will go at once and communicate

the same to Alexander Schouvaloff, as the grand inquisitor of the empire." This was an heroic remedy at all events, and the favourite had the impudence to go to the grand-duke and ask him if he would take such an oath. Peter very properly said to him, "*Allez-vous en au diable, et ne parlez plus de cela.*"

The observation thus publicly made by the grand-duke, however, terrified Catherine somewhat. She felt that she was doubted—if her guilt was not actually patent to all. She determined, therefore, to adopt a new line of conduct for the future, and whilst she kept her influence over her husband by her advice, not to contradict him any longer, as she acknowledges she had been in the almost daily habit of doing. On the 9th of December, Catherine gave birth to a girl, on whom she begged the empress to confer her name; but the latter preferred giving to her that of her eldest sister, Anne Petrovna, Duchess of Holstein. She at the same time made a present of 60,000 roubles to Catherine, and as much to the grand-duke, in order to recompense their joint labours.

Scarcely, however, had the grand-duchess recovered her usual health, when a new blow came to afflict her. Count Poniatowsky, who seems to have been upon very confidential terms with her, visiting her in a wig and cloak, under the disguise of the grand-duke's musician, brought her word of the disgrace and arrest of Bestoujeff, and added that her jeweller, Bernardi, was involved in the minister's fall. This Bernardi, she says, "intrigued for the whole town, and he had commissions from every one, and from me among the rest." Two other of her friends had also been placed under arrest, Telequine, an equerry, and Adadouff, her master of the Russian language. Catherine's position at court became now so painful,—the grand-duke openly attached to Elizabeth Vorenzoff—the empress hostile to her interests—her greatest enemy, Count Alexander Schouvaloff, in power—Bestoujeff, and all those who sought to rule the future emperor through Catherine, in disgrace,—that, after feigning grievous illness, she went through the comedy of asking permission to be allowed to return to her own country. Naturally such a request was refused to her, and the Autobiography terminates abruptly at this interesting conjuncture in the affairs of one of the most extraordinary women who were ever placed in a high position. This was in 1759-60: in 1762 Peter was put to death, and Catherine solemnly crowned Empress of all the Russias.

DIARY OF THE DREAMER OF GLOUCESTER.

Wednesday, July 21, 1864. Noon.

LATITUDE 43° 56', longitude 13° 15'. There has been a thick fog until the last half-hour, when it cleared away sufficiently to allow of an observation being taken. During the fog our sailors blew a trumpet to warn off other vessels, but not being expert musicians, the sound produced was an exact copy of the braying of an ass. We heard the same music from other ships as they passed us in the obscurity, though some of them used a bell.

How utterly devoid of incident is a sea voyage when out of sight of land! One day with another is not simply alike, but identical. The only variety is in the atmosphere—a change of wind, rain, sunshine, fog. No life in a village, however secluded, can be more calmly monotonous than ours has been. Therefore, to any one prostrated by calamity, and to whom solitude and self-communion become a necessity, there can be no better hermitage, than a merchant ship where he is the only passenger. Seclude ourselves as we may in the solitudes of the land, the bustle and tumult of the world is for ever penetrating, and the well-intended sympathy of friends, which to the bereaved is often but a reopening of his wounds, and, to the desperate, brings the necessity of hypocrisy, may find us out, and there also will reach us the whispers of malevolence. But the blessed ocean acts as an impassable barrier. There the weary may be with himself: for a time he may cast aside the hypocrisy of the world. It is no longer necessary for him to appear sorry when he is not sad, or to affect a free, disengaged manner when his heart is torn with anxiety or sunk in despair. On the sea he can give free vent to his feelings. The melancholy roar of the ocean will alone disturb his reverie, soothing with its mighty voice his wounded spirit, and hushing with its eternal moan his ephemeral complaints. He feels himself in company with one who has mourned since the creation.

What is the awful calamity which is the burden of the lamentation of the ocean? Is it the advent of sin? It may be that, prior to the Fall, the sea, instead of the wail with which it now gives out its sorrows, spoke to creation with a voice of joy, and, as its tides rolled on the shores of a sinless Eden, emitted celestial melodies. Even now Nature in her other voices is mostly joyful; the birds sing cheerfully, the lowing of oxen, the neigh of horses, the rush of the rapid river, the noise of the cataract, the whistling of the summer breeze through the trees, the hum of insects, are all so many testimonies of the joy which pervades the universe. But the howl of the ocean in its storms, its monotonous wail, or dull murmur in calmer weather, is ever a sound of sorrow. And surely if creation is vocal—if it has a voice to tune its Maker's praise—it may also have a voice of lamentation for the evil and misery with which, in the midst of so much mercy, our world abounds; and what more solemn mourner than the awful sea! Nor will it appear unnatural that the sea is often savage in its grief, and that when, in the paroxysms of its sorrow, it lashes itself into tempests, it should pitilessly destroy man and his works. They remind it of the cause of its eternal agony, and the mourner becomes the avenger.

Friday, July 23.

Six P.M.—There has been a strong head wind to-day, and we have barely kept our ground. I have been sick, and when a heavy rain drove me down into the close cabin, I believe, had the choice been offered me, I would have preferred a prison, which, according to Dr. Johnson, excels a ship in this, that there is no chance of being drowned. If we come at all near to Lisbon I will try and get on shore.

Ten P.M.—I have been sleeping for a couple of hours, and have had the most beautiful dream. Those whom I had loved and lost reappeared in all their beauty and affection. I saw Cecilia, with her queenly brow, and my beloved Catherine embraced me. I did not think they were dead. I had a confused sense they should not be there, but gradually this faded

away, and the scenes of our old household fireside, when we were all together, were renewed—so naturally and so truthfully, that, were I not an unbeliever in spiritual manifestations, I would think it was something more than a dream—that it was a sweet memorial of the immortality of earthly love. I might go further, and think that in the clinging embrace of Catherine there was an intimation I might soon be with them; and although my hard education and arid scepticism refuse the illusion, it can do no harm to prepare for that happy communion.

I am now in the middle of the waters, with nothing but a plank between me and eternity. And even allowing that I run no danger, still there is my uncertain health, which may be affected by the hardships and privations I encounter; so that it is within the limits of probability that I may never revisit my native land, never see dear father or mother, or brothers or sisters—so that all they may know of one they have loved too well is, that he died on shipboard, and was laid to rest in the ocean. It has always been my philosophy to be prepared for all events, and I can contemplate even this with equanimity—at least with fortitude. What to me, after all, is this world? I have found it full of disappointment; but oh! how full of love. The disappointment will not follow, the love will endure, and if my dream foreshadow what nature yearns to believe—namely, that we shall know after death those whom we loved in life—I have little reason to complain if my part in the life-drama be acted out, and if the curtain is to rise on the eternal reality. This life, with all its importance, its wars, its negotiations, its kings, its peoples, its myriads of human hearts beating with their several hopes and aspirations, is but a stepping-stone in that “altar stair which slopes through darkness up to God.” It is but a matter of one generation, behind which accumulate the generations of the past, and before which stretches limitless the future history of man. And if we want still further to dwarf our puny aspirations, we have but to think of the relation this earth itself bears to the astral universe—to the infinite series upon series, cycle on cycle of intelligent existence. We have but to think of the great Centre and Author of all—of that ineffable Being whose breath is creation.

And when we have reached this climax in our speculation, and self is lost in the awful abyss, how sweet is it from the depths of the unspeakable darkness to see the mild lustre of that bright morning star—to think that at the very extreme of God’s power, at the limit of Omnipotence itself, there is a tie which brings within His benevolence man, who has just been lost in the contemplation of His omnipotence. In what other way could the broken chain be reunited—the one link on earth, the other far up in infinity? Surely no other could do it but an infinite being. Cultivated infidelity cavils at the “method of reconciliation” as unreasonable or absurd. To me, when I bring together man’s nothingness and God’s omnipotence, and propose to myself the problem how these are to be united, the Gospel scheme flashes on my mind as one of those happy solutions of difficult problems which prove their truth by their very enunciation.

Saturday, July 24.

Nine A.M.—A slight breeze directly in our teeth. The winds seem determined to delay our voyage. Since Sunday we have hardly made as far as one good day’s sailing would take us. First we had a head wind,

then we were becalmed, and now we have a head wind again. The weather, however, is beautiful, and I am getting reconciled to my mode of life. Four days ago, had I anticipated this slow progress, I would have expected an amount of ennui and impatience sufficient to make positive unhappiness, and now I am comfortable and contented. A ship is, after all, not so bad as a prison; and even if I was in a real prison, I feel I could get to endure it, and pass the period of my imprisonment with little positive unhappiness. The first week or so would be miserable, but habit, like oil poured on water, would bring a calm, and I would enjoy or endure the remainder of the term nearly as well as liberty. All of us have at one time or other experienced the blessed opiate of habit. It has made me prefer the quiet of the invalid chamber to the turmoil of active life. It has taught me to endure much that I do not care to recal. It would, perhaps, have been different twenty years ago, but the intervening time has brought its lesson—melancholy, no doubt, but satisfactory—for I would not exchange my present subdued and balanced feelings for my former ardour. I feel there is little in life worth vexing oneself for. At least, as the gates of ambition are now for ever shut on me, there is nothing which remains attainable which I very strongly desire. This may change also. The high ambition of youth, with its lofty thoughts, may have engendered an undue depreciation of the things within my reach, and as the memories of youth float more into the past, I may acquire a deeper interest in the every-day affairs of life. I may become ambitious of little successes, and take pride in the acquisition of objects now utterly indifferent to me.

Not unlikely, in after years, I may look back on the days I have spent in the *Wally*, fretting a little at our slow progress, as a comparatively bright spot of my existence. At sea we are isolated from the annoyances and vexations which environ us on land; we may safely doubt whether our actual presence would much improve our affairs, and if they are getting worse in our absence we are ignorant of it. Our notions, no doubt, are confined to the limits of the ship, but our thoughts are freer than on land. We can expatiate at our will on any subject which the train of association may present. We do not feel the sense of impotent effort, the hopelessness of exertion, the want of object, the sense of neglected duty, the bitterness of remorse, which, despite all our efforts at distraction, haunt our steps on land; on the contrary, we can select our images and group together only agreeable associations. We may even forget that the spring-time of our life is long since past, and the summer drawing to a close; or if we cannot well forget our years, we may deceive ourselves into the belief, that the future will redeem the past—that we may yet repair the evil we have done, and even do something to be placed to the credit side of the life ledger. All this we can fondly believe while here, but on land there is always some rude protest against the reasonableness of such hopes, some material obstacle which dams up the flow of our imagination, some legitimate logical consequence of our errors which crushes our pride and self-respect.

Perhaps I may avoid this by never returning to my former state of life. A voyage is always an adventure; we do not undertake it solely for the ostensible reasons of amusement or health, there is an unavowed belief that it may take us to the portals of fate, and that they may open

to us and present a new destiny to our choice. More especially do such thoughts exist in a voyage like the present, which will take me to the seat of war, where ordinary laws no longer govern human affairs, but Destiny yields the sceptre to Adventure. We are fain to postpone the conviction that we are ordinary mortals, and must be content with the common lot. All of us have somewhat of the hero in our composition when we begin life, and it is not altogether eliminated till the frosts of age chill the blood; nor is it to be wished that our disenchantment should be earlier. Let common sense teach her hollow maxims and interest apparently corroborate her lessons, we are the better of some romance in our disposition, nor would the want of it be compensated by that worldly success which it often impedes; wealth is a good thing, but the fresh heart is better; and whatever the world may think, he who possesses the latter gift is happier than if, without it, he were as rich as Rothchild.

Sunday, July 25.

A violent quarrel to-day between the Lascar and the Irishman. I understand it originated in a religious controversy as to the comparative merits of the Pope and the Great Lama. Phelim, who is a thorough Catholic, insisted on the miraculous power of the priests—an argument which seemed to have more effect on his antagonist than any of the other somewhat hazy reasons for orthodoxy alleged by the champion of the Pope. But the Lascar had retorted by affirming that it was a daily practice with the priests in his country to disembowel themselves for the glory of God; an operation from which their health did not suffer in the remotest degree, their entrails, after being out for an hour or two, going through their usual operations when replaced, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. To this, Phelim's reply proved that he had not acquired the virtue of toleration. He affirmed the Lascar's miracles to be downright thundering lies, and that the Great Lama and his priests were big rascals; whereupon the Lascar had rushed on the Irishman with a large knife, and would certainly have practically demonstrated the truth or falsehood of harmless disembowelling, had not the other sailors interfered. There was an ugly, revengeful look about my friend the Lascar which I did not like. Phelim had better take care of himself.

Monday, July 26.

Six P.M.—We have had a fair wind all day, and have been making fully seven knots an hour. We have outsailed several merchant vessels of the same rig with ourselves, though we seem to have no chance with three-masters. We have also seen some Spanish coasting vessels, and three steamers have passed, one going in the same direction with us, the other two apparently making for England.

I begin more and more to like this calm, peaceful life. It is a very idle one, truly, yet though there be no work to show, the time spent on a sea voyage is not unprofitable. It forces a man to turn his attention in upon himself, and take an inventory of his whole being, of his outward fortune, and of his moral nature. He passes under review his past life; he takes account of his vanished youth or manhood, and if the retrospect is not a cheering one, if he finds he has hitherto lived a useless life, even that is an important discovery—it may teach him humility. Why should

he be vain or proud who can point to nothing to justify his conceit? Or if, notwithstanding the protest of the past, there is a voice within the man which insists that he has capabilities for doing good, such conviction must have something to rest on, for in the solitude of the seas self-delusion cannot be maintained. If then there still remains the conviction of power, he will now resolve that the future will redeem the past, and he will set himself studiously to consider how this will best be done. He will appreciate his actual position as he would post up his ledger, placing on the one side the opposition he may anticipate from others and the obstacles to success he feels in himself; on the other side the friends on whom he can rely and the talents which in this time of disillusion he is still certain he possesses, and from the balance he will estimate his chance of success, and deduce the course he is to pursue. No doubt he has often gone through a somewhat similar course before. He has formed many resolutions and fallen from them, laid down many plans of action which have failed, or which he has abandoned, but never before has he been in such a favourable position for deliberation. The present is so devoid of interest, that the past and future take its place. Memory raises up the buried years, and the perils, the disappointments, and faults of the past, point a spectral but luminous hand towards the vistas of the future. Thus may the very idleness of sea-life be the source from whence springs a change for the better in the man, which will make his sea reveries more important to him, than an equal time sedulously devoted to business.

When he thus lays what may be the foundation of his external prosperity, he will also examine his heart, and I think it likely that absence from his friends and relations will make him more cordially appreciate their love, than he was apt to do in their company; and if on reviewing his conduct he has to reproach himself with want of kindness, there is nothing on the ocean to drown the voice of conscience or to distract attention from the unwelcome voice of self-condemnation. It is likely, therefore, he will resolve to be more kindly, sympathising, and courteous, and thus try to repay that deep debt of gratitude to others which all of us on reflection will admit to be due. Lastly, the voyager, if he has any sensibility, cannot look on the sea and the sky without thinking of God; nor can he think, though but for a moment, of Him without being self-condemned for having disobeyed his only lawful master, and neglected his only perfect friend. These impressions imply humility and repentance, and naturally find their expression in prayer for mercy and pardon. Often, indeed, have we repented, often have we seen the vanity of earthly things, often felt the wretchedness of sin; but the cares of this world and its pleasures have been at hand to dissipate our resolutions, so soon as they were formed. Here they may be matured, for there is nothing to distract the mind. God's ministers, the ocean and the sky, are ever at hand to enforce his laws. In these preachers there is no sin or infirmity as in the ministry of man; we cannot suspect them of hypocrisy or insincerity. They have ever held the same testimony they now proclaim—they have ever preached the omnipotence, and power, and glory of God, and shown forth His mercy in the bounties of which they are the distributors to men.

E V A L L A.

BY W. BEILBY BATEMAN.

XII.

AN AWAKENING.

THAT invaluable ornament of the public service, Mrs. Peggles—that Atlas of Eversley—who bore so many joys and griefs in her oilskin-bag—who, calm as the sphinx, made creditors tremble with a double knock—who stolidly set the hearts of lovers fluttering—who presented death in a black envelope, and announced that, for the desolation it conveyed, there was twopence extra to pay—who seemed, in fact, a kind of demon with the power to move you as she listed—to bring all your passions into action—to make you laugh, weep, sigh, sob, or shiver, just as it suited her pleasure; and she unmoved all the while, as the surgeon over his patient scalpel in hand,—Mrs. Peggles had left that morning (for country posts are delivered on the Sabbath) a letter at the Blue Boar, directed to Mr. D'Arcy Livermore, and in the midst of the kidneys and *Bell's Life*, and the bitter beer and the meerschaum, which constituted his breakfast, he had read as follows:

“Spankie House, Berks.

“DEAR LIVER,—How am I? Pretty well! How's yourself? I left Cambridge directly after you, and ran up to see the little village—London. It was the old story: club to dine, cook better than ever, then cigar; theatre, then cigar; a drop in at Evans's, then cigar; soda and brandy at the Fishery, then cigar; to Billy's rooms in the Temple, then cigar; never saw daylight all the time! Anxious to know whether the sun was still in business (like the governor, from nine to five), I booked my remains by the rail to Muddleham, went to bed, took twenty-four hours out of Mr. Morphus, found the sun hadn't retired or sold off, and here I am—and here I want D'Arcy Livermore, for I have had an adventure.

“Of course an adventure means mischief and a lovely woman.

“The theatre is open with such unparalleled attractions, for this month only (after which the company must positively appear at the Antipodes), that the other night I was the only person in the boxes. Having left and re-entered, I missed the box door, wandered down the wrong passage, and found myself on the stage. Melodrama of thrilling interest; bandits in buff boots; blue fire at ninepence a night; virtuous heroine, a beauty in bombazine; distracted lover in corkscrew curls; and remorseless baron with daggers and dungeons. Harrowing characters ‘in front,’ but at ‘the sides’ amiably open to the offer of cigars; not offended by the suggestion of brandy-and-water, and even rendered beaming by beer!

“I was introduced to that virtuous heroine, and she condescended to partake of the slight refreshments I have mentioned, and pressed my

hand as she rushed 'in front' again to tell the audience and the wicked baron that 'er 'ome might be 'umble, and 'er 'art might be wrung, but all the towers of the castle of Slobberschitzensalz might fall and crush 'er if she could only die on the bosom of 'er Alonzo! Next night I was suffered to paint her moustaches in Indian ink for the 'Rival Pages,' and I am only waiting for your arrival to have them all to supper at the hotel here ('on the quiet,' you know), baron, Alonzo, virtuous heroine, and all; so be quick, for Thurston has sent a new billiard-table down, which remains to be tried besides.

"Yours considerably,

"GUZZELRIDGE SPANKIE.

"P.S.—My maternal was writing to Eversley, so I asked her to get some people we know there to fish you up."

Thus Guzzelridge! How much pains society had been at to instruct Mr. Guzzelridge Spankie, and how admirably society had succeeded. The grub had emerged into a very grand and gaudy butterfly indeed, and so it flitted in the sunshine, not on the wings of wit, but buoyed up by the baby-jumping life-preserver of little minds—knowingness. What a sparkle the shallow stream makes in the sunlight, while the deep river flows on so silently through shaded banks—the one fitful as a fire-work, the other unruffled and changeless as a star!

Of course the people who were to perform the office of "fishing up" Mr. D'Arcy Livermore were Mr. and Mrs. Castelmaine, who were Mrs. Spankie's only friends at Eversley, and if it had been left to the squire, his taciturnity and shyness would have been so long in preparation that the new arrival would have resolved into a vegetable, or have become buried in everlasting mud, like the *Royal George*, before he was ever fished up at all. So a note had been despatched by Mrs. Castelmaine to Willie Wilders, requesting that he would rescue Mr. Livermore from the Blue Boar for that day at all events, and bring him to Oak Hollow. At the farm there was open house for all who chose to partake the hospitality, rich and poor alike, not with ostentatious display, but in the liberal spirit with which generous minds love to share among others the good gifts that God has sent them. A happy face was the most welcome picture that their fireside could know. They possessed that old-fashioned warmth of heart and simplicity of mind that belonged to a past generation. Olden times! Did those good old times ever exist, when friends swore eternal friendship, and kept it? when lovers vowed eternal love and never broke it? when faithful retainers of twenty years' standing had no *understanding* with the butcher and baker about a slight allowance in the weekly accounts, and always made a proffer of their earnings when the old family fell into misfortune? It is faithfully recorded that those good old times were not a myth. It might not have been amiss to have been living just then! Perhaps it might be a little difficult to discover such virtues just now!

But the farm was a pleasant place, for the squire loved every one and everything about him, and his contented mind made a happiness in itself; and Evalla and Lillie would have brought gaiety into a desert, and beauty into a wilderness. They had the singular but easy art, possessed

by so few, of adapting themselves to a simple existence—of living in the happiness of those around them, and not envious when it was a happiness they were not destined to share. To be content in imparting pleasure without partaking it is a philosophy not generally understood.

"Mine host of the Blue Boar," said Willie Wilders, "will consider me his evil genius—he must vote me the natural enemy of underdone beef, for you are not the first customer I have beguiled away from him. I am sent to ask you to dine at Oak Hollow."

Mr. D'Arcy Livermore had just lighted a meerschaum. It was a very large one, and had not been coloured in a hurry. After acknowledging the salutation he had received, he removed the said meerschaum from his mouth, and said:

"Dine! Is there actually such a thing as *dinner* at Eversley?"

"At six of the clock," replied Wilders. "Some of the barbarians in these parts actually find food fit for human consumption."

"Then," said Mr. Livermore, "if I have the pleasure to meet a friend of Mrs. Castelmaine's, permit me to shake you by the hand; to dine will be something, but to find a friend as well is something more. I spoke as one in a reverie, and not, believe me, with disrespect. Will you light a pipe?"

Wilders signified that he was open to the suggestion, and they sat down accordingly.

"The fact is," continued D'Arcy, "I was going through here on a mere excursion; to recruit, you know—late hours, wine-parties, that sort of thing to atone—*must* cast up the accounts some day—when I heard from young Spankie. Do you know Guzelridge?"

"Only by hearsay; as a gorgeous youth of much magnificence in attire, and——"

"About as much beauty as brains," added D'Arcy, "though he fancies every woman in love with him; so I made a halt here, on the road, and waited to be 'fished up.' Behold, therefore, D'Arcy Livermore! Very much obliged for your attention, and as much your humble servitor as if he said a thousand fine things to prove it."

"Will you walk or ride?"

"Let our animals rest," said D'Arcy; "it is more than the landlady's tongue will do when she finds me missing."

"Her volubility is endless, I know," said Wilders, "but I finish her in half a dozen whiffs"—and he blew out exactly the number named from his pipe—"I kill her with Kant."

"Cant!" muttered D'Arcy, "how the devil do you mean?"

"Witness her dispersion!" replied Wilders; "the philosophy of Germany has staggered greater minds."

He rang the bell, and in her best cap-ribbons responded the female of the resounding voice.

"And what would you like for dinner, sir?" said the landlady, with a low curtsy; "there's a duck, sir, and onions, or a chicken, or hot beef, sir, at three, or (you know it's a lone country place) anything you like, sir, in reason."

"Reason!" exclaimed Willie Wilders, with a roguish smile that he could scarcely repress, and he rose up from the sofa and regarded her gravely—"do you know what reason means?"

The landlady made no reply.

"I mean *pure* reason," continued Wilders, still looking at her steadily, "for Immanuel Kant, in his 'Critick of Pure Reason,' says——"

The landlady's cap-strings began to dance, and herself to tremble.

"He says that pure reason furnishes the idea of a transcendental doctrine of the soul—psychologia rationalis, Mrs. Jones—of a transcendental science of the world; cosmologia rationalis, Mrs. Jones; and finally, also——"

"Yes, sir!" said the landlady, bowing out herself and cap-strings in a violent perspiration—"very true, sir! I understand, sir, perfectly, sir; you don't take the beef at three!"

"Cleared off like the sky after an April shower," said D'Arcy, laughing; "won in a canter—*de-Kant-ed*!"

They strolled leisurely away towards Oak Hollow after the summary dispersion of the landlady, whose retreat was so decisive that she made no attempt at a rally, and Willie Wilders found that he had not by any means a contemptible companion. D'Arcy had been an observer, and had not been without the opportunity to observe. In the present day, *learning* may be still confined to the few, but *knowledge* is the property of the many. The former too often dribbles into pedantry, while the latter is vigorous, active, and alert, practical in its nature, and fertile in its means. D'Arcy Livermore was one of those people who know just enough to be perfectly gentlemanly and amusing. While Willie Wilders dreamed over a passage in Spinoza, *he* ran over to a foreign land and learnt its people by heart. A vacation in Germany taught him more than years of Kant; a month of the Quartier-Latin left him more fund for reflection than the most profound philosophy could convey. Life passes by while we are learning to live, and while we philosophise our grey hairs imperceptibly leave us beyond the aid of philosophy.

Mr. Castelmaine was at the door when they arrived. He gave them a hearty welcome, and, as is the manner and custom of country gentlemen, insisted on showing his new guest all the glories of the farm, the pumps, the pears, the pigsties, the oxen and asses, and everything that was his, and then at last he led him into the hall, and introduced him to—the ladies; though whether the squire kept the best to the last, or whether he only regarded these as inferior adjuncts to the rest of the live stock, must ever remain in the regions of conjecture.

D'Arcy Livermore was regarding Mrs. Castelmaine with that curiosity which is inseparable from an object to whom one knows a friend has been attached, when Miss Lilian Rivers was introduced, and, behold! there stood before him the beauty of the golden curls. His heart beat, and he bent low.

The dinner passed as country dinners do. Helmet, who was there, and D'Arcy soon became great friends; the ladies were gay, the squire was jovial after his kind, but somehow Willie Wilders became less than usually equable in his demeanour. D'Arcy was evidently over head and ears in love with Lilian Rivers, and while *she* seemed by no means to dislike the sport, *he* was undoubtedly clever and agreeable.

"You will see Mr. Livermore to his hotel?" said the squire, as they were all gathered together in the hall before parting.

"With pleasure," replied Willie Wilders; "confound his cursed impudence!" he muttered to himself, "I'll see him at the——"

"Blue Boar, is it not?" interposed D'Arcy, with a final bow.

At that moment the rattle of a horse's hoofs was heard ringing along the highway; the gate was dashed open, the messenger leaped from a steaming steed, and placed in the hand of Alfred Helmet a telegraphic despatch.

The seat for Muddleham was vacant!

He gave the paper to Mrs. Castelmaine, whose beautiful eyes lit up with a flash of fire when she read it, though but one word escaped—"Remember!"

"I *do*!" said Alfred—"think you I can forget? Was it *I* who forgot in other times?"

They were alone for a space—a dangerous loneliness! For the moon shone down on them with its soft insidious calm—that calm which steals into human hearts and unmask their mysteries. The moon shone down on them as it had done on the night of their first meeting at the farm—less brilliant than then, but in her train full many a star. And then, as on that night, came visions of other times—of Italy's temples and vineyards, and the blue sky that spread o'er past days of their youth. Then came thronging thoughts, too tumultuous to be repressed, multitudinous in their array, and confused as a routed army of the helpless and hopeless pursued by the hungry swords of the desperate and the damned! Then came back recollections that had slumbered but never died—an awakening, as it were, from a feverish slumber, where the past was the true, and the present the unreal. Then came the bitter, agonising moment when the aching breast and throbbing heart feel an eternity of sensation in the single ache, in the single throb, and the world is in the balance between the good and evil angels. All passed in an instant like the lightning's flash, that rives and rends, and vanishes.

With a convulsive effort she spoke, and her voice was calm—calm in the pride of a superhuman self-command.

"Alfred!" she said, "my cousin, now! now! success awaits you!"

"Success!" he echoed, sadly.

"Ay," replied Evalla; "think of us sometimes, but think of honour more; you are meant for great things, and shall soar like an eagle in your 'pride of place!'"

"Success!" echoed Alfred, sadly, a second time; "wherefore should I pursue a phantom I may never clasp—and if the goal be reached, what happiness in the success you speak of when there is none to share?—do I not stand alone in the world?"

How brave she was though her heart-strings were torn asunder! How superior in her courage, though her pulse had well-nigh ceased to beat!

"Alone!" she said; "no! I am proud enough to believe, Alfred,"—and she smiled, a ghastly smile—"that the career which *I* have made my hope, and the man in whom *I* have centred my ambition, shall never sue the haughtiest woman in vain: go among the young and beautiful, you will find a fitting mate."

"No!" he exclaimed, "lost, lost for ever! Evalla! I love——"

He pressed her to his heart, and tore himself away. She gazed vacantly and vaguely into the darkness long after he had disappeared, and her mien was firm and erect, though with the old sad expression that was habitual to her of having lost something, or left somebody behind.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Just two years have elapsed since the second congress assembled to clear away the diplomatic cobwebs which had gradually collected round the peace of Paris, and it was fondly anticipated that another thirty years' peace had been inaugurated. Russia, it was supposed, had been driven back fifty years on the path of progress, and, her wings thus clipped, there was no danger of the Continent being convulsed by any general war. It is unnecessary here to dilate on the sad disappointment the allies have met with as regards Turkey: Russian intrigue is once more triumphant in the Principalities, and, unhappily, the Emperor Napoleon has been promoting her plans by the coldness which has sprung up between France and Austria. He has even gone so far as to assert that if the Austrians entered Servia, in order to support the authority of the Sultan, he should regard it as a *casus belli*, just as much as if the Russians crossed the Pruth again. On the other hand, it has been our policy to draw more closely the bonds connecting us with Austria, for, with her enormous army, she affords us a material guarantee that no combination that can be brought about will dangerously affect our interests. With Austria and Prussia on our side, we have no occasion to fear any diminution of our authority or right of interference in regulating the affairs of Europe.

There is very little doubt now, that the Emperor Nicholas was perfectly justified in regarding Turkey as a sick man, and the events of the last two years have sufficiently evidenced the atrophy under which that unhappy country is suffering. The Sultan, reckless of all but his personal amusement, passively allows the Principalities to become the focus of intrigues, and before long the fairest portion of his empire will slip through his grasp. He has required our strenuous efforts to support his tottering throne, after the usual Turkish fashion, by ingratitude, and, indeed, it seems as if he were profoundly imbued with the spirit of Metternich's axiom, "*Après moi le déluge.*" In this state of things the dissolution of the Turkish Empire in Europe is but a question of time, and it behoves us to be most vigilant, for the race will be to the swiftest, and the Dardanelles are the key to European dominion. The Emperor of the French is well aware of this fact, and he is building a fleet of screw men-of-war, which might turn the scale in his favour, unless our government employ their utmost energies to make England worthily represented on her national element. What we want is a powerful Mediterranean fleet stationed off Malta, not for any purposes of aggression, but simply to watch the progress of events in Turkey, and be ready to take the initiative in the event of any sudden catastrophe in that unhappy country. While France is preparing so strenuously for that chance of dominion—while Russia, shut out from the Black Sea, is hoping to found another Sebastopol in the Mediterranean—while Austria is collecting a powerful steam squadron at Pola—England alone remains behindhand. We have, scattered about the Mediterranean, a fleet of sixteen vessels of various ratings, while the Channel squadron consists of five ships, magnificent specimens of their class, it is true, but not such a fleet as England ought

to display in the present critical aspect of affairs. We have, however, such confidence in the present government, that we believe, so soon as their attention is directed to this important matter, they will strengthen our home naval force from the powerful steam reserve they now possess lying inactive in our dockyards.

It may be—and we sincerely hope it is so—that we are premature in our apprehensions about Turkey. The present generation may pass away, and the Sultan still keep up his rickety authority, but there can be no doubt of the menacing state of affairs in Italy. Sardinia has been long burning to wipe out the disgrace of Novara, and is strengthened in her resolve by the favourable support offered her by the Emperor of the French. Not alone that Prince Napoleon is to be wedded to a daughter of Sardinia, but the emperor has openly put himself forward as the champion of Italian constitutionalism. His protectorate of the Papal States has apparently led him to the conclusion that nothing can be done to consolidate the temporal authority of Pío Nono, and he is prepared to withdraw his troops if Austria will follow his example. To his somewhat peremptory summons, the Emperor of Austria raised the objection that, in the interests of Lombardy, he could not consent to a withdrawal of his troops from the Legations, which would at once kindle a flame of insurrection that might possibly spread like a prairie fire through the whole length and breadth of Italy. This opposition to the emperor's wishes has produced a certain amount of coolness between France and Austria, and Sardinia appears to be ready at any moment to pour down her hundred thousand troops on the fertile plains of Lombardy. Not that Victor Emmanuel would be so mad as to risk the combat with his gigantic foe unless he had received distinct promises of support from France, for Austria was never more fully prepared for a contest in Italy than at the present moment. Warned by the experiences of 1848, she has dismantled the works of Venice and concentrated her strength in the triangle formed by the fortresses of Peschiera, Verona, and Mantua. The Lake of Como is most strongly defended, while reinforcements are being sent in to Lombardy as rapidly as they can be drawn from the rest of the empire. On the other hand, Sardinia would take the field under far more favourable conditions than in the last campaign. She has a first-class fortress in Alessandria to fall back upon in the event of a defeat, while it is more than probable that Russia would repay Austrian ingratitude during the Crimean war by concentrating a large body of troops on the Gallician frontier, thus holding a portion of the Austrian army in check.

All, then, seems to tend to the belief that the tranquillity of Europe depends on the Emperor Napoleon: he holds peace or war in his hand, and very few can foresee what his ultimate decision will prove. Still there are certain indicia which may lead us to form an opinion, and these may be summed up in a very few paragraphs. In the first place, he has an enormous army idling at home, every man in which is thirsting for glory and an opportunity to renew the marvels of the First Empire. Frenchmen have not yet forgotten the time when a Beauharnais was viceroy of Italy, and the hatred they have ever borne to the Austrians is only intensified by their forced and most reluctant inactivity. No man in his senses believes that the Emperor of the French would take the field on behalf of constitutional principles, so far as Italy is concerned, for no man knows better

than be the utter fallacy of founding a North-Italian Kingdom under Victor Emmanuel, and the price he would in all probability ask and obtain for his interference would be the *de facto* rule of Italy.

It is quite evident that constitutionalism is not a fruit that will flourish in Italy. From the earliest period of history the people have only been kept in subjection by a system of terrorism, and even in those boasted days of republicanism, about which modern Italian authors fall into ecstasies, the severest punishment was inflicted on those who dared to thwart the decrees of the despot. It is true that now and then the overstrung bow broke, and the exasperated people took a fearful vengeance on their tyrant; still, such a state of things is far, very far removed from liberty, and, strange to say, during the worst period of Italian humiliation the arts and commerce attained an unparalleled degree of expansion. We think that the peculiar temperament of the Italian, which he shares to a certain extent with the Easterns, namely, that he regards concessions as evidences of timidity, and terrorism as proof of strength, is a sufficient apology for the Austrian rule in Lombardy, which has been held up by the liberal party of all nations to the execration of the world. It is absurd to suppose that the Austrian rule is arbitrarily tyrannical, for it is notorious that the House of Hapsburg has ever striven to exercise a paternal sway over its heterogeneous peoples; but such an experiment would produce very grave results in Lombardy. As far as material progress is concerned, the Italian subjects of Austria have no reason to complain; the government have expended enormous sums in making roads and bridges, in establishing schools, and providing for the spiritual wants of the people, and it may be safely asserted that the full amount of taxation raised is spent again upon that ungrateful country. The slightest sign of weakness on the part of the authorities leads to excesses—indeed, this is a natural sequence to the severity they are compelled to exercise—and, in 1848, the forced retreat of the Austrians from Milan roused the whole nation in arms, and had it not been for the masterly combinations of Radetzky the Austrians could never have regained their authority. In what light the Austrians themselves regard their dominion in Lombardy is easily estimated by the fact that, during the first negotiations, they offered to give up the whole of that territory, save Venice; but this offer, fortunately for themselves, was rejected by Charles Albert, then in the first flush of victory, and who vainly imagined that he would, in the long run, be enabled to crush the powerful cohorts of his magnanimous enemy. Novara amply testified what extraordinary vitality the Tedeschi still possessed, and we firmly believe that if Victor Emmanuel allow himself to be led away by his ambition, and attack the Austrians single-handed, he will suffer a defeat to which Novara was but a skirmish. The most uncompromising liberal must confess, doubtless with deep regret, that Austria was never stronger in military power than at the present moment. She has a magnificently appointed army of 450,000 men, of whom half could safely be spared to put down insurrectionary movements in Lombardy; for, at home, she has restored supreme tranquillity, and the only danger menacing her is a Russian army of observation. Nor need any weight be attached to the suggestions that Austria, impoverished as she is by the maintenance of so enormous an army, must

necessarily succumb after a campaign, for, in such a cause, the emperor need fear no pecuniary embarrassment, so long as there are Rothchilds and Sinas to provide him with funds.

As we have said before, it is impossible to foresee what measures the Emperor Napoleon is inclined to take in the question of Italian unity. Victor Emmanuel's speech, on opening the Sardinian parliament, has the merit of being vaguely diplomatic, but it gains importance from the rumours that it was revised by the court of France. That Victor Emmanuel, a warlike monarch, who has already tasted the luxury of command, would gladly lead his army against the Austrians, admits of no contradiction, but we credit him with so much good sense that he will not run his head against a stone wall. If, then, he take any decided steps it may be fairly assumed that he has promises of support, and, if so, a flame will be kindled in Europe which must lead to the most deplorable results. In the interests of humanity, we sincerely hope that the Emperor of the French will hesitate a long time before he throws down the gauntlet to Austria, for such a war must essentially be one of annihilation: and even his legions would find it a difficult matter to expel the Austrians from Italy. The campaigns of 1848 and 1849 showed them their weaknesses and advantages, and they are now prepared to shed their last drop of blood, and expend their last lira, sooner than let themselves be hearded by a foe whom they learned to hate in 1806, and whose very presence on their sacred soil would rouse the fiercest passions of the nation.

It has been urged that, apart from the irritation the Emperor Napoleon feels against Austria for the part she played in the affair of the Danubian Principalities, and her opposition to Schleswig-Holstein being handed over to the Danes, he has a special motive in undertaking the defence of the liberal party in Italy. Napoleon's object is to lay down the basis of a new form of imperialism diametrically opposed to that obtaining in Austria. His ambition is to establish a despotism in France, supported by the affection of the people, and assisted by their sincere co-operation. Of course, any display of severity on the part of Austria in Lombardy must have a most deleterious effect on the success of such an experiment. The Emperor Napoleon considered that he had the ball at his foot; the Papal government, by a gentle pressure, would have listened to his powerful remonstrances, backed as they were by ten thousand bayonets; the King of Naples could have been brought to reason, and the other Italian royalists might have been induced to take the initiative in reform, had Austria been willing to make any concessions to her Italian peoples. But she knew too well the consequences of such a step, and, regarding her self-preservation, we cannot blame her for declining the offer made her by Napoleon III., who has been identifying himself ever since the termination of the Crimean war with the new phase of despotism as established in Russia by Alexander II. On the other hand, Austria has just cause of aggrievance in the way she was treated by the Congress of Paris, when Count Cavour brought forward his memorable notice of the Italian question, and the return to be made to Sardinia for the aid she offered the allies during the Crimean war. Fortunately for the peace of Europe, Napoleon III. at that period was inclined to carry out the policy inaugurated by the republic as regarded Italian liberty, and though

Count Walewski entertained the proposition on the ground that Great Britain had promised to discuss the question at the ensuing conferences, French diplomacy, in pursuance of higher orders, managed to shelve the question very cleverly. Still the Austrian government had felt the sting, and the humiliation offered her that European states should deliberate on her intestine affairs, because she would not interfere in a war where she had everything to lose, rankled deeply in the minds of the nation, and added indubitably to the irritation with which the Austrians regarded an emperor whom they could not help considering a parvenu, although they dreaded his anger and the prestige of his name.

Such appear to us the principal points to be taken into consideration as to the momentous question of peace and war, and we might lay our pen aside (for we have no wish to enter into the field of profitless speculation) had we not just received a work which seems to confirm the general belief that France is not indisposed to measure swords with Austria. During the last half of 1858, M. Charles de Varenne, already known for his invincible opposition to the House of Hapsburg, has been sending home letters from Piedmont to the *Messenger de Paris*, which are now published in a collected form. As anything appertaining to Sardinia must prove interesting to our readers at the present crisis, we have no hesitation to make some excerpts from this work, reserving to ourselves the right of excepting to M. de Varenne's dicta, whenever he passes the frontier of courtesy, as regards Austria. We must do the author, however, the justice to add that he has, in most instances, treated his subject fairly enough; and though he cannot refrain here and there from degenerating into a political pamphleteer, he has not taken advantage of the licence afforded him by the Paris censorship to scatter misrepresentations broadcast about the Austrian rule in Italy. With these preliminary remarks we will proceed to analyse his work.

In the outset, M. de Varenne begs the question, it appears to us, by asserting that Europe should owe gratitude to Piedmont for the untiring energy with which she has striven to maintain the constitutional principle in Italy, and thus frustrate the dark designs of Mazzini and his apostles. We have no belief in that cry which has been raised against Sardinia, that she is imbued with revolutionary tendencies; on the contrary, we believe her sincere in her aspirations for a united Italy, and that the chivalrous Victor Emmanuel would spurn any league with the revolutionary party; but, while granting this, we again assert, that Italian unity is a fiction, which never has existed and never will, so long as human passions exert any influence. Never was a fairer chance of unity presented than in 1848; the Austrians had been driven into their fortresses, where they were beleaguered by the triumphant Piedmontese; the whole country was up, and shouting "Evvivà la libertà!" and yet within six short months, so vacillating did popular favour prove itself, that Charles Albert, the darling of the populace, was universally denounced as a traitor, and an attempt was made to assassinate him at Milan. Ten years later, his son, unwarned by the past, is anxious to undergo the same bitter ordeal, and sacrifice his army at the shrine of Italian liberty, although he must feel assured that his authority, like that of the Austrians, could only be supported by bayonets. It is quite certain that constitutionalism, according to the Sardinian type, would not

exist six months in Upper Italy. Victor Emmanuel, with the purest aspirations, would be compelled to have recourse to absolutism if he wished to save his crown. In what, then, would the Italians benefit by exchanging an Austrian for a Piedmontese rule? On the contrary, they would, in all probability, draw a heavier penalty on themselves, for Victor Emmanuel, unable to assert his sway unaided, would be compelled to seek French assistance, and the records of the past should teach the Italians what they might expect in such a case.

Any consideration of the present state of Sardinia must necessarily be preceded by a description of the monarch to whom she is so much indebted for her social progress. Victor Emmanuel II., king of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, and king by election of the monarchy of Upper Italy, to which throne he has a claim as heir of Charles Albert, was born on the 14th November, 1820. He is consequently eight-and-thirty years of age, that period of life when the physical strength and decision of mind have attained their perfection. Most of our readers will remember Victor Emmanuel as he appeared among us, and the despair which his moustaches produced among our exquisites. He is a fine, soldierly-looking man, with an admirable frankness about him. In a word, he is every such a military king, excellently adapted for Piedmont, the Prussia of Italy, as Guaiterie designates it. From his earliest youth, Victor Emmanuel was carefully and severely trained; not that his father in any way resembled Frederick William of Prussia, even if the son bear some affinity to Frederick the Great, as his courtiers assert; but Charles Albert desired to make his Sardinians a military nation, and he could hit on no better device than to give them the example of his own sons, in whom the virtues of passive obedience and discipline were inculcated. During his father's reign the present king devoted himself exclusively to military matters. Possessed by one fixed idea of national independence, Charles Albert employed his heir in preparing the means of carrying it out; and thus this prince, like his younger brother, the Duke of Genoa, performed eminent services to the liberal cause during the Lombard campaign of 1848. At the head of a division, the Duke of Savoy played a most brilliant part in all the actions of the five months' campaign. Adored by his troops, to whom he devoted his special attention, he inspired them with a martial ardour that levelled every obstacle. In every difficulty he placed himself at the head of his regiment, and shunned no danger where victory was the object. The celebrated battle of Goito, on the 30th May, 1848, the most important gained by the Piedmontese, was principally due to the courage and strategic ability of this prince. An eyewitness, M. de Talleyrand, present at head-quarters during the action, has given us a glowing account of his first meeting with the eldest son of Charles Albert:

The engagement was going on most furiously on the right wing. I sought the Duke of Savoy, but only found the Austrians. They were sharply pressing a Piedmontese regiment; they had cleverly found the weak point of the position, for this wing was rather *en l'air*, and the ground was unfavourable. The victory appeared to be decisive for the Imperialists, who fought admirably; but at this moment a young general officer galloped past me; his Arab horse was covered with foam, and the blood gushed out from the pricks of the merciless spurs. The horseman, with flaming eye, sword in hand, his large moustaches standing on end, rushed towards a fine guard regiment. A few paces from the front the

young general stopped, and shouted, "Follow me, Guards, to save the honour of the House of Savoy." A general cry responded to this chivalrous appeal: the regiment rushed madly forward; a contest began; the Austrians were checked, and at length gave way. But their reinforcements came up; they returned to the charge and threatened to crush the regiment of Guards, whose officers were displaying the most brilliant courage. This young general appeared and disappeared amidst the smoke; he continually traversed the ranks, encouraging the soldiers by word and deed, and though wounded by a ball in the thigh, he kept his ground like a paladin. At last General d'Arvillars ordered up a light battery, and himself led on the brigade of Cuneo. The battery opened fire; the Austrians were checked, and the brigade, forming in line, forced the enemy to retreat. A wounded officer passed close to me. "Who is that general who has exposed himself so nobly?" I asked him.—"It is the Duke of Savoy."—"Long live the House of Savoy! the descendants of Philibert Emmanuel have not degenerated, and that prince's artichoke has found the man who will eat several leaves at once." It was almost night, and the victory was still doubtful along the rest of the line. I retraced my steps, and found myself by the king's side. He was reading a letter an officer had just handed him: his stern face was lit up by a gleam of joy. "Gentlemen," he said aloud, "the Duke of Genoa informs me of the fall of Peschiera." These words flew from rank to rank; the soldiers made the welkin ring with shouts of "Long live the king!" and the entire line rushed upon the enemy. The Austrians retired, and the cavalry started in pursuit. All was over: victory had crowned the eagle with the silver cross, and each of the princes of Savoy had a large share in the glory of that memorable day, when Italy seemed to have her independence in her grasp.

But destiny had not yet been disarmed, and the devotion of a whole nation was fated to be unsuccessful. After covering themselves with glory, and having taken the offensive from the commencement of the campaign, the Sardinians, surprised at Custoza in a false position, and cut off from their base of operations, were forced to retreat. It was owing to the desperate resistance of the two princes that the defeat was not more disastrous than it really was. The Duke of Savoy fought like a lion, and his division fell back in capital order. The royal army marched on Milan, to try a final combat before that unfortunate city. The struggle, which lasted the whole of the 4th of August, was most obstinately contended on both sides. The Austrians were determined on avenging their repeated defeats: the Piedmontese defended themselves with concentrated despair. The princes remained at their head under fire for twelve hours. An armistice, concluded during the night, saved the debris of the Piedmontese regiments, who were outnumbered and almost starving.

During the winter of 1848, the Duke of Savoy devoted his attention to the reorganisation of the army, which, by the spring, was again raised to 100,000 men. The short but memorable campaign of Novara covered the duke with glory. He was present with General la Marmora's weak corps at Mortara, where it endured the attack of the whole Austrian army, and was crushed rather than yield. Hastening to headquarters beneath the walls of Novara, he was the life of the army in that battle of giants, the Italian Waterloo, where ten thousand bodies, covering the ground at nightfall, evidenced the hatred between the two races. Eighteen hours of hand-to-hand combat against a superior force, saved the honour of the Sardinian army. The next day the soldier of Italian independence had departed into exile, and the Duke of Savoy

took on himself, with the royal title, the grave task of raising Piedmont after her terrible defeat, of repressing factions, and, finally, of showing Italy that the hour of her deliverance was only deferred.

Victor Emmanuel is a prince possessed of an infinite amount of good sense and judgment. Whenever he examines into a question himself, he immediately grasps its salient points, and recognises the line of policy to be pursued. Thus, in 1848, he readily promised to transform the absolute power into a constitutional régime. Nothing would have been easier for the young king, after Novara, than to withdraw the concessions made by his father, and make himself the autocrat of Piedmont. But he confirmed the statutes, feeling a greater pride in commanding a free people than a band of slaves. Every attempt made to change his determination succumbed before his energetic attitude. Such examples, from their rarity, certainly deserve to be chronicled.

The king is one of the bravest men Europe has ever known. Last year, a gang of bandits infested the vicinity of the château of Pollenzo, a favourite summer residence of the king. He persistently refused any escort, and one night, hearing the sound of an engagement between the gendarmes and the brigands, he seized a rifle, and put himself at the head of the former, two of whom were killed at his side. In 1854, the cholera was ravaging the city of Genoa. The inhabitants were flying in every direction, for more than five hundred died daily. Victor Emmanuel hurried to Genoa, visited the hospitals, and thus restored the courage of the people.

Devoted as he is to the memory and projects of his father, Victor Emmanuel is aware that Italy depends solely upon him, and all his thoughts are turned in one direction. He is the most thorough Italian in Piedmont, and the result is that his people fully appreciate his good qualities. The friends of Austria love in him the heir of the House of Savoy, the descendant from so many glorious princes, while the liberal party join to this traditional respect their admiration of, and gratitude to, the intrepid representative of Italian unity. Hence it is quite evident that no republican conspiracy is possible in Sardinia, and that Mazzini and his fellows must look elsewhere for support and friends.

Since the cruel losses he has sustained in the objects of his affection, Victor Emmanuel lives in great retirement. During the summer he resides at one of his country châteaux, returning to Turin in the winter, more for the sake of benefiting the capital by his presence than for his own amusement. His civil list of 4,000,000 fr. is chiefly expended in pensions and acts of charity. The only luxury he allows himself is in his horses, and he has set up a model establishment for training. He has made considerable reductions in the court which Charles Albert loved to surround himself with, for his habits are simple, and he is easy of access to the meanest of his subjects. By his lamented consort, Marie Adelaide, the king has a family of three sons and two daughters, of whom the eldest is the Princess Clotilde, born in 1843, and wife elect of Prince Napoleon.

It would be impossible to form any correct appreciation of the present condition of Piedmont, without mentioning the man to whom that country is largely indebted for its present independent position, the Count de Cavour. This talented nobleman belongs to one of the oldest

families in the kingdom. Devoted from an early age to serious study, he served for a time as officer in the Engineers, but sent in his resignation, and proceeded to France and England to study the constitutional government of those countries, and judge whether those principles were applicable to Piedmont. On returning home, M. de Cavour founded, in 1844, the journal *Il Risorgimento*, in which the principles of Balbo's work, "The Hopes of Italy," were developed and popularised with extraordinary clearness and force. Italian independence, internal reforms, league of the Italian princes against the foreigner, confederation of the several states—such were the views put forward by this paper, which had a powerful influence in bringing about the campaign of 1848.

In conformity with these ideas the editors of the *Risorgimento*, foreseeing the moment when Italy would need the union of all her strength, addressed a memorable petition to the King of Naples, in which they pointed to the example of Pio Nono and Charles Albert as the surest guarantee of dynastic stability and popularity. The news of the Milanese revolution soon reached Turin, and Cavour was the first to urge the entrance of the Sardinian army into Lombardy. And, when the defeat of Custoza was announced, he inscribed himself as volunteer on the list of new levies, which the armistice of August alone kept at home.

The revolution had broken out spontaneously throughout the whole of Italy, excepting Sardinia. The evil consequences of this uprising, which was injured by a want of cohesion, were speedily felt. Swarms of émigrés, suffering under the most exaggerated form of republicanism, fell like locusts upon the delivered provinces. It is well known how they succeeded at Milan, in Tuscany, and Rome, rendering themselves more dangerous than twenty defeats. M. de Cavour attacked them vigorously, and was requited by a deep-rooted hatred, which succeeded, even in Piedmont, in causing him to be regarded as anti-national, and deprived him of a portion of that popularity he had acquired by his conduct and his writings. At the election of January, 1849, his partisans abandoned him, and it was not until after the disaster of Novara, when the wisdom of his predictions was proved, that he regained his influence.

M. de Cavour played a considerable part in the early labours of the parliament. To the great surprise of the advanced liberals, no less than the violent displeasure of his friends on the right, he spoke in favour of wise reforms and progressive ideas, especially as regarded ecclesiastical privileges. He soon gained such a preponderance in the Chamber, that the government were compelled to ask his adhesion. In 1850, he was appointed minister of agriculture and commerce; and in 1852, when M. d'Azeglio retired from the presidency of the council, the Count de Cavour succeeded him, and has held his ground ever since. His one idea being the liberation of Italy, he is looked up to by all the liberals as the coming man, and it is principally owing to his influence that Victor Emmanuel is so bent on placing himself on the throne of Upper Italy.

It is curious that, while the constitution is so respected through Piedmont, the aristocracy of Genoa have remained in opposition to the court, and the people, who have taken the old nobility for their model, form the chief difficulty with which the government have to contend, owing to

their turbulence and disaffection. The important part they played in the catastrophe of Novara deserves closer investigation.

On the 14th March, 1849, two days after the rupture of the truce concluded with Radetzky in the previous August, Charles Albert set out from Turin to place himself at the head of his troops, who were then commanded by the Polish General Chrzanowski. The Sardinian army amounted to 80,000 men, nearly all veterans: it was marching on Lombardy to promote an insurrection, and confine the Austrian army in Milan. The plan was good, and with a general of average abilities would have succeeded, but the execution was deplorable from the outset. Instead of advancing in a formidable mass, which would not have feared any hostile rencontre, the army was divided into three corps. The centre, with head-quarters, marched on Milan by the main road to Novara; the right wing, commanded by General La Marmora, proceeded *viâ* Parma and Piacenza; the left wing, composed of 20,000 Lombardese troops, and commanded by that old conspirator Ramorino, was to enter Lombardy by Pavia. The three corps were to raise the country as they advanced, and finally join beneath the walls of Milan. The movements were commenced in accordance with this plan, and the army had reached the frontier at the three points indicated, when the sudden appearance of Radetzky on the Piedmontese territory changed the aspect of affairs.

On learning his opponent's design, the Austrian general had not awaited the Sardinian army at Milan, to allow himself to be shut in by fresh barricades, as the Polish commander-in-chief had fondly imagined. He had recalled all his divisions, stripped Lombardy of its garrisons, and at the head of 90,000 men quitted the city to try and surprise the Sardinian main body. Only a few leagues separate Milan from the Tessino, the frontier stream. Radetzky passed it on the 20th March at La Cava, a strong position, before which Ramorino was now standing, but instead of defending it he fell back, and left a free passage for the Austrians. The Sardinian army had already crossed the bridge of Buffalora, when Chrzanowski, advised of the approach of the enemy, fell back on Novara with his 34,000 men, and sent off messengers to the other two generals, bidding them join him at once. The great point was to hold their ground till the reinforcement came up, and the Austrians attacked with a numerical superiority of two and a half to one. The Piedmontese, electrified by the presence of their king and his sons, offered a furious resistance. They fought the whole of the 24th, watching in vain for the arrival of the forces which would render the contest equal. But Ramorino, after allowing the Austrian army to defile peaceably before him, remained encamped near Pavia. Motionless and impassible, for three entire days the old Carbonaro, who had been pardoned by the too-confiding Charles Albert, received order after order to come to the relief of the main body, whose furious cannonade could be plainly heard. He did not stir. As for La Marmora, he had been attacked at Mortara by the whole of the enemy's force, and had been gravely compromised. He only arrived at Novara in time to protect the remnants of the Sardinian army. But he was too weak to offer any resistance, and a capitulation was inevitable.

It must not be forgotten that Ramorino was a Genoese, and that in that city a faction was watching ready to take advantage of any occurrence. At the first news of the defeat and capitulation of Novara, these men excited the people by stating that the new king had surrendered Genoa to Austria as the price of peace, and that the Tedeschi had already arrived at Pontedeccio. The city arose *en masse*. These men put themselves at the head of the movement, expelled the royal authorities, and proclaimed the republic. Ramorino was arrested, as his troops had revolted; the conduct of this Genoese and the insurrection appeared to be strangely connected, and Ramorino was justly condemned to death. The insurgents of Genoa were not able to hold their own for any length of time: in a few days La Marmora's division appeared before the city, and tranquillity was restored. Only eleven persons were excluded from the

amnesty granted by the new king, but even they were pardoned last year, and Piedmont has now not a single citizen in exile.

It is amusing to find M. de Varenne, after a long eulogium on the administrative ability of the Sardinian ministry, forced to confess that there is a deficit of one hundred and fifty millions of francs in the budget of this year. This he strives to explain by the peculiar position in which Piedmont stands to Italy; but we may be allowed to ask, in that case, "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" Through the animosity borne against Austria, and the necessity for being prepared for hostilities at any moment, the country is forced into expenses which are beyond its resources, and a handsome national debt is being incurred because Victor Emmanuel conceives that he has a mission. Of course, if the Sardinians are patriots enough to incur such responsibilities, it is no business of ours; our capitalists are the best judges of the merits of a Sardinian loan, and if the government go into the market they will soon be able to appreciate their monetary value. Still, it is curious to find that, while the opponents of Austria found their hopes on her impecuniosity, her gallant little enemy is precisely in the same position. Perhaps, after all, this mutual want of funds may be the *primus mobile* of peace between the two nations.

We need not follow M. de Varenne through the two Chambers or refer to his appreciation of the principal public men of Piedmont, for this has already been done with much cleverness by Mr. Bayle St. John in his "Subalpine Kingdom," a work which to our mind furnishes a very fair notion of the condition of Sardinia. Nor need we delay with the Italian notabilities resident in Turin, whom our author solemnly passes in review. Let us rather proceed to that chapter in which he gives us an account of the Sardinian army, as being the most interesting to our readers. We quite agree with M. de Varenne in rebuking those politicians who deny the Italians courage, for when rendered amenable to discipline, they are converted into very excellent troops. All are agreed in allowing the bravery of the Sardinian army, and yet that it is composed of the most diversified ingredients. Piedmont proper supplies some one-sixth of the army; the other five-sixths are made up of Savoyards, Lombards from the Novarese, Ligurians from Nice, Genoa, and Sardinians proper. But the Italians themselves, when disciplined, form very excellent troops: the eighty thousand men supplied to the Austrian army by Lombardy did much to save the empire in the stormy era of 1848. Lombardese grenadiers put down the insurrections in Vienna and Prague; and recruits from that province took a bitter revenge on the Hungarians for the excesses the Magyars in Austrian pay had committed in Italy. If we require any further proof, we may appeal to the period of the first French empire, when the Italians behaved so bravely in Spain under Suchet and Victor, and during the retreat from Moscow under Eugène Beauharnais. It is, therefore, a fallacy to assume that the Piedmontese are the only raw material for soldiers in Italy; and there is no doubt, if well disciplined, the peninsula might turn out a magnificent army from its population of twenty-six millions.

The Sardinian army, which owes its present organisation to Charles Albert, amounts in time of peace to 70,000 men, and in the event of war can be raised to 100,000 by the present system of reserves. The time of service is sixteen years: the infantry soldier is called out for eighteen

months, the trooper and artilleryman for three years, when they are sent home, although liable to be called out at any moment until their capitulation has expired. In this way there is a constant reserve of 50,000 well-disciplined troops, who can be collected in a very short space of time. The Sardinian army at the present moment is composed of 20 regiments of Line infantry, 10 battalions of Riflemen (Bersaglieri), 9 regiments of cavalry, 18 batteries of field artillery, each of 8 guns, and 12 batteries of position; in addition to these, there are a body of Engineers, a train, and a commissariat. We may also mention a numerous pattern gendarmerie (Royal Carabiniers), a corps of free Chasseurs, and Marines for the defence of the ports.

The infantry are divided into brigades, bearing the names of the different provinces: the brigade of Savoy, of Piedmont, Aosta, Cuneo, Regina, Casal, Pignerol, Savona, and Acqui. The old Royal Guard (brigade of Guards), comprising two superb regiments of Grenadiers and Chasseurs, has been transformed, during the present reign, into a brigade of Grenadiers of Sardinia. The creation of the Bersaglieri is due to the much lamented General Alexandre de la Marmora, brother of the present Minister of War, who died in the Crimea. This arm enjoys such a reputation throughout Europe, that it would be superfluous to praise it here. The first French battalion of Chasseurs was founded on this model. The cavalry, excellently instructed and mounted, comprise 4 regiments of Dragoons and 5 of Cheval-légères. The men are armed with lances, which they use with deadly effect. As for the artillery, which has been the object of peculiar care, it is generally considered equal to the French, and the Crimean war rendered that arm extremely popular. It is certainly superior to the Austrian, as has been proved in every engagement when they met on equal terms. The same is the case with the Engineers, whose officers are men of the most distinguished merit. A military academy at Turin furnishes officers for the various arms. Non-commissioned officers are allowed to compete for commissions, but undergo a very strict examination. Victor Emmanuel, the crowned soldier, has devoted to his army the same constant attention given to it by Charles Albert. Many improvements have also been introduced, principally with reference to the special arms. A course of the French language is a necessary part of every officer's examination.

Charles Albert, though an excellent organiser and intrepid soldier, unfortunately did not put sufficient confidence in himself during the campaign of 1848. Instead of a unity of command, which is of so much importance—as, indeed, the Crimean war proved—the king continually hesitated amid the divergent opinions of his generals. General Bava, a first-rate soldier, who, if left to himself, would have brought the campaign to a happier termination, submitted an admirable plan. Charles Albert adopted it, but, through his anxiety, laid it before his staff for their opinion, and it underwent various modifications, which produced a most disastrous result. During the entire campaign, whenever Charles Albert only listened to his own inspirations, success was on his side. Eventually, unhappy circumstances impossible to foresee, such as the want of co-operation on the part of the Lombardese government, and the ignorance or ill faith of the contractors, were added to the military faults, and rendered them irreparable. Still, the Sardinian army had a right

to feel proud of these five months of war, in which it furnished a splendid instance of heroism, when it was so frequently victorious, and when causes, independent of itself, alone compelled its retreat. The losses of the Austrians continually exceeded those of the Sardinians. Radetzky owed his eminent success at Custoza to a bold manœuvre and the mere accident of surprising the Piedmontese in a false position, for the old marshal by no means calculated on such a result as the evacuation of Lombardy; he only hoped to recapture Peschiera. A witness, who will not be suspected of partiality towards the Italian troops, M. de Pimodan, an officer in the Austrian service, has written a book on the Italian campaigns, in which he makes the following remarks about the final conflicts between the two armies :

The roads traversing Santa Lucia were encumbered with dead bodies, the houses pierced with bullets, the trees broken down, the church belfry shattered, the gardens filled with débris and arms that had been thrown away. The affair had been sanguinary, and the Piedmontese had fought with the greatest bravery: during the whole of the engagement, officers might be seen rushing forward and exciting their men. On all sides could be heard the cry, in French, "Allons! en avant! en avant! Courage! la victoire est à nous!" These intrepid men were soldiers of the Aosta brigade; their officers, and those of ours who had been killed, had exposed themselves nobly; they had been struck in the chest, and their bodies pierced by numerous balls. It was a glorious combat; all had fought with an extreme intrepidity, such as befits men, and the victory had been well disputed. I was astonished, especially at the commencement of the affair, by seeing with what boldness the Piedmontese led their guns into the very midst of our line of skirmishers, and the rapidity with which their sappers, in spite of our fire, cut down the poplars to protect the guns from the attacks of our cavalry.

A striking proof of the bravery of the Sardinian army was furnished by the battle of Novara. In that terrible engagement, where 200 guns were thundering at once, and 120,000 men were fighting hand to hand, the Piedmontese army left 4000 dead on the field, and had 6000 wounded, or a quarter of its effective strength. Still the Sardinians killed nearly 4000 Austrians, among them 150 officers. What would they have done had the numbers been equal? These splendid regiments, formed by Charles Albert with so much pride, gave a magnificent halo to the last day of their master's rule. "Assuredly," a writer has remarked, himself a witness of the battle, "an army which, although exposed to all the influences of discouragement and disorganisation, was yet strong enough to strike such blows, deserves the esteem of the world. A defeat is nothing to a strong and active nation that can always appeal from the loss of to-day to the victory of to-morrow. It is great gain to save one's honour: that of the Piedmontese army is unblemished." Two Sardinian generals were killed at the head of their troops: Lieutenant-General de Saint Martin, who had served for a long time in France with that grade, and Major-General Passalacqua. On receiving orders to attack with his brigade, the latter, who was conversing with his officers, said to them, "You are aware, gentlemen, that, as I am on the retired list, I might refuse to serve. You are also aware that I disapprove of this war; but I desire that all the speakers who govern us may do their duty as well as I shall do mine." An hour later, he fell mortally wounded. The number of officers killed or severely wounded was beyond all proportion.

These of the artillery especially distinguished themselves. The young Count Charles de Robilant, at present an aide-de-camp to the king, met his father on returning to Novara after nightfall. "Are you wounded, my father?" he said to him, in a firm voice.—"No; but you?"—"I have had my hand shot off, and I am going to have my arm amputated."—The father turned pale, but, commanding his emotion, he replied, "Well, my son, console yourself, for you have done your duty."

The king and his sons furnished a brilliant example of courage during the battle. From morning till night the two princes remained under fire, charging at the head of their brigades, and fighting with desperate intrepidity. When the battle was lost, the Duke of Genoa, who had three horses shot under him, charged with the rallied débris of the cavalry to strike a final blow. The Duke of Savoy sought to save the remnants of the army by concentrating it beneath the walls of Novara. Charles Albert, grave and calm at the end as at the beginning of the day, proceeded to every menaced point to sustain the courage of the troops by his presence. A shower of projectiles that fell around him decimated his staff and escort. He did not appear even to notice it. At night, when he saw all was lost, he evidently sought death, for he placed himself in front of the enemy's batteries, which were belching forth grape, and scattering death around. Fate spared him, as if to make him drink to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat and humiliation. He returned slowly to the town, looking round from time to time on the dying that covered his path, and shuddering with restrained anguish. M. de Talleyrand came up to him. The unfortunate prince offered him his hand. "At any rate," he said, "the honour of the army is saved!" and then added, sorrowfully, "even death disdained me." On the ramparts of Novara the king sent for M. Cadorna, and ordered him to proceed to the enemy's camp to ask an armistice. This being refused, a memorable scene took place on his return. After a few moments' reflection, to accustom himself doubtless to the idea of the sacrifice he was about to make, the last he could offer to his country, the king summoned the princes, generals, and ministers present, and addressed to them, in a firm voice, the following memorable words: "Gentlemen, I have sacrificed myself to the Italian cause; for it I exposed my life, that of my children, and my throne. I have not succeeded! I feel that my person is now the sole obstacle to a peace which is absolutely necessary; and, indeed, I could not endure to sign it. As I have not been able to meet the death I desired, I accomplish a final sacrifice for my country. I lay down my crown, and abdicate in favour of my son, the Duke of Savoy." All present felt a deep emotion at the grandeur and simplicity of these words. Charles Albert pressed the hand of each of them, embraced his sons, who could scarcely restrain their tears, and retired to his chamber. He started an hour later alone and without a suite, after having confirmed in writing the abdication which he had announced; and he took the road to his remote place of exile, where he soon died, without again seeing his capital or any one attached to his court. Surely this lamentable result of misplaced ambition should act as a warning to Victor Emmanuel.

Our author is highly indignant at what he terms Radetzky's brutality in refusing an armistice after the battle of Novara. For our part, we consider that the grand old field-marshal behaved with unwonted magna-

nimity in not reading the Piedmontese a still severer lesson, which they fully deserved. Only a year back he had granted a truce when he might have utterly destroyed the Sardinian army; and that true Charles Albert had himself patulantly broken to go in search of another tremendous defeat. Radetzky felt that no trust could be placed in such a ruler, and sternly insisted on his abdication; but, when this had been effected, he condoned all past offences, and allowed Victor Emmanuel to return home, believing as he did that such a victory as Novara had added sufficient lustre to the double-headed eagle. And it now appears that the only reward the Austrians are to obtain for not more thoroughly clipping the wings of their plucky little foe is a constant menace of invasion. We fancy, however, that if Victor Emmanuel dares attempt the fortune of war again, he will not be allowed to escape so easily.

The Sardinian army, although much shaken by two unsuccessful campaigns, soon recovered its ordinary aspect, so great is the vitality of the country. The vigorous hand of the new king brought it up to the most flourishing condition, and the Piedmontese troops in the Crimea certainly proved themselves brave and skilful. The Piedmontese are at once enthusiastic and brave: they desire to avenge their old king, and glorify their bravest general in Victor Emmanuel. The poorest recruit endures his privations willingly if the magic word "Novara" is whispered in his ear. He longs to measure swords once again with the Austrians, and hope tells him the flattering tale that this time the victory will be on the side of Piedmont. Poor fellow! the bitter reality would only too soon read him a terrible lesson as to the fallacies of hope. With all their acknowledged bravery it is utterly impossible for a nation of five millions to wage war on equal terms with the Austrians, who draw their enormous army from upwards of thirty-six millions of men, more or less trained to arms. The result of such a contest is inevitable; and even if the French were to render the odds more equal, we believe that many desperate engagements would take place ere the Austrians yielded a hand's breadth. It is true that they have suffered an irreparable loss in Radetzky, who was so thoroughly acquainted with the character of Italian warfare, but they still have Welden, Gynlay, Wallmoden, and Hammerstein, who gained their spurs so nobly in the wars of 1848, and who would not be at all indisposed to try conclusions once again with the Gallia eagle.

One point still remains to be discussed, and that is, how far England would be justified in mixing herself up in a war professedly commenced to secure constitutional government for Italy. Although, in the abstract, we profess our hatred for tyranny in every shape, and would gladly see all nations enjoying the same enlightened liberty as ourselves, we cannot hold to the opinion that we should bring about such a consummation by armed force. Even in the glaring case of Naples, where tyranny and bigotry have coalesced to crush the people under foot, all we felt at liberty to do was to protest energetically, and suspend our diplomatic relations with a monarch who degraded humanity; how much more, then, ought we to refrain in such a case as that of Austrian despotism in Lombardy, which many are disposed to regard as a stern necessity. During the last few years a very great change has taken place in our views of intervention, and though formerly we were only too apt to

thrust ourselves forward as the Don Quixotes of monarchy, we doubt whether England would be disposed to interfere energetically in such a quarrel as that between Sardinia and Austria. It is true that we are bound to the former country by a special treaty, and, no doubt, were Austria to take the initiative, it would be our duty to come to the rescue of our Crimean ally; but if the reverse is the case, and Sardinia rushes headlong into a war which meets with our disapproval, the most we can do is to offer our good offices to ward off the lamentable consequences. At the present moment the friendship of Austria is of vital importance to us, and we cannot afford to give it up merely because the Emperor of the French desires to establish constitutional government in Italy. The first great principle of non-intervention is that no nation has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of another government, even if the grossest tyranny is proved to exist; and this is but fair enough, for, if we set up ourselves as reformers of continental abuses, we should have our hands full. If Spielberg offend us, and we insist on the abolition of that penal fortress, by the same rule we must liberate the prisoners at Cayenne, and our government is much too wise to attempt any such impertinent interference in the affairs of other nations. We believe, then, that it is our duty to preserve the strictest neutrality, no matter what events may happen in Italy; Austria is quite strong enough to fight her own battle, and, barring the sentimental aspect of the matter, it is of very little consequence to us what the result may be. Whenever the patriots are once again forced to quit their country for their country's good, let them as before find shelter here; let them harangue greasy mobs in doubtful English, and as long as they meet the demands of the tax-collector they may remain among us in perfect tranquillity. And that such will be the result of a contest in Italy there can be no doubt, for if the Sardinians were by accident to gain the upper hand, the republicans would soon undo their good work, as was the case in 1848. It is only in such a case that intervention would be pardonable; but we may very safely leave it to the Austrians to come to a conclusion with Massini and his gang.

Still, we should be very glad to hear that our government had remonstrated energetically with the Emperor Napoleon as to the false hopes he is raising by his ambiguous language, for so strong is our admiration of the emperor's character, and so convinced are we of the willingness with which he would meet the views of England, that we believe he would readily give us a satisfactory explanation as to his future intentions about Italy. We fully recognise the difficulties of his position, and that he may be forced into a war of which in his heart he disapproves, in order that he may prevent his enormous army from becoming restive; but how much greater would be his reward if he sternly followed the path of duty, and restored confidence to Europe by a manly and unreserved declaration of his views. Even war would be more endurable than the gloomy suspense which is now crippling the mercantile exchanges of the world, and the knowledge that all Europe is watching his lips with bated breath, must, before long, compel the emperor to reveal his future policy as regards the Italian question. And that he may incline to peace must be the fervent aspiration of all his well-wishers in France and England.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO ITALY?

BY AN OUTSIDER.

[Though widely differing in opinion from the writer of the following article on the Italian question, we know that he possesses excellent information on the subject, and conceive him, therefore, to be well entitled to a hearing. Our own views on the great European Difficulty will be found set forth in the February Number of this Magazine, and also in another part of the present Number.—*Ed. N. M. M.*]

FRACTIOUS Italy is once more disturbing the tranquillity of Europe. Again and again she has been well beaten for the same fault, and told to be quiet. But she will not be quiet; the treatment adopted towards her has not answered, and now the other members of the family cannot pursue their avocations in peace because of her restlessness. Danger of universal disruption and conflagration of war is threatened from this cause. All men are running to and fro anxiously asking if Europe is to have war or peace. And statesmen are meditating, what *can* be done about Italy? so as to stave off the calamity of the former alternative. But supposing some poisonous Daffy's elixir to be once again administered in sufficient dose to still the fractious patient for a while, the question, what is to be done about Italy? would still press on the attention of Europe for an answer.

England and Europe are to a certain degree aware of this. We hear it admitted on all hands that the condition of Italy is a standing menace to the tranquillity of Europe. But there is great reason to think that in England, at all events, men are very far from being aware to how great an extent this is the case. When noble lords, whose position entitles them to be the leaders of various sections of public opinion, "trust that the Pope may be led to see the necessity of introducing ameliorations in the administration of his states," or remark that "if Rome were well governed the presence of foreign troops might be dispensed with, without the fear of revolution;" when "best public instructors," far better versed in the past history of Italy and the public law of Europe as set forth in treaties than in the daily and hourly miseries, basenesses, iniquities, and degradations which the operation of those treaties are working beneath a million roof-trees, opine that, after all, Austria is not more a foreigner in Italy than most of the other rulers to whom she has been time out of mind subject; that she is justified in so ruling as to make herself safe in the possession of what is duly hers, and that the Italian population have no great reason to complain of the burden of a government, the heaviness of whose hand is caused by their own unruliness,—when these are

March—VOL. CXV. NO. CXCCLIX.

the indications of the public opinion of England, the Italians may be excused for feeling, and very loudly saying, that England is talking of what she does not comprehend.

It would be easy to set forth what may be termed, in no disparaging sense, the sentimental view of Italy's quarrel with her master and owner, in such a manner as would better serve the purpose of a writer addressing himself to the *sympathies* of a free and prosperous people, but the following statements, which seek only to convince the *reason*, will be confined in the driest manner to facts and figures.

Firstly, then, let us see how the case stands with regard to the great subject of taxation.

When Austria entered into possession of the provinces assigned her by the Congress of Vienna, the assessed tax on real property was levied, in different parts of the empire, according to various old, imperfect, and dissimilar systems of survey and valuation. The German provinces were rated according to the survey made by order of Joseph II., the Venetian territories according to that of the old republic, and those of Milan and Mantua alone possessed a good and scientifically made survey, which had been executed under Charles VI. and Maria Theresa. But an imperial decree of the 23rd of December, 1817, ordered the formation of a new and universal survey and estimate of all the provinces of the empire, except the Milanese, to be made on the principle and plan of that already possessed by this latter province. The text of the decree having provided in the most minute manner for an entirely equitable method of arriving at the fair yearly value of all property, declares that "when the necessary rectifications shall have been made in the results of the measures and estimates, the annual amount of the tax on real property, which the emperor may have fixed on according to the necessities of the state, shall be so divided that each province, each circle, each district, each commune, and each proprietor, may have to pay to the public treasury "an equal proportionate part of so much per cent. on his income, proportioned to the whole of the impost exacted by the state."*

The operation of framing these new surveys and estimates for the entire empire was necessarily a long one, and certain regulations more or less equitable were laid down for the guidance of the finance department in the mean time, with which it is not necessary to trouble English readers.

In 1853 the new survey was completed in all the provinces, and 16 per cent. on the revenue of real property was the equalised result, which was and is accordingly applied to the German provinces of the empire.

Under these circumstances, it seems incredible to an Englishman that in the face of the law of 1817 the tax levied in the Italian provinces should be other than 16 per cent. But let us see what is the fact.†

* "Una equal quota parte di un tanto per cento del suo reddito proporzionato al totale dell' imposta esatto dallo stato." This decree is printed at length by Tęgoborski, "Des Finances et du Crédit Public de l'Autriche. Paris: 1843.

† As it is the object of these pages merely to bring to the knowledge of the general English reader the broad facts of the case in as simple a form as possible, the incontestable results only of the Austrian finance operations are here given. The statistician, who is interested in the subterfuges and thimble-rigging of the figure grouping art, by which these results are reached, may find them set forth with admirable clearness in a pamphlet entitled "Sulla Necessità razionale e legislativa già accordata al Regno Lombardo Veneti la Perequazione della sua Imposta," &c. By Valentino Pasini. Venice: 1858.

It results from the statistic tables published at Vienna for the year 1845—and those for the succeeding years confirm the exactitude of the figures—that the gross revenue from the real property of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was 171 million of francs; and that from the other provinces of the empire 641 millions.* It would appear, therefore, that the respective proportions of the tax to be raised should be for the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom somewhat less than three-tenths, and for the rest of the empire somewhat more than seven-tenths of the whole; or, in other words, the two portions should stand to each other as 18½ to 70.

The tax levied, instead of standing in this proportion, stands in that of, as near as may be, 36 to 70!

To make the tax hold the same proportion to the gross revenue in Italy that it does in the German provinces, it should be reduced from 36 millions to 18½ millions; or, on the rated income, somewhat less than 16 millions.

But the plain fact is, that while the German provinces pay on real property a tax of 16 per cent., the Italian provinces pay the ordinary tax (for it must not be supposed that this is all they are loaded with; very far from it, as will presently be seen)—more than 28½ per cent.

The amount of the wrong done to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom by Austria, and accordingly of the implacable hatred of the sufferers for their oppressor, will be strikingly exhibited by the following facts and figures.

The amount of real property tax paid by the Italian provinces to the Austrian government, from 1814 to 1848 inclusive, was 33 millions of francs yearly; and thus in the whole period of thirty-five years amounted to 1155 millions!

In 1849 and 1850 the amount paid for the same tax was 100 millions in the two years!

From 1851 to 1858 inclusive, the rate paid for this tax was 44 millions yearly; and thus in the ten years, from 1849 to 1858, Austria drew from her Italian provinces 450 millions of francs!

Besides this, the tax-payers are charged with a multitude of other assessed taxes under various names, which partly are applicable to such purposes as are with us paid by local taxation, but in large part also to strictly imperial purposes.

Besides this, the burdens were enormously increased during the last of the above-mentioned periods by special war taxes, and notably by the memorable *national* and *voluntary* loan, which being forcibly imposed on the communes exposed them to heavy costs.

These different additions bring up the total to the appalling sum of 60 millions a year for the last ten years. And this sum was wrung from a people impoverished by the recent war, and by the failure of their great source of wealth, the silk crop.

Let us now look at the condition of the Lombardo-Venetian taxpayer as compared with that of the inhabitants of other parts of Italy. And let us compare the facts with the recent statements in the House of Lords by one of the first authorities in the House, to the effect that, "while

* In round numbers. The fractions are in no wise necessary to the argument.

admitting that the government of Austria weighed heavily on the minds of the people (in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom), that the taxation was heavy, and that as to liberty the people had none, he must observe that those evils were common to the majority of the inhabitants of the Continent, and that ON THE WHOLE THE PEOPLE OF THOSE PROVINCES WERE BETTER CARED FOR AND BETTER OFF THAN THE PEOPLE OF ANY OTHER PORTION OF ITALY."!!!—See Earl Granville's speech on the Address, February 3rd. When such a man as Earl Granville makes such an assertion, in the perfect conviction, we may be very sure, that he is speaking pure truth, is it not fair to conclude that Englishmen in general are wholly ignorant of the real facts of the case?

On account of the same tax—

Piedmont (continent) pays	12,000,000 francs
Tuscany, little more than .	6,000,000 „
Naples (continental) .	25,000,000 „

These amounts are, in proportion to the extent of territory, for the square kilometre in—

Piedmont	285 francs
Tuscany	280 „
Naples	316 „

and, divided among the population, show that each individual pays in—

Piedmont	2 fr. 60 c.
Tuscany	3 fr. 30 c.
Naples	3 fr. 60 c.

while in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom the same extent of soil, one square kilometre, pays 1000 francs! and each individual 8 francs!

The territorial extension of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is about one-fifteenth of that of the entire empire, and its population a little more than one-eighth of the entire population. And yet IT PAYS A LITTLE LESS THAN ONE QUARTER OF THE WHOLE PROPERTY TAX OF THE EMPIRE!

The amount of property tax which the Italian provinces would pay if rated in conformity with the law of 1817, equably with the rest of the empire, WOULD BE 24 MILLIONS OF FRANCS. THE AMOUNT ACTUALLY PAID IS 44 MILLIONS.

Lastly, the total amount of direct taxation of all kinds paid by the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom may be reckoned well within the mark at 140 millions a year!

The above facts have been stated simply as such, without any attempt at proving the correctness of them, because they are notorious and undeniable. The present writer makes no pretension to having discovered them. He limits his scope to bringing them from places where they are not likely to meet the eye of the English public, and soliciting a glance at them. Any one sufficiently interested in the matter to wish to verify the above figures, and to obtain a much fuller idea of the methods by which all this illegality and rapine has been practised, may find all he desires in Tegoborski, "*Des Finances et du Crédit Public de l'Autriche*," Paris, 1843; "*Staats-Voranschlag für die am constituivendem Reichstage vertretenen Länder der Österreichischen Monarchie für das Ver-*

waltungsjahr 1849," Wien, 1848; "Tafeln zur Statistik der Österreichischen Monarchie für die Jahre 1845 und 1846, Wien, 1851—für die Jahre 1847 und 1848, Wien, 1853—für das Jahr 1851, Wien, 1856;" "L'Annuario Statistico Italiano, Anno 1, 1857-8," Torino, and specially the above-cited memoir of Signor Pasini; "Sull' Amministrazione Finanziaria dell' Austria nel Regno Lombardo-Veneto primo del Marzo 1848," by the same author, Lausanne, 1850; "Finanze Italiane: Annuario Economico-politico per l'anno 1852," by the same author.

In the preface to the first-cited work by Signor Valentino Pasini, he writes thus:

"In the month of February, 1858, when reading a memoir before the Royal Imperial Institute (of Venice), I deemed it my duty to note the urgent necessity of—1st. Diminishing the taxes on real property, which burden agricultural industry; 2ndly. To equalise not only the provinces of the old Venetian republic with those of Mantua and Milan, but also all the provinces of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom with those of the other parts of the empire; in which, notwithstanding a new census has been established in them on the same bases as those which rule our provinces, yet the ordinary property tax is levied at the very much milder rate of 16 per cent."

Now this memoir, as part of the "Acts of the Institute," was printed at the expense of the imperial government. "I wrote thus," says Signor Pasini, "in the expectation of finding an opportune occasion of giving the proofs of my assertions. This occasion was not long in presenting itself. In fact, in the following month of April a demonstration of what I had advanced was asked of me."

This demand, the writer is at liberty to state, was made by the Archduke Maximilian. And Signor Pasini had the honour of reading to him the paper, from the preface to which we have quoted, and which was written with the view of justifying and explaining the statements made before the Institute.

The impression made on his royal and imperial highness by the statements laid before him, and his reception of them, left, it may be added, a strong conviction on the mind of Signor Pasini of his earnest desire to ameliorate the condition of the provinces entrusted to his government, unaccompanied, however, by the smallest hope that he would have any power to carry out his wishes. At all events, it was something that his royal and imperial highness did not dream of saying, in the exactitude of his knowledge of the subject, that which Lord Derby (debate on Address in the House of Lords, February 3rd), in what can only be considered his utter ignorance of the subject, ventured to assert, that "HE BELIEVED THE LOMBARD PROVINCES HAVE LITTLE TO COMPLAIN OF IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE GOVERNMENT."!!

If Lord Derby would for a moment contemplate the real condition of the Lombardo-Venetian population, even as it is most imperfectly set forth in the statements above printed, and would endeavour for an instant to realise to himself the effect which such words from him must produce on men so situated, he would surely stand convicted in his own eyes of stimulating those unhappy people to revolution more dangerously than any vulgar agitator or demagogue. Does Lord Derby know how the denial of justice operates on the human heart? Can he estimate the bitterness that is generated by finding a cry of prolonged

suffering rejected, ignored, disbelieved? Has he any knowledge of the workings of despair? Lord Derby may say that the people of Lombardy have not to receive their destiny from his hands, nor learn their hopes from his lips; that England cannot put lance in rest to ride at grievances throughout the world. But none knows better than Lord Derby all the weight of words spoken on such a subject by England's prime minister in the House of Lords. Perhaps he does *not* know that all Italy is as much aware of that weight as he is; and that the expression of his opinion on their position is eagerly looked for by Italians from the Alps to Otranto. If he knows this, and could see the bitter smile of derision at the ignorance of the great English statesman, when such as the above is the opinion he expresses of their condition, or the indignation provoked by the injustice of it, he would admit that such words are not calculated to inspire the people of Italy with patience and moderation.

The whole weight of the case of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom against Austria has been rested in the foregoing pages on the inequality of the taxation. It is the grievance that can best be stated, because it can be expressed in the precise language of figures, and depends on incontrovertible facts. It is, moreover, abundantly sufficient for the purpose of proving the absolute necessity that there should be—nay, the absolute certainty that there will be—some means of exit found from the present situation. For the taxation shown in the figures cited involves absolute ruin to a large number of the people, painful privations to a still larger portion, and absence of anything like prosperity to all.

But it would be easy to enlarge on the vexatious spirit in which the administration is carried on, and to point out the peculiar hardships and provocations arising from some of the indirect imposts and the manner in which they are levied—as, for example, that on stamps—the “*carta bollata*”—and that on salt. It would be easy to draw a vivid picture of the truly infinite and specially demoralising evil consequences of the spy system, and the rule of practically irresponsible commissaries of the police. And well authenticated anecdotes by the dozen might be related to prove that in truth the Lombard lives under a tyranny that would seem to an Englishman intolerable for a moment.

“The wonder,” say the Lombards, “is, that we have yet energy to resist, or even to complain; that we have not been long since crushed into the apathetic stupidity of cretinism.”

But it would be useless to encumber this brief statement, which in no way is intended to address itself to the passions, with piteous tales of individual wrong and hardship, however numerous and however sad. It would be impossible to authenticate them satisfactorily; and it is preferable to rest the case on incontrovertible grounds. The fact of the universal discontent of the population is but too incontrovertible. And those great statesmen, who assure England that the Lombards have no cause to complain of their government, and that they are as well or better off than the inhabitants of any other part of Italy, may be safely challenged to find any example in the history of civilised nations where universal discontent with the government existed without the coexistence of grave reasons for that discontent. Mankind are never unjust in masses millions strong.

But however grievous, however well-founded, however undeniable the complaints of the population of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom may be,

—however iniquitous the rule to which they are subjected,—however dangerous to the peace of Europe,—say, rather, however evidently incompatible with the peace of Europe,—the continuance of that rule and of their sufferings under it may be, what is the use of saying anything about it when we know that these things are all so by virtue of treaties? Lombardy belongs to Austria by virtue of treaty. It is hers; and may she not do what she likes with her own? England would give much to see Italy prosperous, happy, free, and well-governed. But the treaties! Who shall dare to put their hand on the diplomatic ark?

Now, to an outsider, there seems to be two or three things to be said on the subject of these fetish treaties.

In the first place, there is the answer which every Italian makes, naturally enough, when these unattackable barriers against all hope for him are urged on his consideration. "Produce the bond," says he, "and let me see the signature of Italy. If a nation is to be bound by such an instrument, can it be in the nineteenth century pretended that she is to have no voice in the agreeing to it?"

But, it may be said, even if the Italians, who had no voice in making the treaty, be not bound by it, England, which had a voice, is bound. Whether it were well done or ill done, England signed the bond, and must keep faith.

Yet, rejoins the Italian, your sacred treaty, as all Europe knows, has been broken again and again when it suited the views of the treaty-makers to break it. It is declared inviolable only when it serves to protect wrong and perpetuate iniquity. And it must be admitted that those who are consigned to hopeless ruin and degradation by its provisions can hardly be expected to feel much respect for the sincerity of those who are so ready to quote the letter of the bond against them, but have never (audibly) quoted it in their favour.

But it is high time that this matter of treaties and their indefeasible binding force should be examined a little on broader grounds. And it seems best that "an outsider" should venture on the perilous enterprise of doing so.

An old Spanish story tells how, when the king was seduced by certain rogues into riding naked through the city, fancying that he was clothed in a tissue invisible to the eyes of those born out of wedlock, and pretending for his royal mother's honour's sake that he could see the magic garment, and when all the citizens, while plainly seeing the nakedness of their king, maintained, from motives similar to his own, that they, too, perceived him to be admirably well clothed, the cheat endured till a poor old water-seller, caring little about his own legitimacy, assured his majesty of the fact that he was as naked as on the day he was born.

Now it is very natural that the great men who make treaties should have an exaggerated notion of the importance and indestructibility of their work; and very naturally, also, all the numerous classes of little men, who like to look like great men, or to talk like them, or at least to be supposed to have come sufficiently near to great men to know what is what about these great world matters, all pull a long face when public treaties are mentioned, and swear that they, too, see plain enough that the world would all go to ruin if "the faith of public treaties were not observed."

It seems necessary, therefore, that somebody, whose position puts him

beyond caring for being supposed to have never been even within distant sight of a pair of diamond epaulettes, should speak the few plain words which are needed to end the delusion.

If the treaties made half a century ago by the last generation are still unattackable, how long is it supposed are they to remain so? To the end of time, of course, according to the theory. But what has become of all the treaties Martens has registered? What has become of all the various systems of laws, constitutions, and agreements by which mankind have in all ages sought to bind and rule the generations to come after them? One might suppose that the world had learned by this time that the attempt is a futile one, as impossible as it would be unreasonable and unjust. Mankind must and will be the arbiters of their own destinies in their own generation, despite whatever parchments may be produced to show that their fathers have signed away their inalienable right.

But is there to be no public law in Europe? Are the labours of the modern diplomatist to be superseded by the medieval barbarism of constant appeals to the sword and the anarchy of brute force?

By no means! All that is wanted is, that the Pharisees of statesmanship should persuade themselves that treaties are made for nations, and not nations for treaties, and that public law, like national, or any other whatever law, can be beneficially operative only so long as its provisions are in accordance with the most enlightened public opinion of the age. Treaties should be, and will be, respected as long as it seems to the best wisdom of the current time that their arrangements are those best adapted to the welfare of all the parties concerned in them. But it is surely absurd, even to the limits of the farcical, for the statesmen of Europe to say, "Yes! we see the evils of the present state of things; we lament them; and had we now to make arrangements for the regulation of these matters, we could manage things much better. But, alas! it cannot be—our hands are tied! We are bound by treaty. Treaty says that things shall be as they are, and so they must remain henceforward for ever!"

And this in the mouths of men whose fathers drove James II. from his throne! though his "title-deeds" were surely as good as those by which Austria holds Lombardy. "She is in possession of those provinces," said Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on the 3rd of February, "by virtue of the treaties of 1815, which are the title-deeds of many other territories in Europe." The phrase indicates unmistakably enough the root of the old-world exploded idea that sovereigns have a right of property in the nations they are employed by, still lurking in the statesman's mind. Strange that it should so persistently cling to the mind of an Englishman! and only to be accounted for by supposing that the life-long associations of the great foreign minister have made the modes of thought habitual to the minds of his brother diplomats—the servants of right-divine masters—more part and parcel of his intellect than the Brown-Jones-and-Robinsonian views of such matters which prevail in these islands.

Title-deeds, indeed, in this sixtieth year of the nineteenth century! Title-deeds to the fee-simple of twelve millions of men! And Sardinia is reminded that her "title-deeds" have the same foundation! But Sardinia and Sardinia's prime minister know better. The title-deeds of her government rest, and are rested by her, on the conviction of her people, that they are well and advantageously governed.

Once for all, therefore, let the world have done with the treaty superstition, as it has abolished the right-divine superstition. Let treaties be respected as long as they can be shown to be generally useful. But if one of the contracting parties finds the treaty which its fathers made advantageous, while the other finds it pernicious, what then? Why, then the treaty will be torn. For the most devout worshipper of the fetish treaty will not maintain that any nation has ever consented to continue in an injurious position because bound to do so by treaty.

But, supposing it admitted that the sons of the men who made the revolution of 1688 can hardly have the face to tell the Lombards that they are bound to endure all the evils of their government unresistingly, because they were consigned to it by a treaty to which they were no parties, what then? Are we expected to take an active part in undoing what we helped to do in 1815, now that we find how much woe is worked by it? Do the Italians hope, ask, or expect, that England should go to war with Austria for their liberation?

Unquestionably not. It may be unhesitatingly stated that there is no section of public opinion in Italy which deludes itself with any such idea. Our part, should Europe be condemned to see war once more arresting the progress of mankind, would unquestionably be to preserve a strict neutrality. Italy would be perfectly contented with such a policy. But she did not expect to find the moral weight of English statesmanship thrown into the scale against her. She did not expect, and was very painfully surprised to hear, the highest authorities in the English parliament deny that she had ground for complaint; assert—what not even the Austrian government itself dreams of asserting, in the teeth of notorious facts and figures—that the Lombardo-Venetian provinces are better off than the rest of Italy; and throw the heavy weight of their blame and discouragement on any attempt which Sardinia may be able to make for their deliverance.

The monstrous falsity of assertions such as those which Earl Granville and Lord Derby hazarded in the House of Lords in the debate on the Address, lead the Italians, who cannot be expected to know, as every Englishman knows, that any extraordinary amount of ignorance is to be credited to those noblemen rather than the shadow of an untruth—Italians, I say, are led to doubt the sincerity of any of the opinions expressed on their affairs by our statesmen, and are driven to all sorts of absurd theories—such as England's fear of the rivalry of a prosperous Italy, &c.—to account for their manifest ill-wishes towards the cause of Italian liberation.

A few words as to the present hopes and views of the Italians may conclude these pages.

Some of the noble lords, who thought that the Italians had no cause to complain against Austria, were of opinion that a similar favourable opinion could not be extended to the Papal government. They held that the true seat of the malady which is killing the patient must be sought at Rome; that the efforts of the Italians should be directed with one accord to the removal of this evil, and specially of the treaty-breaking occupation of divers points of the Ecclesiastical States by foreign troops, all which unfortunate state of things would be put right, and everything made pleasant to all parties, if only the Pope would consent to "introduce reforms into his administration."

Now the Italians comprehend perfectly well that it would suit the statesmen of England admirably to make a lightning-conductor of the Pope for the preservation of Austria, and they are aware that the Utopists, who dream of a golden age under a reformed Papal Saturn, have the authority of Gioberti for their theories. But between the time when Gioberti indulged in such hopes and the present, there is a vast gulf not to be measured by the mere lapse of time. And with the exception of a few highly respectable, but quite isolated and wholly uninfluential theorists, his disciples, no party in Italy would listen now for a moment to any such advice.

In the first place, they know full well the utter futility of the dream of a reformed papacy. They know that the impossibility of such a thing does not depend upon the opinions, the wishes, or the good will of the reigning Pope. If John Bright were Pope to-morrow, the reform of the papacy would be as far off as ever. No man, who has any real knowledge of the working of the Papal government, can have any hope that new wine shall ever be held in those old bottles.

And, in the second place, the Italians of the present day understand, with a unanimity they have rarely hitherto exhibited, that if once the crushing weight of the material force of Austria were lifted from off their shoulders, all other such matters as perjured ferocious tyranny at Naples, and corrupt effete imbecility at Rome, &c., would very soon find a speedy cure. All Italy, with the exception of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, would, as far as they themselves are concerned, ask and wish for nothing better than the exact observance of those treaties, which statesmen insist on *breaking* for the enslavement of Central Italy, and *keeping unbroken* for the enslavement of Northern Italy. Central and Southern Italy would manage their own affairs satisfactorily enough if only ensured against foreign intervention in support of their tyrants.

The entire peninsula, therefore, now sees quite plainly that the expulsion of Austria is the one thing needful, and absolute *sine quâ non*. With Austria on her shoulders Italy can do nothing; liberated from that incubus, all that she requires would be within her grasp.

But "a united Italian nationality is a vision that never has and never will be realised. Old aversions, rivalries of states and capitals," &c. &c.; we know the *refrain*. But the fact is, that whether practicable or not, no influential party in the country is at present looking forward to the realisation of any such vision. The national programme limits itself to the simple formula, Out with Austria! and then constitutional government, with as few and as small territorial and dynastic changes as may be compatible with those two requirements.

These are the aspirations of Italy. And she feels no little anxiety to know whether English statesmen speak the feeling of their country when they attempt to put the extinguisher on such aspirations by asserting that Austria's Italian subjects have no reason to complain of her rule, and by insisting on the maintenance of treaties which consign them to misery, while they permit the same treaties to be broken for the enslavement of their neighbours to the south.

THE GRAVESTONE IN THE CLOISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

THE Reverend Mr. Wilberforce sat at the head of his dinner-table, eating his own dinner and carving for his pupils. His face looked hot and angry, and his spectacles were pushed to the top of his brow, for if there was one thing more than another that excited the ire of the master, it was that of any boys being unpunctual at meals, and Cookesley had this day chosen to be absent. The second serving of boiled beef was going round when he made his appearance.

"What sort of behaviour do you call this, sir?" was the master's salutation. "Do you expect to get any dinner?"

"I am very sorry to be so late, sir," replied Cookesley, eyeing the boiled beef wishfully, but not daring to take his seat. "I went to see Arkell, and——"

"And who is Arkell, pray, or you either, that you must upset the regulations of my house?" retorted the master. "You should choose your visiting times better, Mr. Cookesley."

"Yes, sir. I heard he was worse; that's the reason I went; and when I got there the dean was with him. I waited, but I had to come away without seeing Arkell, after all."

"The dean with Arkell!" echoed Mr. Wilberforce.

"He is there still, sir. Arkell is a great deal worse. They say he will never come to school or college again."

"Who says so, pray?"

"Everybody's saying it now," returned Cookesley. "There's something wrong with his head, sir; some internal injury caused by the fall; but they don't know whether it's an abscess, or what it is. It may kill him, they say."

The master's wrath had faded: truth to say, his anger was generally more fierce in show than in reality. "You may take your seat for this once, Cookesley, but if ever you transgress again——Halloa!" broke off the master, as he cast his eyes on another of his pupils, "what's the matter with you, Lewis, junior? Are you choking, sir?"

Lewis, junior, was choking, or gasping, or something of the sort, for his face was distorted, and his eyes were round with seeming fright. "What is it?" angrily repeated the master.

"It was the piece of meat, sir," gasped Lewis. A ready excuse.

"No it wasn't," put in Vaughan the bright, who sat next to Lewis, junior. "Here's the piece of meat you were going to eat: it dropped off the fork on to your plate again: it couldn't be the meat. He's choking at nothing, sir."

"Then, if you must choke, you had better go and choke outside, and come back when it's over," said the master to Lewis. And away Lewis went: none guessing at the fear and horror which had taken possession of him.

The assize week had passed, and this was the week following it, and

still Henry Arkell did not make his appearance in the cathedral or the school. Was it likely that the effects of a fall, which broke no bones, bruised no limbs, only told somewhat heavily upon his head, should last all this while, and incapacitate him from his duties? Had it been any other of the king's scholars, no matter which of the whole thirty-nine, Mr. Wilberforce would have said that he was skulking, and have sent a sharp mandate for him to appear in his place; but he knew better things of Henry Arkell. He did not much like what Cookesley said—that Arkell might never come out again, though he affected to receive the information with disbelief.

The dull, heavy pain in the head, complained of by Henry Arkell soon after the fall in the cathedral (a somewhat mysterious fall, as it was looked upon, since nobody could imagine what caused it), had increased, by imperceptible degrees, until it grew to intensity. Then his friends called in the family doctor, who said he saw no cause for apprehension, and thought he only required rest. But when two or three days more went on, and the pain grew no better, but worse, and the boy more heavy, it dawned into the surgeon's mind that he possibly did not understand the case, and it might be as well to have the advice of a physician. The most clever the city afforded was summoned; and he did not appear to understand it, either. That there was some internal injury to the head, both agreed; but, what it might be, was not so easy to state. So a few days more went on, and the doctors paid their regular visits, and the pain still grew worse; and then the half shadowed doubt grew into one which had little shadow about it, but stern substance—that the injury was rapidly running on to a fatal issue.

He had not then taken to his bed: he would sit at his chamber window in an easy-chair, his poor aching head leaning on a pillow. "You would be better in bed," everybody said to him. No, he thought he was best up, he answered: it was more change: when he was tired of the chair and the pillow, he could lie down outside the bed. "It is unaccountable his liking to be at the window so much," Mrs. Arkell remarked to Mr. St. John. To them it might be: for how could they know that a sight of *one*, who might pass, and cast a glance up to him, made his day's happiness?

One afternoon, just about the time that the physician was first sent for, Mr. St. John called to see him. Henry was at his usual post, the window, but standing up, his head resting against the frame, and his eyes strained after some distant object outside. So absorbed was he, that Mr. St. John had to touch his arm to draw his attention, and Henry drew back with a start.

"How are you to-day, Harry? Better?"

"No, thank you. This curious pain in my head gets worse."

"Why do you call it curious?"

"It is not like an ordinary pain. And I cannot tell exactly where it is. I cannot put my hand on any part of my head and say it is here or it is there. It seems to be in the centre of the inside—as if it could not be got at."

"What were you watching so eagerly?"

"I was looking outside," was Henry's evasive reply. "They had Dr. Ware to me this morning: did you know it?"

"I am glad of that!" exclaimed Mr. St. John. "What does he say?"

"I did not hear him say much. He asked me where my head was struck when I fell, but I could not tell him—I did not know at the time, you remember. He and Mr.——"

Henry's voice faltered. A sudden, almost imperceptible, movement of the head nearer the window, and a wild accession of colour to his feverish cheek, betrayed to Mr. St. John that something was passing, which bore for him a deep interest. He raised his own head and caught a sufficient glimpse: *Georgina Beauclerc*.

It told Mr. St. John all: though he had not been without his suspicions. He recalled certain words Miss Beauclerc had spoken to him the night previous to Assize Sunday, when he had gone to the deanery for an hour, after meeting the judges at dinner at the bishop's palace. Mysterious words they had sounded to Mr. St. John then, but now their meaning was cleared to him. So! the boy's heart had been thus early awakened—and crushed.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns,"

whistled Mr. St. John to himself.

Ay, crushing is as sure to follow that *early* awaking, as that thorns grow on certain rose-trees.

The first, beyond the immediate family, to hear the news that there was no further hope, was Mr. St. John. He never missed a day without going to see Henry, and upon going one morning as usual, he found him in bed.

"Like a sensible man as you are," quoth Mr. St. John, by way of salutation. "Now don't rise from it again until you are better."

Henry looked at him, an expression in his eyes that Mr. St. John did not like, and did not understand. "Did they tell you anything down stairs, Mr. St. John?" he inquired.

"I did not see any one but the servant. I came straight up."

"Mamma is lying down, I dare say: she has been sitting with me part of the night. Then I will tell it you. I shall not be here many days," he whispered, putting his hand within Mr. St. John's.

Mr. St. John did not take the meaning: that the case would have a fatal termination had not yet crossed his mind. "Where shall you be?" cried he, gaily, "up in the moon?"

Henry sighed. "Up somewhere. I am going to die."

"Going to what?" was the angry response.

"I am dying, Mr. St. John."

Mr. St. John's pulses stood still. "Who has been putting that rubbish in your head?" cried he, when he recovered them to speak.

"The doctors told my father yesterday evening, that as I went on, like this, from bad to worse, without their being able to discover the true nature of the case, they began to fear it might terminate fatally. Afterwards mamma came and broke it to me."

"Why did she do so?" involuntarily uttered Mr. St. John, in an accent of reproach. "Though their opinion may be unfavourable—which I don't believe, mind—they had no right to frighten you with it."

"It does not frighten me. Just at first I shrank from the news, but I am quite reconciled to it now. A faint idea that this might be the ending, has been running through my own mind for some days past, though I would not dwell on it sufficiently to give it a form."

"I am *astonished* that Mrs. Arkell should have imparted it to you!" emphatically repeated Mr. St. John. "What could she have been thinking of?"

"Oh, Mr. St. John! mamma has striven to bring us up not to fear death. What would have been the use of her lessons, had she thought I should run in terror from it when it came?"

"She ought not to have told you—she ought not to have told you!" was the continued burden of Mr. St. John's song. "You may get well yet."

"Then there is no harm done. But, with death near, would you have had me, the only one it concerns, left in ignorance to meet it, not knowing it was there? Mamma has not waited herself for death—as she has done, you know, for years—without learning a better creed than that."

Mr. St. John made no reply, and Henry went on: "I have had such a pleasant night with mamma. She read to me parts of the Revelations; and in talking of the glories which I may soon see, will you believe that I almost forgot my pain? She says how thankful she is now, that she has been enabled to train me up more carefully than many boys are trained—to think more of God."

"You are a strange boy," interrupted Mr. St. John.

"In what way am I strange?"

"To anticipate death in that tone of cool ease. Have you no regrets to leave behind you?"

"Many regrets: but they seemed to fade into insignificance last night, while mamma was talking with me. It is best that they should."

"Harry, it strikes me that you have had your griefs and troubles, inexperienced as you are," resumed Mr. St. John.

"Oh yes, I have," he answered, betrayed into an earnestness, incompatible with cautious reserve. "Some of the college boys have not suffered me to lead a pleasant life with them," he continued, more calmly: "and then there has been my father's gradually straitening income."

"I think there must have been some other grief than these," was Mr. St. John's remark.

"What other grief could there have been?"

"I know but of one. And you are over young for that."

"Of course I am; too young," was the eager answer.

"That is enough," quietly returned Mr. St. John; "I did not *tell* you to betray yourself. Nay, Henry, don't shrink from me; let me hear it: it will be better and happier for you that I should."

"There is nothing—I don't know what you mean—what are you talking of, Mr. St. John?" was the incoherent answer.

"Harry, my poor boy, I know almost as much as you," he whispered. "I know what it is, and who it is. Georgie Beauclerc. There: you cannot tell me much, you see."

Henry Arkell laid his hand across his hot face and aching eyes:

his chest was heaving with emotion. Mr. St. John leaned over him, not less tenderly than a mother.

"You should not have wasted your love upon *her*: she is a heartless girl. I expect she drew you on, and then turned round and said she did not mean it."

"Oh yes, she did draw me on," he replied, in a tone full of anguish; "otherwise, I never—But it was my fault also. I ought to have remembered the many barriers that divided us: the——"

"You ought to have remembered that she is an incorrigible flirt, that is what you ought to have remembered," interrupted Mr. St. John.

"Well, well," sighed Henry, "I cannot speak of these things to you: less to you than to any one."

"Is that an enigma? I should think you could best speak of them to me, because I have guessed your secret, and the ice is broken."

Again Henry Arkell sighed. "Speaking of them at all will do no good; and I would now rather think of the future than of the past. My future lies there," he added, pointing to the blue sky, which, as seen from his window, formed a canopy over the cathedral tower. "She has, in all probability, many years before her here: Mr. St. John, if you spend those years together, will you sometimes talk of me: I should not like to be quite forgotten by you—or by her."

"Spend them together!" he echoed. "Another enigma. What should bring me spending my years with Georgina Beauclerc?"

Henry withdrew his hand from his eyes, and turned them on Mr. St. John. "Are you not engaged to her? Is she not to be your wife?"

"She! Georgina Beauclerc! No, thank you."

Henry Arkell's face wore an expression of puzzled wonder. "But—I do not understand. It must be so. It was for your sake she treated me so ill. She loves you, Mr. St. John."

"She is a little simpleton, then. I would not marry Georgie Beauclerc if there were not another English girl extant. And as to loving her—Harry, I only wish, if we are to lose you, that I loved you but one tenth part as little."

"Sorrow in store for her! sorrow in store for her!" he murmured, as he turned his face to the pillow. "I must send her a message before I die: you will deliver it for me."

"I won't have you talk about dying," retorted Mr. St. John. "You may get well yet, I tell you."

Henry opened his eyes again to reply, and the calm peace had returned to them. "It is better to talk of death than to shrink from it, Mr. St. John." And Mr. St. John grumbled an ungracious acquiescence.

"And there is another thing I wish you would do for me: get Lewis, junior, here to-day. If I send to him, I know he will not come; but I must see him. Tell him, please, that it is only to shake hands and make friends; that I will not say a word to grieve him. He will understand."

"It is more than I do," said Mr. St. John. "He shall come."

"I should like to see Aultane—but I don't think my head will stand it all. Tell him from me, not to be harsh with the choristers, now he is senior——"

"He is not senior yet," interposed Mr. St. John, in a husky tone.

March—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLIX.

T

"It will not be long first. Give him my love, and tell him, when I sent it, I meant it fully: and that I have no angry feeling towards him."

"Your love?"

"Yes. It is not an ordinary message from one college boy to another," panted the lad, "but I am dying."

After Mr. St. John left the house, he encountered the dean. "Dr. Beauclerc, Henry Arkell is dying."

The dean stared at Mr. St. John. "Dying! Henry Arkell!"

"The inward injury to the head is now pronounced by the doctors to be a fatal one. They told the family last night there was little, if any, more hope. The boy knows it, and seems quite reconciled."

The dean, without another word or question, turned immediately off to Mr. Arkell's, and Riverton as immediately turned its aristocratic nose up. "The idea of his condescending to enter the house of those poor Arkells! had it been the other branch of the Arkell family, it would not have been quite so lowering. But Dr. Beauclerc never did display the dignity properly pertaining to a dean."

Dr. Beauclerc, forgetful as usual of a dean's dignity, was shown into Mr. Arkell's parlour, and from thence into Henry Arkell's chamber. The boy's ever-lovely face flushed crimson, from its white pillow, when he saw the dean. "Oh, sir! you to come here! how kind!"

"I am sorry for this, my poor lad," said the dean, as he sat down. "I hear you are not so well: I have just met Mr. St. John."

"I shall never be well again, sir. But do not be sorry. I shall be better off: far, far happier than I could be here."

"Do you feel this, genuinely, heartily?" questioned the dean.

"Oh yes, how can I do otherwise than feel it? If it is God's will to take me, I know it must be for my good."

"Say that again," said the dean. "I do not know that I fully caught your meaning."

"I am in God's hands: and if He takes me to Him earlier than I thought to have gone, I know it must be for the best."

"How long have you reposed so firm a trust in God?"

"All my life," answered Henry, with simplicity: "mamma taught me that with my letters. She taught me to take God for my guide; to strive to please Him; implicitly to trust in Him."

"And you have done this!"

"I have tried to do it, sir. Though when I think how imperfect it has been, I should shrink, but that I know there is One to intercede for me."

"Have you sure and certain trust in Christ?" returned the dean, after a pause.

"I have sure and certain trust in him," was the boy's reply, spoken fervently: "if I had not, I should not dare to die. It troubles me so much to think I have not been confirmed."

"But why?"

"Because then I should have received the Sacrament."

"Confirmation is not an absolute essential to that," cried the dean, in his quick manner. "I do believe you are more fitted for it than are some who take it. Would it be a comfort to you?"

"It would indeed, sir."

"Then I will come and administer it. At seven to-night: will that hour suit your friends?"

"Oh, sir, you are too good," he uttered, in his surprise: "mamma thought of asking Mr. Prattleton. I am but a poor college boy, and you are the Dean of Riverton."

"Just so. But when the great King of Terrors approaches, as he is now approaching you, it makes us remember that in Christ's kingdom the poor college boy may stand higher than the Dean of Riverton. Henry, I have watched your conduct more than you are aware of, and I believe you to have been as truly good a boy as it is in human nature to be: I believe that you have continuously striven to please God, in little things as in great."

"Not half as much as I ought," was the whispered reply.

The dean's interview was a long one, to the discomfort of Cookesley, who was waiting down stairs with impatience, and, as the reader has seen, nearly lost his dinner. As soon as they rose from table, the boys, full of consternation, trooped down to Arkell's, picking up several more of the king's scholars on their way, who were not boarders at the house of Mr. Wilberforce. The dean had gone then, but Mr. St. John was at the door, having called again to inquire whether there was any change. He cast his eyes on the noisy boys, as they approached the gate, and discerned amongst them Lewis, junior. Mr. St. John stepped outside, and pounced upon him, with a view to marshal him in. But Lewis resisted violently; ay, and shook and trembled like a girl.

"I will not go into Arkell's, sir," he panted. "You have no right to force me. I won't! I won't!"

He struggled on to his knees, and clasped a deep-seated stone in the Arkells' garden for support. Mr. St. John, not releasing his collar, looked at him with amazement, and the troop of boys watched the scene, over the palings.

"Lewis, what is the meaning of this?" cried Mr. St. John. "You are panting like a coward; and a guilty one. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of nothing, but I won't go into Arkell's. I don't want to see him. Let me go, sir. Though you are Mr. St. John, that's no reason why you should set up for master over the college boys."

"I am master over you just now," was the significant answer. "Listen: I have promised Arkell to take you to him, and I will do it: you may have heard, possibly, that the St. Johns never break their word. But Arkell has sent for you in kindness: he appeared to expect this opposition, and bade me tell it you: he wants to clasp your hand in friendship before he dies. Walk on, Lewis."

"You are not master over us boys," shrieked Lewis again, whose opposition had increased to soba.

But Mr. St. John proved his mastership; for, partly by coaxing, partly by authoritative force, he conducted Mr. Lewis to the door of Henry's chamber. There, Lewis seized his arm in abject terror; he had turned ghastly white, and his teeth chattered.

"I cannot fathom this," uttered Mr. St. John, wondering much. "Have I not told you there is nothing to fear? What is it that you do fear?"

"No ; but does he look very frightful?" chattered Lewis.

"What should make him look frightful? He looks as he has always looked. Be off in ; and I'll keep the door, if you want to talk secrets."

Mr. St. John pushed him in, and closed the door upon them. Henry held out his hand, and spoke a few hearty words of love and forgiveness ; and Lewis put his face down on the counterpane and began to howl.

"Lewis, take comfort. It was done, I know, in the impulse of the moment, and you never thought it would hurt me seriously. I freely forgive you."

"Are you sure to die?" sobbed Lewis.

"I think I am. The doctors say so."

"O-o-o-o-o-h!" howled Lewis, "then I know you'll come back and haunt me with being your murderer : Prattleton, senior, says you will. He saw it done, so he knows about it. I shall never be able to sleep at night, for fear."

"Now, Lewis, don't be foolish. I shall be too happy where I am to come back to earth. No one knows how it happened : you say Prattleton does, but he is your friend, and it is safe with him. Take comfort."

"Some of us have been so wicked and malicious to you," blubbered Lewis. "I, and my brother, and Aultane, and Prattleton, senior."

"It is all over now," sighed Henry, closing his heavy eyes. "You would not, had you foreseen that I should leave you so soon."

"Oh, what a horrid wretch I have been !" sobbed Lewis, rubbing his smeared face on the white bedclothes, in an agony : "and, if it's found out, they might try me next assizes and hang me. And it is such a dreadful thing for you to die !"

"It is a *happy* thing, Lewis ; I feel it is, and I have told the dean I feel it. Say good-by to the fellows for me, Lewis : I am too ill to see them : tell them how sorry I am to leave them ; but we shall meet again in heaven."

Lewis grasped his offered hand, and, with a hasty, sheepish movement, leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek : then turned and burst out of the room, nearly upsetting Mr. St. John, and tore down the stairs. Mr. St. John entered the chamber.

"Well, is the conference satisfactorily over?"

Again Henry reopened his heavy eyes. "Is that you, Mr. St. John?"

"Yes, I am here."

"The dean is coming this evening at seven," he whispered : "for the Sacrament. He said my not having been confirmed was no matter in a case like this. Will you come?"

"Henry, no," was the grave answer. "I am not good enough."

"Oh, Mr. St. John!" The ready tears filled his eyes. "I wish you could!" he beseechingly whispered.

"I wish so too. Are you distressed for me, Henry? Do not look upon me as a monster of iniquity : I did not mean to imply it. But I do not yet think sufficiently of serious things, to be justified in partaking of that ordinance without preparation."

"It would have seemed like a bond of union between us : a promise

that you will some time join me where I am going," pleaded the dying boy.

"I hope I shall: I trust I shall: I will not forget that you are there."

As Mr. St. John left the house, he made his way to the Grounds, in a reflective mood: the cathedral bell was then ringing for afternoon service, and, somewhat to his surprise, he saw the dean hurrying from the college, not to it.

"I'm on my way back to Arkell's! I'm on my way back to Arkell's!" he exclaimed, in an impetuous manner; and forthwith he began recounting a history to Mr. St. John; a history of wrong, which filled him, the dean, with indignation.

"I suspected something of the sort," was Mr. St. John's quiet answer; and the dean strode on his way, and Mr. St. John stood looking after him, in painful thought. When the dean came out of Mr. Arkell's again, he was too late for service that afternoon. Although he was in residence!

Just in the unprepared and sudden manner which the news, that Henry Arkell was about to die, may have overtaken the reader, so did it overtake the town of Riverton. People could not believe it: his friends could not believe it: the doctors scarcely believed it. The day wore on; and whether there may have lingered any hope in the morning, the evening closed it, for it brought additional agony to his injured head, and the most sanguine saw that he was dying.

All things were prepared for the service, about to take place, and Henry lay flushed, feverish, and restless, lest he should become delirious ere the hour should arrive: he had become so rapidly worse since the forepart of the day. Precisely as the cathedral clock struck seven, the house door was thrown open, and the dean placed his foot on the threshold:

"PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE, AND TO ALL THAT DWELL WITHIN IT!"

The dean was attended to the chamber, and there he commenced the office for the Visitation of the Sick, omitting part of the exhortation, but reading the prayer for a soul on the point of departure. Then he proceeded with the Communion.

When the service was over, all, save Mrs. Arkell and the dean, quitted the room. Henry's mind was tranquil now.

"I will not forget your request," whispered the dean.

"Near to the college door, as we enter," was Henry's response.

"It shall be done as you wish, my dear."

"And, sir, you have *promised* to forgive them."

"For your sake. You are suffering much just now," added the dean, as he watched his countenance.

"It gets more intense with every hour. I cannot bear it much longer. Oh, I hope I shall not suffer beyond my strength!" he panted; "I hope I shall be able to bear the agony!"

"You know where to look for help," whispered the dean; "you cannot look in vain. Henry, my dear boy, I leave you in peace, do I not?"

"Oh yes, sir, in perfect peace. Thank you greatly for all."

II.

It was the brightest day, though March was not yet out, the first warm, lovely day of spring. Men passed each other in the streets, with a congratulation that the winter weather had gone, and the college boys, peened up in their large schoolroom, gazed aloft through the high windows at the blue sky and the sunshine, and thought what a shame it was that they should be held prisoners on such a day, instead of galloping over the country at "Hare and Hounds."

"Third Latin class walk up," cried Mr. Wilberforce.

The third Latin class walked up, and ranged itself in front of the master's desk. "Who's top of this class?" asked he.

"Me, sir," replied the gentleman who owned that distinction.

"Who's 'me,' sir?"

"Me, sir."

"Who is 'me,' sir?" angrily repeated the master, his spectacles bearing full on his wondering pupil.

"Charles van Brummel, sir," returned that renowned scholar.

"Then go down to the bottom for saying 'me.'"

Mr. van Brummel went down, considerably chapfallen, and the master was proceeding to work, when the cathedral bell tolled out heavily, for a soul recently departed.

"What's that?" abruptly ejaculated the master.

"It's the college death-bell, sir," called out the up class, simultaneously, Van Brummel excepted, who had not yet recovered his equanimity.

"I hear what it is as well as you," were all the thanks they got. "But what can it be tolling for? Nobody was ill."

"Nobody," echoed the boys.

"Mr. Roberts," continued the master, raising his voice that it might reach the lower school, "have you heard whether any one of the prebendaries was ill?"

The Reverend Mr. Roberts had not. He observed that the bishop looked pale on Sunday, and he had not seen him leave the palace since.

"Oh, the bishop's all right," returned the master. "Can it be a member of the Royal Family? If not, it must be one of the canons."

"Of course it must," acquiesced the under master.

And of course it must: for the college bell never condescended to toll for any of the profane vulgar. The Royal Family, the bishop, dean, and prebendaries, were the only defunct lights, honoured by the notice of the passing-bell of Riverton Cathedral.

"Lewis, junior," said the master, "go into college, and ask the bedesmen who is dead."

Lewis, junior, clattered out. When he came back he walked very softly, and looked as white as a sheet.

"It's tolling for Henry Arkell, sir."

"Henry Arkell!" uttered the master, "is he really dead? Are you ill, Lewis, junior? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, sir."

"But it is an entirely unprecedented proceeding for the cathedral bell to toll for a college boy," repeated Mr. Wilberforce, revolving the news.

"Completely so," echoed the under master. "The bedesmen cannot

have received orders ; they must be doing it on their own account. Half of them are deaf, and the other half are stupid."

"I shall send to inquire," cried Mr. Wilberforce ; "we must have no irregularity about these things. Lewis, junior."

"Yes, sir."

"Lewis, junior, you are ill, sir," repeated the master, sharply. "Don't say you are not. Sit down, sir."

Lewis, junior, humbly sat down. He appeared to have the ague.

"Van Brummel, you'll do," continued Mr. Wilberforce. "Go and inquire of the bedesmen whether they have received orders ; and, if so, from whom : and whether it is really Arkell that the bell is tolling for."

Van Brummel opened the door and clattered down the stairs, as Lewis, junior, had done ; and *he* clattered back again.

"The men say, sir, that the dean sent them the orders by his servant. And they think Arkell is to be buried in the cathedral."

"In—deed !" was the master's comment, in a tone of doubt. "Poor fellow, though," he added, after a pause, "his has been a sudden and melancholy ending. Boys, if you want to do well, you should imitate Henry Arkell. I can tell you that the best boy who ever trod these boards, as a foundation scholar, has now gone from among us."

"Please, sir, I'm senior of the choir now," interposed Aultane, as if fearing the master might not sufficiently remember that important fact.

"And a fine senior you'll make, in comparison with him whom you replace," scornfully retorted Mr. Wilberforce.

It was Mr. St. John who had taken the news of his death to the dean, and the latter immediately sent to order the bell tolled. St. John left the deanery, and was passing through the cloisters on his way to Hall-street, when he met Mrs. and Miss Beauclerc, just as the cathedral bell rang out. Mrs. Beauclerc was startled, like the head master had been : her fears flew towards her aristocratic clergy friends. She tried the college door, and, finding it open, entered to inquire of the bedesmen who was dead. Georgina stopped to chatter to Mr. St. John.

"Fancy, if it should be old Ferraday gone off !" cried she : "won't the boys crow ? He has got the influenza, and was sitting by his study fire yesterday, in a flannel nightcap."

"It is the death-bell for Henry Arkell, Georgina."

A vivid emotion dyed her face. She was vexed that it should be apparent to Mr. St. John, and would have carried it off under an assumption of levity, but that his eyes were so sternly bent upon her.

"When did he die ? Did he suffer much ?"

"He died at a quarter past eleven ; about twenty minutes ago. And he did not suffer so much at the last as was anticipated."

"Well, poor fellow, I hope he is happy."

"That he is," warmly responded Mr. St. John. "He died in perfect peace. May you and I be as peaceful, Georgina, when our time shall come."

"What a blow it must be to Mrs. Arkell !"

"I saw her as I came out of the house just now, and I could not help venturing on a word of entreaty, that she would not grieve his loss too deeply. She raised her beautiful eyes to me, and I cannot describe to you the light, the faith, that shone in them. 'Not lost,' she gently whispered, 'only gone before.'"

Georgina had turned her face from the view of Mr. St. John, and was gazing through her glistening eyes at the graveyard, which was enclosed by the cloisters.

"What possesses the college bell to toll for him?" she exclaimed, carelessly, to cover her emotion. "I thought," she added, with a spice of satire in her tone, "that there was an old curfew law, or something as stringent, against its troubling itself for anybody less exalted than a sleek old prebend."

Mr. St. John saw through the artifice: he approached her, and lowered his voice. "Georgina, he sent you his forgiveness for any unkindness that may have passed. He sent you his love: and he hopes you will sometimes recal him to your remembrance, when you walk over his grave, as you go into college."

Surprise made her turn to Mr. St. John. "Over his grave! I do not understand."

"He is to be buried in the cloisters, near to this entrance door, near to where we are now standing. There appears to be a vacant space here," cried Mr. St. John, looking down at his feet: "I dare say it will be in this very spot."

"By whose decision is he to be buried in the cloisters?" quickly asked Georgina.

"The dean's. Henry craved it of him."

"I wonder papa did not tell me! What a singular fancy of Henry's!"

"I do not think so. It was natural that he should wish his last resting-place to be amidst old associations, amidst his old companions; and near to *you*, Georgina."

"There! I knew what you were driving at," returned Georgina, in a pouting, wilful tone. "You are going to accuse me of breaking his heart and killing him, or some such obsolete nonsense: I assure you I never——"

"Stay, Georgina; do not constitute me your father-confessor. I have delivered his message to you, and there let it end."

"You are as stupid and fanciful as he was," retorted Miss Beauclerc.

"Not quite so stupid in one respect, for he was blind to your faults; I am not. And never shall be," he added, in a tone of significance, which caused the life-blood at Georgina's heart to stand still.

At that moment Lewis, junior, passed them, and swung in at the cathedral door, on the master's errand, meeting Mrs. Beauclerc, who was coming out.

"Arkell is dead, Mr. St. John," she observed; "the bell is tolling for him. I wonder the dean ordered the bell to toll for *him*: it will cause quite a commotion in the city, to hear the college death-bell."

"He is to be buried here, in the cloisters, Mrs. Beauclerc."

"Really! Will the dean allow it?"

"The dean has decided it."

"Oh, indeed. I never understand half the dean does."

"So your companion is gone, Lewis, junior," observed Mr. St. John, as the boy came stealing out of the college with his information. But Lewis never answered: and though he touched his forehead (he had no cap on) to the dean's wife and daughter, he never raised his eyes; but sneaked on, with his ghastly face, and his head bent down.

III.

It was the burial day of Henry Arkell. The dean had commanded a holiday, and that the king's scholars should attend the funeral. Just before the hour appointed for it, some of them took up their station in the cloisters, in silent order, waiting to join the procession when it should come, a bow of black crape being attached to the left shoulder of their surplices. Sixteen of the king's scholars had gone down to the house, as they were appointed to do. Mrs. Beauclerc, her daughter, and the families of some of the prebendaries were already in the cathedral; with some other spectators, who had got in under the pretext of attending morning prayers, and who, when they were over, had refused to quit their seats again: of course the sextons could not decently turn them out. Half a dozen ladies took up their station in the organ-loft, to the inward wrath of the organist, who, however, had to submit to the invasion with suavity, for one of them was the dean's daughter. It was the best viewing place, commanding full sight of the cathedral body and the nave on one side, and of the choir on the other. The bell tolled at intervals, sending its deep, gloomy boom over the town, and patiently waited the spectators. At length the first slow and solemn note of the organ was sounded, and Georgina Beauclerc shrank into a corner, contriving to see, and yet not be seen.

From the small door, never used but upon the rare occasion of a funeral, at the extremity of the long body of the cathedral, the procession advanced at last. It was headed by the choristers, two and two, then the lay clerks, and the masters of the college school. The dean and one of the canons walked at the foot of the coffin, which was borne by eight of the king's scholars, and the pall by eight more. Four mourners followed the coffin, three of them Henry Arkell's relations, the other was Mr. St. John; and the long line was brought up by the remainder of the king's scholars. So slow was their advance, as to be almost imperceptible to the spectators, the choir singing:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

The last time those words were sung in that cathedral, not yet three weeks past, it was by him over whom they were now being sung: the thought flashed upon many a mind. At length the choir was reached, and the coffin placed on the trestles; Georgina Beauclerc's eyes—she had now come round to the front of the organ—being blinded with tears as she looked down upon it. Mr. St. John glanced up, from his place by the coffin, and saw her. Both the psalms were sung, and the dean chose to read the lesson himself; and then they went back to the cloisters to the grave, Mr. Wilberforce now officiating. The spectators followed in the wake. As the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—the boys bowed their heads upon their clasped hands, and some of them sobbed audibly: they felt all the worth of Henry Arkell now that he was gone. The grave was

made close to the cloister entrance to the cathedral, in the spot where had stood Mr. St. John and Georgina Beauclerc.

A few minutes, and it was over: the dean turned into the chapter-house, the mourners moved away, and the old bedesmen, in their black gowns, began to shovel in the earth upon the coffin. Mr. Wilberforce, before moving, put up his finger to Aultane, and the latter advanced.

"You choristers are not to go back to the vestry now, but to come into the hall in your surplices."

Aultane wondered at the order, but communicated it to those under him. When they entered the schoolroom, or hall, as it was sometimes called, they found the king's scholars ranged in a semicircle, and they fell in with them, according to their respective places in the school. The boys' white surplices and the bows of crape presenting a curious contrast.

"What are we stuck out like this for?" whispered one to the other. "For show? What does Wilberforce want? He's sitting still, as if he waited for somebody."

They'd all be blest if they knew: unless it was to wind up with a funeral lecture.

However, they soon did know. The dean entered the hall, wearing his surplice, and carrying his official four-cornered cap: Mr. Wilberforce rose to bow the dean into his own seat, but the dean preferred to stand. He looked steadily at the circle before he spoke; sternly, some of them thought; and they did not feel altogether at ease.

"Boys," began the dean. And there he stopped: and the boys lifted their heads to listen to what might be coming.

"Boys, our doings in this world are generally good or evil, and they bring their consequences with them: well-doing brings contentment and inward satisfaction; but ill-doing as certainly brings its day of retribution. The present day must be one of retribution to some of you, unless you are so hardened in wickedness as to be callous to conscience. How have——"

The dean was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. St. John: one of the other mourners was with him. They took off their hats, their streaming hatbands sweeping the ground, as they advanced and stood by the dean.

"Boys," he resumed, "how have you treated Henry Arkell? I do not speak to all; I speak to some. Lewis, senior, does your conscience prick you for having fastened him in St. James's Church, in the dark and lonely night? Aultane, does yours sting you for your insubordination to him on Assize Sunday, for your malicious accusation of him to Miss Beauclerc, followed by your complaint to me? Prattleton, have you, as senior of the school, led on the cabal against him?"

The three boys hung their heads and their red ears: to judge by their looks, their consciences were pricking them very sharply.

"Lewis, junior," resumed the dean, in a sudden manner, "of what does your conscience accuse you?"

Lewis, junior, turned sick, and his hair stood on end. He could not have replied, had it been to save him from hanging.

"Do you know that you are the cause of Henry Arkell's death?" continued the dean, in a low but distinct accent, which penetrated the room. "And that you might, in justice, be taken up as a murderer?"

Lewis, junior, burst into a dismal howl and fell down on his knees and face, burying the latter on the ground, and sticking up his surplised back ; something after the manner of an ostrich.

"It was the fall in the choir on Assize Sunday that killed Henry Arkell," said the dean, looking round the hall ; "that is, he has died from the effects of the fall. You are aware of it, I believe?"

"Certainly they are, Mr. Dean," said the head master, wondering on his own account, and answering the dean because the scholars did not.

"He was thrown down," resumed the dean ; "wilfully thrown down. And that is the gentleman who did it," pointing with his finger at Lewis, junior.

Two or three of the boys had been cognisant of the fact, as might be seen from their scarlet faces : the rest wore a look of timid curiosity ; while Mr. Wilberforce's amazed spectacles wandered from the dean's finger to the prostrate and howling Lewis.

"Yes," said the dean, answering the various looks, "the author of Henry Arkell's death is Lewis, junior. You had better get up, sir."

Lewis, junior, remained where he was, shaking his back as if it had been a feather-bed, and emitting the most extraordinary groans.

"Get up," cried the dean, sternly.

There was no disobeying the tone, and Lewis raised himself. A pretty object he looked, for the dye from his new black gloves had been washed on to his face.

"He told me he forgave me the day before he died ; he said he had never told any one, and never would," howled Lewis. "I didn't mean to hurt him."

"He never did tell," replied the dean : "he bore his injuries, bore them without retaliation. Is there another boy in the school who would do that?"

"No, that there was not," put in Mr. Wilberforce.

"When you locked him in the church, Lewis, senior, did he inform against you? When you came to me with your cruel accusation, Aultane, did he revenge himself by telling me of a far worse misdemeanour, which you had been guilty of? Did he ever inform against any, who injured him? No ; insults, annoyances, he bore all in silence, because he would not bring trouble and punishment upon you. He was a noble boy," warmly continued the dean : "and, what's more, he was a Christian one."

"He said he would not tell of me," choked Lewis, junior, "and now he has gone and done it. O-o-o-o-o-h!"

"He never told," quietly repeated the dean. "During the last afternoon of his life, it came to my knowledge, subsequent to an interview I had had with him, that Lewis, junior, had wilfully thrown him down, and I went back to Arkell and taxed him with its being the fact. He could not deny it, but the whole burden of his admission was, 'Oh, sir, forgive him! do not punish him! I am dying, and I pray you to forgive him for my sake! Forgive them all!' Do you think you deserved such clemency?" asked the dean, in an altered tone.

Lewis only howled the louder.

"On his part, I offer you all his full and free forgiveness: Lewis, junior, do you hear? his full and free forgiveness. And I believe you have also that of his parents." The dean looked at the gentleman who had come in with Mr. St. John, and waited for him to speak.

"A few hours only before Henry died, it came to Mr. Arkell's knowledge——"

"I informed him," interrupted the dean.

"Yes," resumed the speaker. "The dean informed Mr. Arkell that Henry's fall had not been accidental. But—as he had prayed the dean, so he prayed his father to forgive the culprit. Lewis, junior, I am here on the part of Mr. Arkell to offer his forgiveness to you."

"I wish I could as easily accord mine," said the dean. "No punishment will be inflicted on you, Lewis, junior: not because no punishment, that I or Mr. Wilberforce could command, is adequate to the crime, but that his dying request, for your pardon, shall be complied with. If you have any conscience at all, his fate will be an oppression upon it for the remainder of your life, and you will bear your punishment within you."

Lewis bent down his head on the shoulder nearest to him, and his howls changed into sobs.

"One word more, boys," said the dean. "I have observed that not one in the whole school—at least, such is my belief—would be capable of acting as Henry Arkell did, in returning good for evil. The ruling principle of his life, and he strove to carry it out in little things as in great, was to do as he would be done by. Now what could have made him so different from you?"

The dean obtained no reply.

"I will tell you. *He loved and feared God.* He lived always as though God were near him, watching over his words and his actions: he took God for his guide, and strove to do His will: and now God has taken him to his reward. Do you know that his death was a remarkably peaceful one? Yes, I think you have heard so. Holy living, boys, makes holy dying; and it made his dying holy and peaceful. Allow me to ask, if you, who are selfish and wicked and malignant, could meet death so calmly?"

"Arkell's mother is often so ill, sir, that they don't know that she'll live a day," one of the boys ventured to remark: "of course that makes her learn to try not to fear death, and she taught him not to."

"And she now finds her recompense," observed the dean. "A happy thing for you, if your mothers had so taught you. Dismiss the school, Mr. Wilberforce. And I hope," he added, turning round to the boys, as he and the other two gentlemen left the hall, "that you will, every one, go home, not to riot on this solemn holiday, but to meditate on these important thoughts, and resolve to endeavour to become more like Henry Arkell."

And that was the ending. And the boy, with his talents, his beauty, and his goodness, was gone; and nothing of him remained but what was mouldering under the cloister gravestone.

HENRY CHEVELEY ARKELL.

Died March 24th, 18—,

Aged 16.

Not lost, but gone before.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

.... And make them men of note (do you note, men?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XVI.—RACHAEL, LADY RUSSELL.

IN the course of his studies of our political history in the seventeenth century, M. Guizot made acquaintance with the devoted wife of William Lord Russell, of tragic story, and appears to have felt an interest in her character, her wedded and widowed life, of no ordinary kind. To the pages of a leading French journal* he contributed an essay which, taking her for its text, he invitingly and comprehensively entitled *L'Amour dans le Mariage*. Such a topic, treated by such a man, excited lively attention at the time; and the essay, as its nature was, begat other essays from other pens, all of them stimulated to becoming expressions of respect for Woman in general, and Rachael Lady Russell in particular. One such *étude*, originally published in the *Journal des Débats*, is now reprinted by its well-known author, M. Cuvillier-Fleury, in yet another collection (called the last†) of his voluminous Studies, and may here deserve some notice, as recording the estimate taken of so note-worthy an Englishwoman by guiding spirits of the Parisian press.

To entitle an essay, "Love in Marriage," was tantamount to a defiance of various popular littérateurs, in whose writings the notion of such a thing as possible, perhaps even as desirable, was out of the question. Sir Bashful Constant, in the play, is ashamed of being really attached to his wife—a state of feeling more intelligible to those who batten on the garbage of corrupt *romans*, than to the modern supporters of our legitimate drama, and would-be admirers of old comedies revived. M. Guizot's *L'Amour dans le Mariage*, it was said, resembled a paradox, yet was a true and actual history. What was his drift? Did he seek to sustain a thesis, or amuse himself with some piece of subtilty that savoured of the salon or the schools? *Non, assurément*. He relates that which he

* *Revue des Deux-Mondes*.

† *Dernières Etudes Historiques et Littéraires*. 2 vols. Paris: 1859...

knows for himself, no one better ; and he inspires a taste for virtue by showing it to be compatible with the sweetest joys of private life, and inspires us with love for misfortune, thus dignified by courage and devotedness. He may have invented the title,* but not the thing itself. History abounds, as M. Cuvillier-Fleury reminds us, in celebrated wives who passionately loved their husbands. Andromache, that old-world exemplar of home-affection ; Artemisia, *Mausoli conjux*, to whom the world owes the word *mausoleum*, and a legend it will not willingly let die—

Mausoli cineres uxor charissima vino
Commistos bibit, et tumulo meliore recondit,
Ut post fata, imo conjux in pectore vivat—

these two matrons of renown, the Trojan princess and the Carian queen, were *des amoureuses*. Bad taste or not, bad example or not, each of them was notoriously and pertinaciously in love with her lord. There is Porcia again,

A woman that lord Brutus took to wife . . .
A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter ; †

one stronger than her sex, being so fathered and so husbanded—but who might say of Brutus, what he is made to say of her, that he is dear to her as are the ruddy drops that visit her sad heart. And there is Arria, whose *Pate non dolet* one age telleth another, and all ages admire ; who

—loved, as Roman matron should,
Her hero's spotless name ;
She would have calmly seen his blood
Flow on the field of fame ;
But could not bear to have him die
The sport of each plebeian eye ;
To see his stately neck bow'd low
Beneath the headsman's dastard blow . . .
" *It is not painful, Pater.*"—Ay !
Such words would Arria say,
And view with an unalter'd eye
Her life-blood ebb away. ‡

Paulina, too, who fain would quit the scene with her old Seneca, and empty her veins drop for drop with his. All these are claimed as "historical models of conjugal love." And how many besides these ! In after generations, Christianity enjoined fidelity on married women, and bade them be gentle, and taught them to be resigned, but did not forbid them to be in love. M. Guizot, then, is no inventor when he places *l'amour dans le mariage*. Ask him not if he can give you, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, a prescription which shall serve as antidote to matrimonial chills : "It is a simple and easy one," says Jean-Jacques,—
"namely this, to continue lovers when married."

Dieu ! quel plaisir d'aimer publiquement
Et de porter le nom de son amant !

* Hardly so, however : we have all heard of The Married Lovers, for instance ; sometimes seen them.

† Julius Cæsar, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ M. J. Jewsbury (*Mrs. Fletcher*).

Votre maison, vos gens, votre livrée,
 Tout vous retrace une image adorée ;
 Et vos enfants, ces gages précieux,
 Nés de l'amour, en sont de nouveaux nœuds.
 Un tel hymen, une union si chère,
 Si l'on en voit, c'est le ciel sur la terre.

After this fashion did Voltaire,* in his turn, poetise Rousseau's receipt—a receipt which, however, is not quite so simple or so easy as Rousseau says, for it assumes just what the foes of married life, and those who are sceptics thereupon, deny to it,—continuity in sympathy and *bon accord*. Accordingly, M. Guizot lays down no elaborated law of love. Much as he has generalised in the course of his life—in a manner, too, so superior and so successful—do not look to *him*—continues M. Fleury—for a theory which shall make a lover of you : so well is he aware that if one thing there be, which eludes the spirit of system and the classification of the schools, it is love. He does not lose his time, therefore, in reconstructing the story of Sophie. Instead of this, he simply relates that of Lady Russell, whence he draws this moral lesson, that virtue has its joys and delights here on earth, even as vice has its illusions and its intoxication,—together with this literary deduction, that the actual is not inferior in poetry, in beauty, and in dramatic effect, to the fictitious. The demand is all for romances, M. Guizot exclaims : but why not look closer at history ? for there also may human life be found, private life, with scenes the most varied and dramatic, the heart of man, with its most vivid as well as tenderest passions,—and in addition, one surpassing charm, the charm of reality. “I have as much admiration and relish as any one,” he says, “for imagination, that creative power, which draws forth entities from non-entity, animates them, colours them, makes them live before our eyes, and athwart all the vicissitudes of destiny unfolds all the riches of the soul. But the beings that have really lived, that have actually felt these strokes of fate, these passions, joys, griefs, the beholding of which has such power over us,—these beings, when I see them close at hand, and in privacy of life, attract and enthrall my interest more powerfully than the most perfect works of poetry or romance. The living creature, God's workmanship, when *seen sous ses traits divins*, is more beautiful than any human creation, and of all poets the greatest is God.”

Such, remarks his assenting expositor, is M. Guizot's admirable theory—not of love, for here he avoids the risk that Rousseau ran—but of the art which it is his right to enounce as a master, when he thus combines lecture and example in one. The world is weary of the fictions and machinery of modern romance, of its false passions, false tears, overdone heroes, and overwrought adventures. M. Cuvillier-Fleury describes himself as one who for twenty years past, and in all sorts of ways, has been lifting up his voice against modern romance, as regards its anarchy of opinions, its lawlessness in subject-matter and style—though but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, *vox clamantis in deserto*, and, it might seem, wasting its shrillness or sweetness on the desert air. To find a Guizot coming to the rescue, adopting the same formula, and en-

* L'Enfant prodigue, Acte II. Sc. 1.

forcing the same message, with "cet accent de législateur infailible," is of course a relief and encouragement to his herald and follower. Gladly the latter resumes the burden of his strain—which is, that in real life, all is truer, greater, more pathetic, more finely coloured, more ravishing (*saisissant*), than in creations of the most inspired mind—that in whatever comes from the living creature there is more truth, in manners, language, affections, griefs, passions (the bad passions even). His counsel is, therefore: "Do not begin to relate, till after you have seen; before you imagine, observe. Real imagination is only, maybe, faithful remembrance. In observation consists, perhaps, the whole genius of great painters and great authors. Direct your looks and inquiries, therefore, to human life, ere you take to day-dreaming. Have you, perchance, more imagination than Nature herself, more mind than the actual? Go look, the dramatic surrounds you on every side.

"I affirm that there exists somewhere, at the present moment, in the world we inhabit,—where I know not, perhaps beneath the roof of some obscure family,—more of veritable romance than in all the mind of any romance-writer, be he who he may. 'C'est un assez beau roman,' says Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 'que celui de la nature humaine!' Real life is full of touching dramas that are acted in the shade, like the 'Simple Story' of Miss [Mrs.] Inchbald. How many Eugénie Grandets, how many Van-Clafs, that vegetate unknown! How many Clariassas that bewail in solitude their love and their abandonment! How many Rosinas, become countesses, who conceal from the world's gaze their sadness as wives and mothers! How many Tom Joneses, who want nothing, to become celebrated, but the meeting with a new Fielding! How many Manon Lescauts, who would again undertake the voyage to America, if only some rival of the Abbé Prévost would freight the ship."

The English reader may be somewhat at a loss to detect what immediate connexion Mr. Thomas Jones may have with all this heroism of private life, and will perhaps mistrust the accuracy of M. Fleury's knowledge of that easy-going gentleman. The Tom Joneses of real life are not, perhaps, very greatly to be pitied *carent quia vate sacro*. Our critic's drift, however, is obvious enough. And though his argument is liable to one standing objection—that vastly interesting facts in real life will yet, if related in a mere ordinary way, find vastly fewer readers than fictions worked up by the plastic hand of genius—that, for instance, the life-history of Rachael, Lady Russell, as told by a Guizot even, will affect the wide, wide world far less than that of a Jane Eyre, as told by Charlotte Brontë,—still, there is much that is salutary, and true, and profitable for these times, in the doctrine he propounds, and which, for a quarter of a century now, he has been pressing on the attention of his readers—especially addressing himself to young writers, "of rare talent," who, he says, "déjà préludaient, dans des créations sans vérité, par le mépris et l'ignorance du monde réel, aux longues folies du roman moderne." He would have them, in short, open their eyes and look around, instead of shutting them as they write, before they write, and indeed in order to write.

Welcome to him, therefore, as flowers in May, was M. Guizot's exemplification of the theory they hold in common, in the story of Lady

Russell, related under the title, as we have seen, of "Love in Marriage." *Cette grande dame chrétienne*, he calls her—"full as full can be of impassioned tenderness and human pride, but simple at heart, natural in the character of her mind, touching in her language, humble in her devotion." The applauding critic describes the master essayist as drawn towards her by all the attractions of pleasure, admiration, and pity;—for at one time he sees her "moving her eager lips to that inexhaustible cup of legitimate joys which marriage presents to love;" at another, bowing her head under the frightful blow of desolating widowhood; and his "design has been to paint that noble countenance, which, seen at a distance, and in the remoteness of history, seems to intermingle smiles with tears, like Andromache when parting with Hector." Such is the woman M. Guizot portrays: historians, and philosophers even, are subject, remarks M. Fleury, to these *entrainements délicats*; and so much the better for us, who gain thereby some admirable studies of the human heart, worked out with tenderness by austere minds. "Romance-writers by profession are less conversant with it." Not, however, that M. Guizot portrays Lady Russell in the manner of the modern romance. He gives us neither the proportions of her figure, nor the detail of her charms, nor a description of her dress, nor even the colour of her hair. "She was beautiful and pious," he tells us, *sans exaltation, ni exigence d'imagination*, "with a disposition to enjoy life tranquilly, accepting its blessings as favours, and its ills as lessons sent of God." M. Fleury proceeds to comment on the opening words of this last sentence: "*Elle était belle !*" What more need the admirers of Lady Russell really know? Add, that M. Guizot is not repelled by the age of his heroine, who was thirty-four years old when she married, in second nuptials, William Russell, her junior by two or three years. She was forty-two when she wrote to him from London, and said that to write to him was the delight of her mornings, to have written to him the consolation of her entire days—that she was then writing in her bed, his pillow behind her—the pillow on which his dear head would rest, she hoped, to-morrow evening, and many evenings to come. She was forty-six when she wrote to him from Stratton, and declared herself to have been, these twelve years past, as passionately in love as ever woman was,—and hoped to be equally so for twelve years to come, always happy, and always his. It is one of Balzac's sayings, that the physiognomy of women does not declare itself before they are thirty. M. Fleury submits that their youth begins a good while before, but lasts beyond, that. The modern romance, he remarks, has singularly compromised *la femme de trente ans*—and refers in particular to the "Gordian Knot" (of Mr. Shirley Brooks? excessively no, but) of M. Charles de Bernard (*Le Nœud gordien*), in which the heroine, Madame de Flamareil, one of the flightiest of that author's many flighty heroines, is even turned of forty. "In the modern romance, it is the lady's privilege, be her age forty or thirty, to run through her course of adventures with effrontery, and to play the fool *avec maturité*. What a way off is all this from Lady Russell! Her love began late: what matter, if it lasted her life long, embellished and enchanted it, strengthened while it charmed her soul; and, even after the fatal blow which came to shatter it in assailing the object by which

March—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLIX.

U

it was inspired, this love survived the wound thus dealt to it, and from its very anguish derived new life.”*

She was a widow when Lord Russell made her his wife, having been married at the age of seventeen to Lord Vaughan, by whose family she was held in lasting esteem. Her grandfather was the Earl of Southampton—Shakspeare's Southampton—the earl whom Nashe commemorates as “a dear lover and cherisher, as well of the lovers of poets as of poets themselves,” panegyricising too the “incomprehensible height of his spirit, both in heroic resolution and matters of conceit,” and bewailing the scribbler or poetaster that should suffer wreck on the “diamond rock of his judgment.” So again Gervase Markham addresses him as

Thou glorious laurel of the Muses' hill,
Whose eye doth crown the most victorious pen;
Bright lamp of virtue, &c.,—

all which hyperbolic praise is something different, as Mr. Knight remarks,† from Shakspeare's simple expressions of respect and devotion in the dedication to the “*Lucrece*.” The son of this accomplished nobleman, and father of Lady Russell, who herself seems to have inherited the qualities of them both, was, if we may adopt Mr. Leigh Hunt's character of him, “the most honest man ever known to have been in the service of Charles the Second.”‡ When the disputes broke out between Charles the First and his parliaments, Lord Southampton appeared to side with the latter, and so became a very popular peer, for a while. But when the popular side began to be boisterous and over aggressive, his lordship's feelings underwent a change, and the court found in him an attached and trustworthy adherent. While the contest lasted, however, he did his endeavour to abate its violence and reconcile its leaders. He was one of the faithful four who obtained leave to pay the last duties to their beheaded king; which sad office performed, he withdrew with his family to his country-seat in Hampshire. Here, at Titchfield, he quietly abode until that drear thirtieth of January had its reaction (long years after) in a twenty-ninth of May—declining, during the interval, whatever advances Cromwell made to gain over so respected and respect-worthy a man.

At the time of the Restoration, his daughter—whose maiden style was Lady Rachael Wriothlesley—must have been five-and-twenty years old, “or thereby,” as the cautious Scot has it; having been born about the year 1636, and losing her mother soon after. The public agitations which troubled her early days, would probably debar her of advantages in education she might else have enjoyed. Not that she was uneducated—as some sticklers for orthography, disregardful of times and seasons, and unobservant of the change 'twixt now and then, might conclude from her mis-spelling. But she was perhaps less cultivated, in the school-room department of a nobleman's home, than an English gentlewoman of her rank, and in that age, was expected to be. Educated she was, in the higher, broader, better sense of that abused or misused term.

* See M. Cuv. Fleury's *Dernières Etudes* (1859), t. i. pp. 27-34.

† William Shakspeare: a Biography, p. 224.

‡ The Town, p. 219, edit. 1859.

Little is known of her wedded life with the son and heir of Lord Carberry. In 1667, we find her, a widow, residing with her sister at Tichfield. How she became acquainted with Mr. Russell (who succeeded to the courtesy title of Lord Russell, by the death of his elder brothers) is left untold by those who have the telling of her story. Lady Vaughan was a rich heiress, and Mr. Russell but a younger son. The heiress is said to have given him every modest encouragement, and the gentleman is said to have been backward in turning it to account, whether from "proper pride," "false delicacy," constitutional diffidence, or what not. It could have been no very long wooing, either. In 1669 they were united in holy wedlock, and of the fourteen years the union lasted, each seems to have been happier than the last. Some of her letters, dated towards the close of this period, might still "pass for love-letters." These married lovers were so seldom apart, that letter-writing was not much in request between them. But Lord Russell must now and then pay his father, the Earl of Bedford, a "visit of duty;" or an election to parliament would draw him from home delights to public affairs, which, it would almost appear—

Which ever as he could with haste despatch,
He'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up *her* discourse,

as wiser as well as sweeter far than he could listen to elsewhere—for her eloquence manifestly eschewed the form of curtain-lectures. While these brief separations then endured, she would gladden him, as we have seen, with a love-letter. Such, to all intents and purposes, are some of her epistles yet extant: (of her husband's, there remain none.) Here, for example, is a fragment, to show the manner of them: it is dated "from London to Stratton, 1680," and the time is Saturday night: "These are the pleasing moments, in absence my dearest blessing, either to read something from you, or be writing something to you; yet I never do it but I am touched with a sensible regret, that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is much more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you; but it is not my talent; and so, I hope, not a necessary signification of the truth of it; at least not thought so by you."* At another time—and addressed to him at Woburn [or *Wobee*, as their little daughter pronounces it: "Miss Rachel has prattled a long story," writes mamma, in 1677, "but Watkins calls for my letter, so I must omit it. She says, papa has sent for her to *Wobee*, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more; but boiled oysters call, so my story must rest. She will send no duty, she is positive in it."†]: "Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my soul."‡ And once more: "Our small ones are as you left them, I praise God; Miss writes and lays the letters by, that papa may admire them when he comes: it is a moment more wished for than to be expressed by all the eloquence I am mistress of, yet you know how much that is; but my dear abuser I love more than my life, and am entirely his—R. Russell."§

* Some Account of the Life of Rachael, Lady Russell, &c. (1819), p. 220.

† Ibid. p. 191.

‡ Ibid. p. 223.

§ Ibid. p. 204.

Thus writes the woman who was at once a pattern of good sense and of romantic affection—as she is characterised by Mr. Leigh Hunt, who adds that the two things are not incompatible, when either of them exists in the highest degree—appealing to her long second widowhood in proof of this; for though she continued a widow the rest of her life, and though she “never ceased regretting her lord’s death, and had great troubles besides, yet the high sense she had of the duties of a human being enabled her to enjoy consolations that ordinary pleasure might have envied; first, in the education of her children, and secondly, in the tranquillity which health and temperance *forced* upon her.”*

Hers was the charm of calm good sense,
Of wholesome views of earth and heaven,
Of pity, touch’d with reverence,
To all things freely given.†

Long before the catastrophe came, Lady Russell appears to have had mournful previsions of some such possible advent. Was there not a Nemesis dogging the steps of all this happiness? While yet in the unebbing tide of prosperity and peace, she writes, for example, in a strain like this: “What have I to ask but a continuance, if God see fit, of these present enjoyments? If not, a submission without murmur, to His most wise and unerring providence: having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in. He knows best when we have had enough here: what I most earnestly beg from His mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but He will support us under what trial He will inflict upon us. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. . . . Death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts we may live with!”‡ Words, if not of a perfect woman, at least of one “nobly plann’d, to warn, to comfort”—a being breathing thoughtful breath, a traveller between life and death—and counselling and inciting her fellow-traveller to remember that end from the beginning.

It is observable that Lady Rachael’s letters assume a more serious tone from the year 1678—her husband’s motion in the House to take into consideration the threatening aspects of “popery and a standing army,” exciting her apprehensions, no doubt, in a painful degree. She writes to him, apparently in reference to this critical step: “My sister being here, tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the house: this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too, and, if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day.” Suspense was soon over; forecast shadows gave place to the substance and actual presence of dreadful certainties:

* *The Town*, p. 219.

† Owen Meredith: *The Wanderer*.

‡ *Life and Letters* (1819), p. 169.

the prison-house, the trial-scene, the scaffold, and then forty years of widowhood for this Rachael weeping for her husband, but not refusing to be comforted because he was not. He would not return to her, but she would go to him, when the forty years' wandering in this wilderness should be accomplished, and the time come for entering into rest.

Perhaps there is no episode in English history more familiar to the general reader than that concerning the trial of Lord Russell, and his wife's presence and occupation there. It was when sorrow shook their roof-tree that this good, brave woman was seen in her native goodness and courage. Appalled as she may have been, must have been, at her husband's peril, she maintained all her self-possession, and instead of giving way to hysterical agitations, betook herself to action, to steadfast exertion to save him if that might be, to patient continuance in well-doing, whatever should betide. Rousing all the energies of her nature, says Miss Costello, she bent their whole force to the accomplishing the only object which was now sacred in her duty; and, during the brief interval between her husband's arrest and imprisonment in the Tower, she never ceased her efforts to provide against the charges which would be brought forward to crush him. The trial came on, and Lord Russell did

—not want a faithful friend
To share his bitter fate's decree.

"When the Attorney-General's parsimonious indulgence, which grudged the patriot a legal adviser, permitted him to employ a servant to write notes for him, and the Chief Justice added—'Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please,' the memorable reply of Lord Russell was elicited: 'My wife,' said he, 'is here to do it;' and the daughter of Southampton, whose long services to his country nothing availed, stood forth, in the midst of a full court of her husband's enemies, undaunted in the discharge of her holy office. 'If my Lady will give herself that trouble'—was the answer of the chief officer; while every cheek reddened with confusion as the resolute wife took her seat, with the pen in her hand, and her anxious eyes fixed on him for whom she would have willingly laid down her own life."* The thrill of anguish that ran through the court, every reader of those proceedings has in some measure felt.

Vain were all pleadings during the trial, vain all intercessions and personal humiliations even, after sentence was recorded. There remains but to admire, which all parties unite in doing, her "more than heroic—her *Christian* fortitude and submission in their parting interviews"†—in which scenes her hitherto quiet, domestic spirit rose to a pitch of elevation which has never been surpassed: "we have no record from herself of her feelings on these distressing occasions; she had other employment than to write sentimental letters: from the moment of her husband's arrest, she was a complete woman of business, suppressing every feeling which would have interfered with her exertions on his behalf."‡ Among the entries in Bishop Burnet's Journal, descriptive of the prison scenes of which he was a witness, there is one which says: "When my lady went,

* Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen, by L. S. Costello, vol. iii.

† Brit. Rev. vol. xvi. p. 464.

‡ Ibid.

he [Lord Russell] said he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation. But when he considered—"there is fine unselfish feeling in this consideration—"that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, that she left nothing undone that could have given any probable hopes, he acquiesced: and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing him, as when he spoke of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about and presently change the discourse.

"At ten o'clock," on the morning of his execution, "my lady left him. He kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrows so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him; and said what a misery it would have been to him, if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life; whereas, otherwise, what a week should I have passed, if she had been crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard,"* &c.† And so they parted: he, bound for the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn-fields—a spot selected, it has been supposed, as being the nearest available locality to the great town property of the Bedford family (Bloomsbury lying opposite, and Covent-garden on one side)—she, to that now dreary home which contained no one near enough in affection, or old enough in years, to solace her in her great woe; for her favourite sister was dead, and her children were not as yet of an age to do aught but intensify the pangs of bereavement.

A wail of anguish is wrung from her at times, for the iron had entered into her soul. But piously, patiently, bravely she bears up, for the sake of his children, and of him. The earliest insight we obtain into her state of mind, is derived from a letter to her friend and counsellor, Dr. Fitzwilliam, two months† after the execution. "I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat, and sleep with. All these things are irksome to me. The day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be: yet all this is, that I enjoy not

* Lord Howard, one of the witnesses for the prosecution, who had, at one time, taken part in the treasonable meetings of Rumsey, West, Ferguson, and that dirty set; and of whom, so infamous was his character, the King himself declared, that he (Charles) would not hang the worst dog he had, upon Howard's evidence.

† Burnet's Journal. In the History, the good bishop's "parallel passage" runs thus: "He also parted from his lady with a composed silence; and as soon as she was gone, he said to me, 'The bitterness of death is past;' for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects."

‡ In September, namely, 1683. No Bartholomew Fair for any of her household, this year. A remark that might seem utterly irrelevant and gratuitous, were it not backed by a noticeable fragment from a recent history of that metropolitan festival: "Rachel, Lady Russell, might have shared, in these days, with Lady Castlemaine [see Pepys], the pleasures of the Fair. As she is finishing a letter to her husband, on the 24th of August, 1680, she is interrupted, and before closing it, writes: 'My Sister and Lady Inchiquin are just come from Bartholomew Fair, and stored us all with Fairings.'"—*Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*, by Henry Morley, p. 282.

the world in my own way ; and this, sure, hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them : this makes my heart shrink." She roused herself, indeed, to defend her husband's memory (by a letter to the king—at whose feet she had so lately knelt with impotent supplication*), and to watch over the interests of their children. She undertook the complete education of her daughters, to which Burnet incited her as not only "the greatest part of her duty," but as a "noble entertainment to her, and the best diversion and cure of a wounded spirit." Other cares—including a variety of family trials—occupied her thoughts and claimed her time. But amid all these demands on her attention—distractions, mainly, in a good sense, and to salutary effect—the shadow of the scaffold, on that terrible July day, fell witheringly on her spirit, and darkened every object her eye, or her mind's eye, fell on. There is a pathetic significance in her repeated use of the word "amazement," to express the bewildering strangeness of her sensations. "I am going," one of her letters bears record, "to that now desolate place Stratton, where I must expect new *amazing* reflections, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content, considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy. But I must pass no more such days on earth ! However, places are indeed nothing ; for where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me ?" Grief fills the room up of her absent lord,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with her, . . .

Remembers her of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,†

and half persuades her she has reason, like the Lady Constance, to be fond of grief. Years roll by, year after year, ten, twenty, thirty—and still the same string vibrates. Very close upon the end of the forty years, in fact, the widow puts her thoughts on paper, and there reverts to that long-ago July sorrow as though it were of yesterday's date. The paper in question is among the Devonshire MSS., and is a "mere rough draft, full of erasures, repetitions, and omissions, and written with the trembling hand of old age, so as to be scarcely legible"‡—but it is as characteristic of the woman and wife as aught she penned in the old, old time. In it she deploras her short-comings and misdoings—her pride, choler, exacting disposition. "Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naught heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants—I heartily lament my sin. But, alas ! in my most dear husband's troubles, seeking help from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future comfort or consolation—the more faulty in me, having

* Pleading, "with many tears, the merit and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those errors into which honest, however mistaken, principles had seduced her husband. These supplications were the last instance of female weakness (if they deserve the name) which she betrayed. Finding all applications vain, she collected courage, and not only fortified herself against the fatal blow, but endeavoured by her example to strengthen the resolution of her unfortunate lord."—*Hume's Hist. of Engl.* (edit. 1794), vol. xii. p. 290.

† King John, Act III. Sc. 4.

‡ It is printed in the *Life and Letters*, edit. 1819.

three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself both then, and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only son in 1711. . . . Alas! from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did, and ready to take or see cause to be absent at the public ones." (The reader will perhaps be reminded of a stanza of Mrs. Browning's, referring to childhood in a "garden long deserted"—

I knew the time would pass away;
And yet, beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God, how seldom, if at all,
Did I look up to pray!*)

"Even after a sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well. . . . At seventeen years of age was married; continued too often being absent at the public prayers, taking very slight causes to be so, liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town, as the Park, visiting, plays, &c.; trifling away my precious time." And so she continues her self-upbraidings—her choosing to go to a church where the sermon "would be short," and her superior relish of "a great dinner" that followed—her kill-time amusements at Bath and Tunbridge, "thinking but little what was serious," and her forgetfulness of things above, with such a husband as she eventually found, to set her affections on things below.

M. Fleury anticipates the comments that certain of his countrymen may pass on the seeming want of resignation in this widowed lady's confessions, wrung from her when the wound was yet fresh and open. "Oh! je sais bien ce qu'on reprochera à lady Russell." It will be said, he intimates, by you high Catholics, that she is no saint, and you will detect the secret of her weakness in the religion she professes. Granted, then, she performs no such act of determined renunciation as the convent requires: nay, under the stroke of the Divine hand, she utters a wail, and the world hears it. "M. Guizot a recueilli ces lamentations désespérées, et sa pitié fait écho, après deux siècles, à cette grande douleur." But it is these quiverings of a lacerated heart, these outbreak-

* The epithet in the third line is one of those *Barrettisms* that could be altered for the better. But the poem ("The Deserted Garden") is altogether a beautiful one. And if the foregoing stanza is applicable to Lady Russell's confession of her "childish time," the concluding ones are sufficiently expressive of her feelings in old age, to justify the addition of them in this place:

"The time is past: and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose,—
"When wiser, meeker thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Reminded how earth's greenest place
The colour draws from heaven,—
"It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for Heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again."

ings of a despair full of impatience and anguish, this pride even of the human creature in revolt for a moment against the unknown, which gives relief by contrast, as M. Fleury thinks, in Lady Russell's character, to the final resignation and practical piety of her latter days. Had she been less *emportée* at the first, less veritably the woman, less resolutely the wife, less emphatically "in love,"* she "would have been less great in the eyes of men, and, who can tell? she might have been, perhaps, less pure before God. No, Lady Russell is not a saint. A woman of the world, a daughter of England's aristocracy, the ardent wife of an heroic nobleman, the incensed subject of a libertine prince, merry monarch (*roi facile*), and implacable foe,—Lady Russell holds to life and society by all those ties of feeling and all those sensitive fibres which vibrate with human passion; and therein consists, for me, the æsthetic beauty of what M. Guizot calls 'la créature vivante.' The beauty of a Carmelite, that is to say of a creature dead to the world, is of a very different character; it has other perfections, other reflections, another sort of greatness."† Between the merit of the two pictures, it is not, even a "good Catholic" critic submits, for man, but for God to decide.

Mr. Leigh Hunt is "certain," that if ever there was an angel upon earth this woman was one. He says this in reference to a charming passage in one of her letters—dated five years after her great loss: "My friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love?" [Again we must parenthesise, with a modern paraphrase—from Mr. Tennyson, this time:

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.‡]

"Those who have tried the insipidness of it would, I believe, never choose it. Mr. Waller says, 'tis (with singing) all we know they do above.§ And 'tis enough; for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suitableness in humours, to creatures, what must it be to the clarified spirits to love in the presence of God!" The same genial critic admires her letters generally, as not more remarkable for the fidelity they evince to her husband's memory, than for the fine sense they display in all matters upon which the prejudices of education had left her a free judgment, and especially for their delightful candour.

Of the Letters in general it may be interesting to note, in passing, the judgment by—what a different Letter-writer—Horace Walpole. "It is very remarkable," he tells Mann, 1751, "how much better women write than men. I have now before me a volume of letters written by the widow of the beheaded Lord Russell, which are full of the most moving and expressive eloquence: I want to persuade the Duke of Bedford to let them be printed."|| Two-and-twenty years later

* The French essayist's expression is "*moins amoureuse, disons le mot, puisque aussi bien il sert de texte à ces études.*"—*Dernières Études*, t. i. p. 85.

† Ibid.

‡ In Memoriam, § 84.

§

What know we of the blest above,
But that they sing and that they love.—WALLER.

|| Cunningham's Walpole's Letters, vol. ii. p. 271.

we find him writing to Mason (1773)—the letters having meanwhile been published—"Lady Russell's Letters too I have seen formerly, they are to and from her director, a Jacobite clergyman, who triumphs on her husband's martyrdom, and whom with her sense and spirit I should have thought she would have kicked out of her house."^{*} Horace being quite out with the Bedfords just now, adds his surprise that the Duchess should "in this our day" give leave for the publication—supposing her to concur with her late Duke, who, when in Ireland, Walpole affirms, called Lord Russell "a very silly fellow" for running the race he did, and blotting the Bedford 'scutcheon with blood.

It has been conjectured that the blindness which darkened Lady Russell's old age was caused by excessive weeping. Physiologists tell us, however, that a cataract, which seems to have been the malady of her eyes, is by no means likely to be owing to that cause. Fresh occasion for tears beset her as life advanced. The loss of her only son, the Duke of Bedford, in 1711, was followed half a year later by that of one of her daughters, in childbed. A touching anecdote is told in relation to this latter bereavement. "She had another daughter who happened to be in childbed also; and as it was necessary to conceal from her the death of her sister, this admirable woman assumed a cheerful air, and, in answer to her daughter's anxious inquiries, said, with an extraordinary colouring of the fact, for which a martyr to truth could have loved her, 'I have seen your sister out of bed to-day.'"[†] Under sore trials like these,

There is a desperate patience in her look,
And straggling smiles, or rather ghosts of smiles,
Display the sadness of her wrinkled visage.[‡]

An expert in affliction, she "wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted." She might, in some essential features, be studied for the original of one of Overbury's portraits, "*A Vertuous Widow*"—who, "as one diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into workes of charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She lives to see herselfe full of time; being so necessary for earth, God calls her not to heaven till shee be very aged: and even then, though her natural strength faile her, she stands like an ancient pyramid; which the lesse it grows to man's eye, the nearer it reaches to heaven."[§]

^{*} Cunningham's Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 462.

[†] Leigh Hunt: *The Town*, p. 220.

[‡] Hartley Coleridge's Poems, vol. i. p. 50.

[§] Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters." (Works, p. 138, edit. 1856.)

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

By W. CHARLES KENT.

II.—SHENSTONE AT LEASOWES.

SHELTERED by a grotto dank and dreary,
 In a drizzling mist of autumn, stands
 One of stalwart frame with watching weary—
 Blue his furtive face and mottled hands:
 From that dripping lair,
 Through the humid air,
 Many a winding way his eye commands.
 Round the pebble-floored and shell-roofed entry
 Trails of drenched and withered vine-leaves cling:
 Hollyhocks, with soddened blooms, stand sentry—
 In the raw gusts to and fro they swing:
 Heard no other strain
 Than the ceaseless rain—
 Saddest song that Nature's self can sing.
 Here a leaden dancing-satyr, nibbling
 Mimic tendrils, oft a fount uprears:
 Stopped for once its now superfluous dribbling,
 Erstwhile spouting up from goblin ears.
 'Mid its gambols light,
 Lo! the leering sprite
 Poised upon one shaggy leg appears.
 Yonder, through the half-stripped thicket gleaming,
 Where the dropping red leaves curl and play,
 Seen through gauzy veil of moisture streaming
 From the matted thorn's minutest spray—
 Dim and ghostlike loom
 Through the liquid gloom
 Gable ends and spectral walls of grey.
 But who thus in rocky covert shivering,
 Like a timid caitiff peering thence,
 Seems to wait some signal of delivering
 From his wretched plight of chilled suspense?
 Lonely here doth stand
 Lord of house and land—
 Strung with poignant care his every sense.
 Scattered o'er the landscape, mound and dingle—
 Verdant sweeps of velvet-shaven lawn—
 Wooded dells where trees and brambles mingle,
 Haunt of timorous nightingale and fawn:
 Strown around the scene,
 Viewed through leafless screen,
 Sculptured shapes from dreams of genius drawn.
 'Tis a showery maze of sylvan splendour,
 Nature tricked with Art, and dying drowned—
 Art the signs of care for which but render
 Sadder yet each lovely nook thus crowned:
 Picturesque retreats,
 O'er whose flooded seats
 Blazoned scraps of classic verse abound.

Hid among the soaked, decaying flowers,
 Captive thus in damp, sequestered grot,
 Counting with heart-throbs the dismal hours,
 As though his that cultured scene were not :

Mark the curious traits
 Yonder form displays,
 Spell-bound in this melancholy spot.

Slovenly his garb, his stature burly—
 In an age of crisply reared perukes, .
 Primly parted tresses grey and curly,
 Each with modish air that garb rebukes:
 Clownish all below,
 Soul of rustic beau
 Forth from every well-trained ringlet looks.

'Mid this Eden of a quaint creation
 That of fleeting charms the wind bereaves,
 Pouring to the earth, the brimmed libation
 Of this twofold shower of rain and leaves,
 Sordid cares draw near,
 While her web of fear
 Spiderous Debt around her victim weaves.

Mating princely taste with puny treasure,
 Seeking dryads and but finding duns,
 Legal fears fill up that heart's sad measure,
 Lowly fears of every writ that runs :
 Like a snow-flake cold
 Melts the fairy gold
 In the hot and eager grasp it shuns.

Quenched long since each darling home affection,
 Dreams of love, ah ! vainly dreamt in youth,
 Now the shadowy joys of his selection
 Fade before the frigid light of Truth—
 Truth whose fatal beam
 O'er life's waste may gleam,
 Hope's mirage oft scattering without ruth.

Woe-worn thus within the rocky hollow,
 Whence the sullen rain-flood drips and drains,
 Droops the bard that dreads what fate may follow
 From the weight of care his soul sustains :
 Solace none for him,
 Save the echoings dim
 Of a tinkling lyre's melodious strains.

MADAME DU BARRY.*

M. CAPEFIGUE, the legitimist, and author of a graceful apology of Madame the Marquise de Pompadour, has added to his literary, if not his philosophical laurels, by penning the memoirs of the less gifted, less artistic, and less tasteful, but still beautiful, joyous, kindly-hearted, clever, and fascinating Du Barry. M. Capefigue wishes it to be clearly understood that, in taking up subjects of so delicate a character, it must not for one moment be supposed that it is from any desire on his part to vindicate the reputation of the king's favourites. These evil manners, these derelictions of family duty have been justly chastised by the French Revolution: the errors of the flesh have been expiated by blood. But the influence exercised by these ladies on political events, on arts, letters, and the social movement of the eighteenth century remain not the less worthy of study—not the less interesting to be appreciated in their true light.

Marie-Jeanne de Vaubernier, afterwards Madame Du Barry, was the daughter of a poor but honourable couple dwelling in Lorraine, a district which had only been annexed to France by the treaty of Vienna of 1756. So straitened were her parents' circumstances, that the death of her father, who was employed under the farmer-general, when she was only eight years of age, obliged the mother to seek refuge in Paris, where she took lodgings in the Rue des Lions-Saint-Paul, not far from the convent of the Picpus. They had a friend in the metropolis in the person of the farmer-general, M. Billard de Monceaux, who had stood sponsor to Marie-Jeanne, and he placed his god-daughter in the convent of Sainte-Aure, whilst a situation was found for the mother, Madame de Vaubernier, in the house of Madame de Renage. Marie-Jeanne, at thirteen years of age, was already a lively, joyous, captivating child, coquette in her dress, and proud of her long light hair, that fell down to her heels, of her eyes so neatly cloven beneath pencilled brows, and of the perfect oval of her figure.

Her prospects were, however, humble at first. On leaving the convent she was apprenticed to a milliner, Madame Labille, of the Rue Saint-Honoré, under the name of Lançon, for it was thought to be derogatory to a Vaubernier to be in business. Her uncle, an ecclesiastic known as Father Lange, and who enjoyed the advantage of being spiritual director to Madame de la Garde (*"une veuve de haute finance,"* as Capefigue amusingly designates a wealthy widow), came to Mademoiselle Lançon's rescue, and got her, after her three years' apprenticeship had expired, a situation as *demoiselle de compagnie* in the house of the above-mentioned opulent lady. Unfortunately, Marie-Jeanne was so fair and so clever that she won the hearts of both the sons of Madame de la Garde, and the "spiritual director" was obliged to remove her under the charge of the ladies De la Verrière, who received a great deal of company at their Hôtel du Roule, now the park of Monceaux.

Among the frequenters at the said hotel was one Jean de Cérés, Comte du Barry, the eldest son of an old family said to be of Scottish

* Madame la Comtesse du Barry. Par M. Capefigue. Paris: Amyot.

origin, and descended from the Barri-mores, the younger branch of the Stuarts. His escutcheon and his motto, or cri d'armes, "Bouttez en avant," had been given to him by Charles VII., who had taken a company of Scotchmen (since incorporated with the guards) into his service. That most amusing chronicler, Alexandre Dumas, senior, has taken advantage of this traditional descent of the Barrys to declare that Richelieu presented the portrait of Charles I., by Vandyck, to Madame du Barry, because an ancestor of her husband's, one Barry, a page, holds the horse, but in reality as a hint to the king that he must either break with his parliament or go like the Stuart to the scaffold. The same cruel Alexander says, apropos of Jeanne-Marie :

"M. de Richelieu invented Madame *de* Barry (it is only Capefigue, the legitimist, who writes *Du* Barry), a young and pretty 'coquaine' of sufficient mediocrity not to obtain any personal influence, and yet clever enough to assist others in acquiring it.

"MM. d'Aiguillon and de Richelieu did the honour to the little 'grisette' of being her lovers in the first place ; they then married her to a poor gentleman who lent her his name ; and she was then afterwards made a present of to Louis XV."

Chroniclers as little scrupulous as M. Alexandre Dumas, senior, have associated the first intrigues in the life of Jeanne-Marie with the period of her apprenticeship in millinery : there certainly are three long years to account for. Others have made her the mistress of Comte de Cérés, the eldest of the Du Barrys, before she wedded the youngest, Comte Guillaume du Barry, on the 1st of October, 1768. M. Capefigue gets over these disagreeable precedents of early youth by strictly confining himself to that which is documentary or can be proved in evidence. Who, he inquires, opened the book of the first loves of the young workwoman — of the *grisette*, as she was after enviously designated at court—to the scandalising pamphleteers of London and Holland ? And as to the presumed liaison with Count Cérés, he dismisses it with utter contempt, as one of those base calumnies to which all women suddenly raised to a great position are subjected. Yet does he afterwards himself speak of the younger brother being in his turn smitten with the charms of the captivating Marie-Jeanne, just as had been the case with the brothers La Garde, thereby admitting, at all events, that there was some foundation for the scandal.

Nor does M. Capefigue attempt to deny that the king had seen Marie-Jeanne before her marriage. Madame de Vaubernier had been associated by Marshal de Belle Isle, a protector of that good lady's, in certain army contracts, the benefices of which she had to apply for at Versailles. Marie-Jeanne, young, pretty, graceful, and lively, had been spoken of at the suppers of Marly, La Muette, and Choisy. It is not to be supposed that the luxurious old monarch did not ask to see and did not see the young person who was the admiration of all. But M. Capefigue will not allow that Guillaume du Barry wedded a courtesan in order to give his name to the king's mistress. Yet certain it is, amidst all this contradictory scandal, that Marie-Jeanne had not been wedded three months before, to use Capefigue's own words, "*la comtesse ne vint habiter secrètement les communs de Versailles.*"

Louis XV. had returned for a brief time after the death of Madame

de Pompadour into the bosom of his family. But even if his own habits had permitted him to enjoy the pleasures of an honourable domesticity for any length of time, the intrigues of courtiers would not have permitted it. Each party sought to give a new mistress to the king, in order by that means to hold the reins of power. The Duke of Choiseul fixed his eyes on his sister, the Duchess of Grammont. She was still handsome, but intellectual and haughty—the very spirit of the Encyclopædists feminised—the last person for the worn-out Louis, who wanted, above all things, “*délassement*,” not philosophy, however charmingly dressed up.

De Choiseul's enemies, Richelieu and D'Aiguillon, found something more tempting than the beautiful and ennobled philosopher Madame de Grammont. The reputation of Marie-Jeanne, let M. Capefigue say what he will, had spread to the furthest extremities of France before October, 1768. He himself gives the text of that licentious ballad, entitled “*La Bourbonnaise*,” which was sung from the Pont-Neuf to the remotest provinces, and which M. de Choiseul himself condescended to answer in the light verse which was acceptable in those pagan days, and in which he attempted to prove the decline and fall of the fair and famous “*Bourbonnaise*.”

M. de Choiseul was wrong, however. Madame du Barry was destined to become the centre of a powerful political movement. The hostility of the two parties into which France was at that time divided—the parliamentary and Jansenist, conciliated by De Choiseul; and the absolutist and jesuitical, upheld by De Richelieu—came to a collision in the person of a king's mistress. M. de Choiseul was, as we have before seen, if not the nominee of Madame de Pompadour, the representative of that enlightened lady's political tendencies. The king was, on the contrary, all for royal prerogatives. The new favourite was as hostile to liberality in parliaments or church as was the king himself, and she became, from the moment of her elevation—if not, as seems more likely the case, before she was introduced to the monarch—the pivot upon which the royalist party was prepared to work its way into power.

M. de Choiseul had recourse to lampoons and satires to displace the enemy, and these failing, he did not even reject the more odious weapons of scandal and calumny. He was aided and abetted in this paper warfare by the wits of the day, including ladies as well as gentlemen. Voltaire, however, carried the palm by his “*Roi Pétaud*,” penned at the instigation of M. de Choiseul :

Il vous souvient encor de cette tour de Nesles,
Mintville, Lymail, Rouxchâteau, Pampodour;
(*Vintimille*), (*Maily*), (*Châteauroux*), (*Pompadour*);
Dans la foule enfin de peut-être cent belles,
Qu'il honora de son amour,
Pour distinguer celle qu'à la cour
On soutenait n'avoir jamais été cruelle.
La bonne pâte de femelle,
Combien d'heureux fit-elle dans ses bras !
Qui dans Paris ne connut ses appas ?
Du laquais au marquis, chacun se souvient d'elle.

M. Capefigue, however, doubts the authenticity of the supposed

authorship. He says that he cannot discover in the verses either the wit or the airy readiness and smartness of Voltaire.

When Louis XV. took Madame du Barry in affection he also took a whole family under his august protection. Comte Jean du Barry, the eldest of the family, was a clever, shrewd, worldly man. He got his son Adolphe nominated as page, and his two daughters, Isabelle and Françoise, attached to the person of Madame du Barry. It is evident that no scruples were allowed to interfere in seeking to place out his family. As to Guillaume du Barry, the husband of the favourite, he withdrew to Toulouse, and, like M. d'Etioles, the husband of Madame de Pompadour, all he sought for was obscurity. The younger brother, Comte d'Hargicourt, inhabited the "hôtel" of Comte Jean du Barry. The docile king was soon taught to take the greatest interest in the welfare of this family grouped around the fortunes of Madame du Barry.

The difficulty was to present the new favourite at court. Louis had had so many presented, and now the last, albeit a Venus Aphrodite sprung from the foam of the ocean, as the graceful lyrists who wrote in her favour expressed it, was, from that very fact, unrepresentable at that brilliant and aristocratic court. It required, in the first place, proofs of five degrees of nobility. Comte Jean was the man to find them. They were in the archives of North Britain—the Barrys were archers to the Black Prince! This difficulty over, another presented itself. This was to find a chaperon. The Countess de Béarn was induced to act for a consideration. But even then Louis XV. hesitated at exposing his "petites faiblesses" before the whole court. Politics did what perhaps love might have hesitated to accomplish. Richelieu's party were determined to overthrow Choiseul's: they represented Madame du Barry at court as the great enemy to the parliamentarians and philosophers, and thus paved the way to her favourable reception, whilst they undermined the power of the existing ministry.

The presentation took place on the 21st August, 1770. The Choiseul party defeated, still anticipated a triumph in the awkwardness of the fair Bourbonnaise, "*la servante de Blaise*," but they were destined to be disappointed. Madame du Barry was exquisite in youth, beauty, and dress. Never did more brilliant beauty present itself with greater grace and dignity.

The king had sent her a magnificent set of diamonds: nothing could have better suited the countess than these diamonds on the neck and hair falling down like fairy cascades on her shoulders. The eighteenth century had exquisite taste in dress. The Comtesse du Barry had forgotten nothing: she wore a dress of blue damask with silver plates, dotted with roseate ribbons and emerald knots; her beautiful light hair loose, powdered with gold and brilliants; her long black eyelashes arched over eyes cut like almonds, and her incomparable eyelids, made her the most beautiful among all the beauties. There was in the Comtesse du Barry a mixture of the young girl and of the lady of the court, a reminiscence of the easy, coquettish dress of a Parisian superadded to the elegance of the imposing forms and pomps of a salon of Versailles.

The king was delighted. He raised up the countess, who, as was customary, had knelt on her presentation, and proclaimed his admiration in loud terms. Mesdames, the daughters of the king, carried away by enthusiasm, or trained by the opposition, received her most graciously,

embracing her with effusion, a condescension which the favourite met with respect mingled with dignity. So perfect a success completely changed the situation: the king was enabled to give public demonstration of his affections, and the courtiers had to bow to the favours of a new sovereign.

The success of Madame du Barry was the triumph not only of a favourite but of a political party. The resolution was at once adopted to annul the decrees of parliament against the Duc d'Aiguillon by a royal *coup d'état*. Richelieu, the Prince of Soubise, and the Chancellor Maupeou (a man who was originally brought forward by De Choiseul himself, but who went over to the ultra-royalist party, and whose tergiversation is therefore extolled by M. Capefigue as an act of profound political wisdom) were, with D'Aiguillon, the moving springs, but Madame du Barry was entrusted with the arduous part, in which she never failed, of directing the king's judgment and upholding his resolutions by those lively, clever, laughter-loving manners which were her great characteristic, and by which she held her power to the last.

Madame du Barry was not, however, without her fears that the *coup d'état* of the 3rd of September might be followed by some accident, and consequently the king's safe return from parliament was fêted in her salons as a grand occasion. As to Louis XV., he was as pleased and as proud of what he had done as if his courage had emanated from himself. The only chance that remained for M. de Choiseul was the marriage that he was at that very moment bringing about between the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette. We have seen, in our account of the admirable memoirs of that unfortunate lady by the brothers De Goncourt, how for a time the amiable young Austrian princess brought back Louis XV. to better sentiments as to what was due to his position, to himself, and to his family, but how all failed before the playful, captivating, seductive charms of the voluptuous Du Barry; how ably she fought for M. de Choiseul, whose liberal and conciliating policy she ever approved of, and to whom she was ever grateful for the happiness (alas! it was but small) she enjoyed in the husband he had obtained for her, but how signally she was defeated by Madame du Barry and the party she upheld, and who were at that epoch hurrying royalty with such fatal rapidity down the incline of revolution. All this is much better told by the De Goncourts than by Capefigue, but the latter is far happier in his delineations of the intimate life of court under the later Bourbons than perhaps any of his contemporaries. On the delicate subject of the oft-discussed and inconsiderate introduction of Marie Antoinette to Madame du Barry, and which has been so justly animadverted upon, M. Capefigue says that Marie Antoinette had been especially instructed to "*ménager les affections du Roi de France.*"

The moment the archduchess trod on the soil of France it became a question of ceremonial. Louis XV., a perfect gentleman, consented, at the request of the Duke of Choiseul, to repair to Compiègne for two days, in order to meet the dauphiness at that place. The Comtesse du Barry accordingly addressed to him a few remarks in the name of the council. (Richelieu, Soubise, D'Aiguillon, and Maupeou had constituted an anti-ministerial and royalist council ever since Madame du Barry's triumph.) As to the influence which would be given to the

party of the Duke of Choiseul by his taking such a step, the king replied: "I know the limits within which I have to confine myself; this is a matter that concerns my family, and has nothing to do with politics; besides, countess, what can I say further to you? the first titled person who shall be presented to my daughter-in-law after the princes of the blood shall be you!" The promise was, in fact, kept at Versailles, and the Countess du Barry was received by Madame la Dauphine with perfect grace. Some words are placed in her mouth of too studied a character to be true; the archduchess, mindful of the instructions of her mother, embraced the Countess du Barry, whom she declared to be charming, expressing her feelings aloud that the friendship of the king for the countess was not to be wondered at, and that all her efforts should be directed to participating in the mission of Madame du Barry, which was to amuse the king.

It was, to say the least, a base concession exacted by a spoilt favourite; but there was a good deal in the words as reported by Capefigue, if true, and which are not in De Goncourt's memoirs. It is well known that Marie Antoinette did become a formidable rival in the favour of Louis XV., and that she almost succeeded in providing him with sufficient amusements to withdraw him from others that were of a less innocent description; but the wiles of her of whom the officers used to sing at the camp of Compiègne—

Vive le roi ! vive l'amour !
 Que ce refrain soit nuit et jour
 Ma devise chérie.
 En vain les serpens de l'envie,
 Soufflent autour de mes rideaux,
 L'amour lui-même assure mon repos,
 Et dans ses bras je le défie—

soon prevailed over the more placid and divided attentions of the youthful Austrian archduchess.

Louis XV. took especial delight in those sites on the hilly slopes west of Paris, which, at every turn overlooking the river windings and the vast city beyond, present some new and varied landscape. He inhabited successively Marly, Choisy-le-Roi, and Haut Meudon, but Marly was found to be too expensive—the outlay was estimated at a thousand pounds per week. The wood of Luciennes, or Louveciennes, was celebrated from olden times. Like that of Marly and Meudon, it had been once favoured by wolves—whence its name. It was known for its varied configuration, its thick coverts, its rocks, and its live springs, with the ponds and lakes they gave birth to. It was a chosen spot for hermits, who love the picturesque as much as a reputation for sanctity. The princes of Conti first erected a mansion there, and it had passed into the king's hands, and he delighted to go thither to garden or sit beneath the shadowy limes and enjoy the splendid landscape that lay at his feet. When Madame du Barry was at the apogee of her favour, Louis XV. offered to her the mansion of Luciennes, but it is admitted of the favourite that, however bountiful she may have been to others, she was as disinterested as she was charitable in disposition, as often asking pardon of the king for evil-doers and for the unfortunate as providing for her own immediate relatives; but still she was never either selfish or exacting where she was personally concerned.

Madame du Barry, therefore, declined the mansion, but elected to construct on the same beautiful grounds what Capefigue calls a "*tout petit pavillon*." But very convenient, very elegant, very ornamental, was this little home of the favourite. Ledoux superintended the costly architecture; all the artists of the day were appealed to to aid in its embellishment. There was not a lock to a door that was not a work of art. But Madame du Barry had a very different notion of art to that which obtained with the intellectual and cultivated Madame de Pompadour. With the former, art was an accumulation of beautiful trifles, a whole army of fantastic yet precious nothings, ornaments solely adapted to making a sanctuary of the resident divinity.

Besides the king, who regularly visited this little pavilion—"charming *bonbonnière*," Capefigue calls it, "which had risen up like the castle of the fairy Alcine in the songs of Ariosto, on the heights of Luciennes"—Isabelle du Barry, nicknamed Bichi by the king, who liked her for her good sense, although couched in a southern accent; Comte Jean du Barry; and Comte Adolphe, now colonel in the Royal Corsican Regiment, were among those who were constant frequenters of Luciennes.

Among other things that made themselves remarked in these salons lined with chintz, and in which the ladies in waiting most in favour with the countess presided, were a little white spaniel; a Brazilian monkey, smaller even than the dog; a parrot, colour of fire; and a child of twelve years of age, of a dark copper colour, strangely attired as a Cupid, entangled in collars of coral and glass, and with a look of coquetry and malignancy united.* This little coloured boy came from Bengal; the countess had him christened at the same time as the Prince of Conti, and, as Voltaire's tragedies were all the vogue at that time, he had the name of Zamore given to him, in remembrance of Alzire. Zamore amused the king: very clean in his person, he carried the countess's red parasol, and thus, by his proximity, presented an admirable contrast to the brilliant whiteness of that satiny skin which was the despair of the great ladies of the court, all painted with white and red.

Every day the king came from Marly to Luciennes, and, putting on a loose and easy white coat, he would go alone, or, accompanied by only a few friends, from the château by the avenue of lime-trees, which led thence to the countess's pavilion. The countess would issue forth from her little box of gold and ivory, in a red and white robe, like a fairy, Zamore carrying the red parasol, the strange and fantastic garb of the negro contrasting well with the elegant simplicity of the countess, whilst all the time the little spaniel would run barking through the flower-beds, or among the vases of jasper and porphyry, with their hanging clusters of blossoms. As wicked as the devil, the little dog would bite or scratch every one except the king, whom it seemed to respect, if not actually to like. The countess ran, rather than walked, to meet Louis XV. She would stoop, as if about to kneel, and then suddenly rise and embrace him, with all the playfulness and simplicity of a petted child. The king would then walk into the pavilion, partake of some fruit gathered by the countess, and of a glass of Spanish wine, and then stroll out on the terrace, taking his seat beneath a great old lime-tree, whose soft shade protected him from the sun, whilst before him lay an immense and splendid landscape—the valley of the Seine, the great woods, and the villages grouped together as in a huge basket. The king would often remain thus in contemplation for an hour, the ladies bringing him flowers

* This petted and ungrateful Oriental, whose heart was blacker even than his skin, became the most inveterate enemy of the countess, and was one of the chief instruments in bringing the unfortunate lady to the scaffold.

and fruit. Ceremony was dispensed with at Luciennes, and discussions were especially avoided. The king's friends were invited, and Madame du Barry drew up the lists, announcing in her notes that the king would honour her with his presence on the evenings in question.

M. de Choiseul had, in the mean time, been unceremoniously got rid of by a *lettre de cachet*. Under the absolutism of the Bourbons no explanation was permitted. A minister fell from the highest pinnacle without even a break in his fall; he was not only dismissed, he was exiled, because his recriminations, if not inopportune, would have been wearisome and distressing to a worn-out semi-imbecile monarch. The king's council was now held at Luciennes, where De Maupeou, the Abbé Terray, and the Duc d'Aiguillon ruled under the protection of Madame du Barry. The faithful mousquetaires were called out, and on the night of the 19th to 20th January, 1771, bands of these devoted royalists paid domiciliary visits to the houses of presidents and councillors of parliament, and bade them yield implicit obedience to the king, or to receive a letter of exile or of "*cachet*." This is what the legitimist Capefigue calls "realising the great problem of unity of power and the obedience of all with the constitution of a magistracy purely judicial!" Great was the anger and consternation at this act of despotism. All the princes protested against it. But Madame du Barry kept the king up to the mark by her lively sallies, her inexhaustible gaiety, and her sarcasms. She even undertook to bring over the princes, and she succeeded in many instances. She gained over Conti by her graceful concessions, and D'Orléans by conniving at his secret marriage with Madame de Montesson. The opposition thought that the king would waver, as he had done before; but they had miscalculated. Royalty was under the government of the Graces, and the Graces were inflexible. No one was allowed to see him till he had conformed to his wishes by taking his seat at the new parliament. The large body of barristers, solicitors, notaries, and others who enjoyed lucrative places under the old parliament, soon got tired of exile, and crept back by the customary old doorways.

The power of the Comtesse du Barry, who had crumbled to pieces the old parliament, became now an incontestable thing. A further triumph came to crown her successes. Voltaire, the bosom friend of M. de Choiseul, and who had penned "*La Cour du Roi Pétard*" at his instigation, was base enough to lay his literary offering at the feet of the favourite. "He had always," he said, "expected that beauty would triumph over all obstacles. He had taught her name to every echo of the Alps, and that name in the mythological fashion of the day was Pallas!" The exiled minister revenged himself for this base tergiversation of the poet-philosopher by making him figure as a weathercock on his château of Chanteloup.

It is but justice, however, to the recluse of Ferney to say that, although disliked by the king, who had certain religious weaknesses, Madame du Barry had from an early period sought to conciliate his high renown. The task was the more easy, as Voltaire, albeit indebted to De Choiseul, was at open war with the old parliament. He had defended Calas and La Barre in pamphlets of rare eloquence against a power which would have sent the philosophers to the scaffold. Madame du Barry herself wrote to

the petulant old man, whose great ambition was to be Marquis of Ferney. He hesitated between the two goddesses of Gratitude and Fortune, as he expressed it, but soon allowed himself to be led away unresistingly by the latter. It was at the instigation of the Duc d'Aiguillon and of Madame du Barry that he penned his "*Histoire des Parlements*."

On the occasion of Madame du Barry's great political triumph, Voltaire gave himself up, soul and body, to the new system inaugurated—the reform of parliaments. He wrote of the Chancellor Maupeou as surpassing all the heroes of mythological antiquity. These were the days when, under the patronage of Catherine II., the Messalina of the North, and of the sceptical Frederick of Prussia, the press teemed with so-called philosophical, but, in reality, licentious, anarchical, and impious books. Madame du Barry may or may not have had a fellow feeling for the Encyclopædists, but she liked to patronise talent. She ambitioned following in the footsteps of Madame de Pompadour; and, above all, she liked to hear herself spoken of as a Hebe or a Venus.

Est-il beauté plus accomplie !
Hébé, Vénus, oui, la voilà ;
Voyez sous sa collerette jolie
Ce bouton-ci, ce bouton-là,
Cette taille fine et légère.

Above all, the co-operation of the party of Encyclopædists was essential to the struggle between the old and new parliaments; and thus it was that the two extremes met on a common ground—to the inevitable tumbling down and ruin of one or the other after a brief lapse of time—in this case of the monarchy.

Madame du Barry worked things in her own way. Louis XV.'s dislike to the poets and philosophers was so inveterate as not to be easily turned aside. The countess began by familiarising him with their plays, which were enacted at Choisy. "Madame du Barry amused herself infinitely, and laughed aloud; the king smiled sometimes.* This melancholy smile—a cruel scar inflicted on the king's heart—the fatal punishment of sensualism—was perceptible to every one, and the countess made incessant efforts and enhanced every grace to call a smile upon those withered lips."

Louis, who abhorred the philosophers, was thus gradually induced to stretch forth his hand to those amiable poets who lent a charm to life. The countess was now at the apogee of her repute. She was the soul of the council of ministers, and swayed the monarch. She had married Vicomte Adolphe du Barry to Mademoiselle de Tournon; the Comte d'Hargicourt was captain of the Swiss Guard; she could be merciful to M. de Choiseul, who, instead of being an exile, held a kind of court at Chanteloup; she could rival the Dauphine in her levees, her dramatic and other entertainments; and if she had not her countenance, the Comte de Provence, who hated Marie Antoinette, lent her his. More than all this, the religious party, represented by the Duc de la Vauguyon, were obliged to cultivate the friendship of the favourite, as it was through her alone that they could depend upon the king's firmness in resisting the

* Journal de Bachaumont, 1772. As detailed in the original edition, and not in the less perfect extracts given by M. Ravenel.

encroachments of the parliaments. To cement the alliance they sought to legitimise her position, as they had done in the instance of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. In this they were especially seconded by Madame Louise de France, or rather the reverend Marie Thérèse de Saint Augustin, as she was called in her conventual residence, and for whom Louis had an unbounded esteem. Cardinal de Bernis had already been sent to Rome to negotiate the divorce of Madame du Barry from her husband, when the fatal illness of the monarch came to cast to the winds all these mundane projects.

The grievous melancholy of the king Louis XV. had visibly augmented towards the end of 1773. His leaden-yellow aspect was never brightened except with a hectic flush. He moved about from place to place to relieve the deadly feeling of satiety that beset him, but in vain; the joyous laugh and lively talk of the favourite alone procured a moment's illusion. The king was taken fatally ill of small-pox after a bacchanalian supper, prolonged till two in the morning, and in which "l'esprit circula à pleins verres d'Ai;" and he was at once removed beyond the control of the favourite to Versailles. He, however, insisted upon seeing her once again before his death, which ensued on the 6th of May. This sudden decease of the monarch gave rise to many strange rumours. The one generally accepted had reference to the legendary Parc aux Cerfs. A stupid follower had, it was said, introduced to the king the daughter of a carpenter, who was afflicted with the disease of which he perished. Needless to say that Capefigue treats these rumours of the day as impure libels, the offspring of the corrupt times in which they gained currency.

The very next day after the king's death, Madame du Barry received a "lettre de cachet," banishing her, for state reasons, to the convent of the Pont aux Dames, in charge of an exempt, and with permission to take only one attendant. The countess is described as manifesting the greatest firmness under such a sudden reverse of fortune. She had passed her early years in a convent, and she did not dread dwelling among the nuns of the old monastery in the forest of Meaux, and who are, curiously enough, described as receiving the stray sheep into their fold with every mark of sympathy and interest.

Madame du Barry had, however, too many friends at court to remain long buried in a monastery, and where hostile pens, playing on the word "bridge," said she would end her days:

L'art libertin de rallumer les flammes,
 Au Pont Royal me mit le sceptre en main;
 Un si haut fait me mit au Pont aux Dames,
 Où j'ai bien peur de finir mon destin.

She was soon allowed to withdraw to her little property of Saint-Vrain, near Chartres, which she had purchased with the price of her hotel at Versailles, sold to the Comte de Provence. Here she entered into relations with the Comte Cossé de Brissac, "d'une douce et tendre amitié," according to Capefigue, but to which the scandal of the day attached greater importance. A clever, pleasant letter, such a one as Madame du Barry could, when she chose, indite, to M. de Maurepas, obtained a further concession: it was the permission to return to Lu-

ciennes. The countess could sway more than kings. She influenced, by her charms and graces, a hostile queen and minister. Nor was Madame du Barry ungrateful. There seems, as in Madame de Pompadour, to be always some redeeming point in the life of these otherwise little commendable personages. Madame du Barry sacrificed hers for the queen Marie Antoinette.

For a brief time all was once more gaiety and liveliness at Luciennes. The inhabitants hailed the return of the generous favourite as a godsend. Not one of her friends had abandoned her. The Ducs de Brissac and D'Aiguillon, Marshal Richelieu, the Prince of Soubise, and others, were constantly at her pavilion, where Joseph II. also visited her, walking arm-in-arm through the grounds. It was only beneath the tree beloved by the late king that she would sometimes tarry a moment to shed the tears of regret.

The time had now come when it was the turn of Marie Antoinette to suffer, as Madame du Barry had all the days of her elevation, from the low, levelling, scandalising spirit of the age. It was mainly from Holland and England that these abominable pamphlets, sapping the honour of the queen, emanated. The Memoirs of the well-known dramatist Beaumarchais give some curious details as to his being engaged by Louis XVI. to bribe certain of these calumniators into silence. Under the pretext of a robbery of jewels, and of the flight of the robber to England, Madame du Barry, arming herself with a passport, and with letters of credit from the Dutch bankers, Vanderneyer, father and son, and who were destined to perish on the scaffold by her side, followed in the footsteps of the author of "The Barber of Seville." Such was her influence as the queen's representative, that she had several interviews with Pitt, which were well known to the Jacobins, and which soon entailed her destruction.

Madame du Barry returned to Luciennes in December, 1791, in time to witness the murder of her friend, M. de Brissac, slain by the emissaries of the Girondists in the orangery of Versailles. They carried the head—or that of another person, for the revolutionists were not particular—to Luciennes, and threw it into the passage, shouting, "Voilà la tête de ton amant." Broken-hearted, as she well might be, by so many trials, Madame du Barry resolved on another journey to England. She was in London at the time when Louis XVI. fell beneath the knife of the guillotine, and she may, says Capefigue, have remembered the fearful prediction made to his predecessor when she presented him with the portrait of Charles I., Vandyck's *chef-d'œuvre*. It was, under these circumstances, the height of folly and imprudence on the part of the countess to think of returning to France. All her friends, and even Pitt himself, counselled her against so dangerous a proceeding—the love of Luciennes appears, however, to have predominated over any fears for self. The black rascal, Zamore, was in open rebellion at that place, in actual possession of everything, and he had denounced his mistress, and proffered all her valuables to the "comité de sûreté générale." No sooner, therefore, had Madame du Barry returned, than she was arrested and conducted to Sainte Pélagie. The Vanderneyers were arrested at the same time for the crime of having supplied her with money on her jewels! The fact

was, that, like the countess, they had wealth which the revolutionists coveted.

Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott relates, in the interesting journal of her life* recently published, that Madame du Barry, as she writes it, came to Sainte Pélagie while she was there. She describes her as being very unhappy. "She used to sit by my bed for hours, telling me anecdotes of Louis XV. and the court. She talked to me much of England and of the Prince of Wales, with whom she was enchanted." Here is another instance of the wondrous tact of Madame du Barry, by which she won upon all who came within her influence—she knew that the Prince of Wales was dear to Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott.

Led from Sainte Pélagie, the prison of the suspected, to the prison of the Conciergerie, the threshold to the scaffold, Madame du Barry's career was soon cut short by the bloodthirsty revolutionists. Her own page, Zamore—the black miscreant, who had basked for years on her bounty—was the chief witness against her. The court did not deliberate five minutes; she was unanimously condemned to death, with, what was of more importance to the comité, confiscation of her goods.

Madame du Barry has been accused of weakness on the scaffold. Absurd charge! As if a lady, all little graces and womanly charms, should be expected to face death like a soldier! And, as Capefigue justly remarks, what a death that given by a great heavy knife, massive enough for an ox! The very idea is sufficient to make even the stoutest hearted quail. What then must have been the effect on a tender hearted, delicately nursed, luxuriously brought up favourite? Passing by the Palais Royal, some of the young women employed at Madame Bertin's are said to have rushed to see her with such impetuosity as to earn the rebuke of the authorities. Carried up the steps of the scaffold, the unfortunate lady said, "Grace, grace! monsieur le bourreau, encore un moment!" But every one remained silent. The executioners seized upon her with the indifference of butchers in a slaughter-house, and in a moment more Samson held up the head of the beautiful favourite to that savage crowd—"worthy pupils of the philosophy of the eighteenth century which had deified the coarse instincts of brutal force." At the very time that this horrible scene was being enacted in the so-called "Place de la Concorde," the negro Zamore was toasting with his boon companions "the pretty head that was being tumbled into the basket of red eggs," in the countess's own champagne, and in her own pavilion at Luciennes!

* Journal of my Life during the French Revolution. By Grace Dalrymple Elliott. London: Bentley. 1859.

CRAIG LUCE CASTLE.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART II.

PART of the way down the rugged rocks that rested on the deep, perpendicular, craggy wall which descended into the boiling waves beneath, there was a cavern, or natural grotto, which was reached by a sloping narrow path, in some places indented like the bed of a dried-up stream, in others forming short flights of steps, hewn out, as it were, from the solid rock. Some stunted trees and hardy shrubs intermingled every here and there with the jutting rocks, and were of use to the timid pedestrian to hold by in descending to, or ascending from, the cave, and a platform, or smooth ledge of shingle, which lay a little lower down, and projecting three or four feet beyond the cliff, overhung the sea beneath. The cavern was tolerably large, and was lighted by an open space above, in one corner, where the rock took the shape of a cupola, or low dome, having a considerable aperture at the top. The only entrance to the cave was through a space in the rock, like a Gothic arch, and this natural doorway could only be reached by a winding path, which descended to the platform described above, and, skirting a mass of stone, brought the visitor almost by a circle to the mouth of the cavern. There was nothing to represent a window—no opening through which prying eyes might view what was going on in the interior of the cave, except one small fissure at the side, but it was covered by the foliage of a low tree, which seemed to issue from the rock itself, so close to it were its stem and roots.

This secluded cavern was an object of superstitious awe to the common people of the neighbourhood. The name of the "Haunted Cave" had been bestowed on it in consequence of an old tradition, a legend which told that some hundred years before two brothers had sought that spot to settle, by single combat, which should be possessor of the castle. They were said to have been twins, and, consequently, each equally entitled to be the chieftain of Craig Luce. They fought in that cave, and one fell mortally wounded. But the survivor, struck with remorse, would not reside upon the lands that, after his brother's death, were indisputably his own. He went to the Crusades, and died a soldier of the Cross, in the Holy Land.

It was said that

At the solemn midnight hour,
When the restless dead have power,

the unappeased spirit of Hector Lockhart, of the olden time, sometimes revisited the scene of his last hour on earth, and that he would revisit it until another dark deed, committed in the same place, should transfer the right of haunting it to another spectre.

This quiet cavern had been frequently the trysting-place of Mr. Latimer and Jessy Lockhart, for there they knew that they were safe from intrusion. Latimer laughed at the superstitious tales attached to it, and Jessy had no fear of ghosts when *he* was her companion.

Early in the evening of the very day that Lady Lilies had made the useless appeal to her son, Mr. Latimer and Mrs. Lockhart took their way separately to the cliffs, and met, by appointment, at the narrow tangled path which led to the haunted cave. Latimer had gone with the determination of bidding farewell to Jessy: he was tired of the monotony of the castle, and, if truth were told, of Jessy herself, and longing for gayer scenes. Jessy, on her part, had made up her mind to elope from Craig Luce, and she hoped to arrange with Latimer the plan of her escape. They both, each fearing to annoy the other, put off to the last moment adverting to what was most in the thoughts of either. At length Latimer said,

"And now, my sweet Jessy, is it not time we should return to the castle? Swiftly as the moments fly while we are together, we must not utterly forget prudence. At least I would remember for you what for myself I might forget—still longer to enjoy your society. Alas! alas! in this world of bright illusions and dull, or gloomy realities, all that is most cherished fades the first; happiness fleets from our grasp like a shadow, while misery plunges its iron fangs into our hearts. And the time draws near—too, too near, when we must part. Let me, at least, carry with me the consolation that I have not injured your character by my ill-fated love, nor left you surrounded by suspicious relations—that I have not utterly destroyed your domestic peace."

"*Domestic peace!* Latimer! How can you mock me with these cruel words? Too well you know the misery of my life—that misery which gave you such an easy triumph over me. And is it *now* that you talk to me of prudence? Oh! you cannot love me as you have vowed you did, or you could not speak to me of cold prudence—you could not dream of parting!" And the unfortunate Jessy burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"The devil!" thought Latimer to himself; "these women are so unreasonable—tears, their constant refuge. Well, I must try to soothe her."

"Jessy," he said, with well-feigned sadness, laying his hand upon his breast, "if you could look into my heart, and see what is passing there, you would spare me the additional wretchedness of your reproaches. What but love for you has detained me so long among these bleak and solitary hills? What but imperious necessity could compel me now to leave you?"

The hollow-hearted Latimer turned aside, and struck his forehead as if in an agony of despair.

The deluded Jessy was softened and appeased. Sincere herself, even in guilty love, woman seldom doubts the sincerity of her lover until he has totally and insultingly thrown off his mask.

"I did not mean to give you pain, dear Latimer," she answered, sobbing still; "you who are my only friend. But oh, do not talk of leaving me! Will you not take me with you? I will do anything, be anything you desire. But oh, do not leave me here!"

"Yet, Jessy, think of the world's scorn. How could you bear up against it? Think of your fair name, your blasted reputation, the degradation that would fall upon you!"

"Others have been as guilty as we have been and yet they have been forgiven, nay, courted, by the world. But if I could only escape

from the eternal ennui, the hateful thralldom of yon dismal castle, and live with you in free and happy love, little should I care for the world's bitterest scorn."

Latimer uttered a deep groan—of impatience it was in reality, though to poor Jessy it seemed the unaffected testimony of his commiseration for her sorrows. She gathered courage to proceed.

"Hear me, dear Latimer! I have surely gained some claim to your protection. Carry me with you wherever you may go; I can contrive my escape. That craven-spirited animal I am obliged to call my husband will take no steps to pursue us, and if his imperious mother urges him to divorce me, so much the better. I shall then be legally rid of him, and you and I can marry, and become—even respectable in future."

At this proposal the usually imperturbable self-possession of Latimer gave way, as colouring deeply, stumbling and hesitating, he replied,

"Marry! Jessy—Mrs. Lockhart! Marry, did you say? Lady Lillias might make her son divorce you, but I—I—in short, I could not give you my name. I, too, am married!"

Jessy clasped her hands, but spoke not.

"Married to one who is as pure as the clear stars of night that are now beginning to shine in the heavens above us."

"Base man!" exclaimed Mrs. Lockhart, stamping her little foot with fury on the rock beneath; "and does it become you to taunt me with the purity of your wife—you, who have plunged me into guilt? Had I known that you were devoted hand and heart to another, never, never should you have made *me* your victim. Yet be not too secure, Edward Latimer! Whilst you have been busy alluring me to my ruin, another tempter may have been busy in your spotless home, and your immaculate wife may have become the prey of some seducer like yourself."

"No, Jessy, that cannot be. I trust her because I know she has no heart to be tempted. The driven snow is not colder than Lavinia Latimer. It was not to taunt you that I mentioned her virtue; nor, believe me, does *she* possess my affection. Ours was a match of interest. I never loved her—no, no! but she gives me no cause of complaint, therefore I am compelled to keep up appearances with her. You see, my beloved Jessy, that I am to be pitied as well as yourself. You will not part in anger from one who loves you, and you alone!"

And as he uttered these words he threw all the fascination of which he was so capable into his manner, while, seizing her hand, he pressed it passionately to his lips.

A second time Jessy relented, but as her confidence in Latimer returned, she ventured to urge further her wishes.

"Well, dear Latimer, we will not dwell on the past, and I will not believe that you purposely deceived me. But oh! the dark future appals me if you leave me here. You will stay yet awhile?" she asked, coaxingly.

"Alas! Jessy, our parting must be even now. Early to-morrow morning I must leave Craig Luce Castle, recalled to England by letters from Mrs. Latimer. Circumstances will admit of no longer delay on my part."

"We must part even now—you go to-morrow!" shrieked Jessy, in

accents of piercing grief that might have touched a heart less callous than that of a practised libertine. "Oh, do not say so!—oh, do not leave me! Take me with you, Latimer; only take me away from this frightful place, and I will never ask you to see me but when you choose. I will be your slave; I will work for my daily bread, though my father left me so much wealth; but oh, do not leave me here! If you could know how I despise and loathe the besotted fool to whom fate has bound me, how I dread and abhor his proud, terrific, vengeful mother, you would not leave me in their hands. Latimer, I tremble when I meet that awful woman's terrible black eyes, that seem to be glaring with the fires of hell—and—merciful Heaven! they are on me now!" She screamed wildly, as a pair of dark, malignant eyes became apparent through the aperture in the rock, not very far from where the trembling Jessy stood, which was generally well shaded by the bush on the outside.

Overcome with terror, she fainted away, and would have fallen to the ground had Latimer not caught her in his arms. He carried her further into the cave—to a spot where there was a smooth bed of dry sand, and placing her gently on it, he began with the utmost assiduity to rub her cold temples and hands, while his soliloquy did not say much for his interest in her.

"Confound this fainting-fit! How unlucky! I shall never get her home without some cursed discovery being made; and I shall have to carry her up these villainous rocks, at the risk of breaking my poor neck. I wish I were well out of this devilish scrape, and had fairly turned my back on Craig Luce Castle, with its old witch and its young one. If this business gets to the ears of that piece of perfection, Lavinia, what a reception she will give me! What lectures I should be doomed to listen to from my right reverend father, the bishop! And, above all, if a certain fair friend in Berkeley-street were to hear of these, my peccadilloes in Scotland, what a storm of jealous reproach would await me!"

Jessy heaved a slight sigh, but still remained immovable.

"She is recovering. Shall I leave her here, and so escape the annoyance of a regular farewell, and all further persecution as to her accompanying me? No, no; it would be brutal to leave her alone in this cold cave. I am bound in honour to see her safe home." And, stooping over her more closely, he continued to use every means to recal her to animation. So engrossed was he with his efforts to recover Jessy as speedily as possible, that he did not perceive a tall figure gliding through the cave. Silently and stealthily it approached him. Unconscious of its presence, he continued to bend over the still fainting Jessy. Another moment, and, uttering a hollow groan, he fell forward, stabbed by the steady dagger of Lady Lillias Lockhart!

For a few moments she stood contemplating her work, and scowling upon the two prostrate figures before her; then stooping, she listened to ascertain if her victim still lived. She heard no sound like the agitated breathing of one in pain, and, supposing Latimer to be dead, she spurned him with her foot, exclaiming,

"Lie there and rot, thou mass of foul corruption! But no! I will not leave him here, for the caves of the rock may whisper of blood, and the fleshless bones may rise up in judgment against—the murderer, but the deep sea tells no tales."

Seizing the arm of her resistless victim she dragged his body out of the cave, but so roughly that it turned over at the entrance, and blood flowed in a stream from the wound. Observing this, she turned him over again on his face, and proceeded to drag him along the narrow path, taking the downward course. To her dismay she found that he was still living, for he groaned deeply, and then began to try to raise himself on his knees, and clung to a jutting rock with the arm and hand that were free. He was soon, however, overpowered, and dragged down towards the fatal ledge which projected over the sea. His senses had now partially returned, and, perceiving where he was, earnestly did he pray that his life might be spared, and fearfully did he struggle in the frenzied agony of the awful moment. But his dreadful assailant scoffed at his prayers, and, exerting all her strength, she hurled the unhappy man over the rocky platform into the foaming waves beneath! One wild, despairing cry arose above the howling of the winds and the roaring of the sea—then all was hushed that could have told of human crime or human woe.

Lady Lilius folded her arms and looked around carefully, then advancing to the edge of the flat rock she gazed downwards. Her steps did not tremble, her head was not giddy, as fixedly she gazed below; but nothing was visible except the wild waves dashing furiously against the naked cliff.

"It is done! It is well!" she muttered to herself; "the tide will carry his wretched body out far, far away, and none will ever know how he died. He deserved his fate!"

Lady Lilius concealed the bloody weapon under her ample shawl, and returned leisurely to the castle, as if she had only been taking an evening walk. She had wonderful self-command, as well as astonishing hardness of heart.

Jessy, meanwhile, on recovering from her fainting-fit, had found herself alone in the cave. She fancied that she heard a horrid shriek, but on rising and listening attentively there was no repetition of the sound. "Where can Latimer be?" thought Jessy. "Probably he made his escape, to avoid an unpleasant rencontre with that odious Lady Lilius; but he will surely come back for me." She waited for a little time, until the evil reputation of the place began to press on her mind. "It is quite dark in here!" she exclaimed. "What if the spirit that they say haunts this place should glide in?" Jessy shivered with terror. "I must get away, even at the risk of breaking my neck in that unsafe path;" and she hurried towards the entrance to the cave. As she was passing out her foot slipped on something slimy, and she fell down; suppressing a scream, she rose hurriedly and rushed up the pathway to the top of the cliffs as fast as possible; she ran the greater part of the way to the castle, where, entering by a little side door, she gained her own apartments without having been seen by any one. On procuring a light for herself, great was her horror to perceive that there were stains of blood on the lower part of her dress, on the side on which she had fallen, and that a little clot of blood was sticking to her shoe. It must have been blood in which her foot had slipped; but how did it come there? In vain she asked herself that question; imagination could afford no reply. Not choosing to meet Lady Lilius again that evening, and feeling faint and weary, she retired to her couch, in the full determination, however,

of rising very early to see Latimer, in case he *really* intended to leave the castle next day.

At an uncommonly early hour she was in the breakfast-room next morning, but no Latimer made his appearance; in vain she waited until long past the usual hour for the morning meal; in vain she searched for him in the garden and grounds. Could he have gone before she was up? At length her anxiety became so great that she determined to knock at his bedroom door; again and again she knocked; there was no answer, and she ventured to open it. To her great surprise she perceived that the bed had not been slept in, nor the room apparently occupied the preceding night; yet Latimer's luggage was not removed, a portmanteau was there—packed evidently, and certainly strapped up—but combs and brushes, and other appurtenances of the toilet, were spread over the table, a dressing-gown was hanging up in one corner, and a pair of slippers stood near the sofa. Mr. Latimer could not, therefore, have finally taken his departure, unless he meant that his effects should be sent after him.

Jessy was quite bewildered, and as there was no one within the castle to whom she could communicate her feelings, she went to the cottage of her humble friends Donald and Helen Munro. She mentioned to them Mr. Latimer's extraordinary disappearance, and told them that she and he had taken a walk together the evening before on the cliffs, and had gone to rest for a short time in the "Haunted Cave." That Lady Lilies had also gone there; that she herself had been seized with a fainting-fit in the cavern, and on recovering from it had found she was alone—both Lady Lilies and Mr. Latimer being gone; that on leaving the cave her feet had slipped at its entrance on some clotted blood, which she had not observed to be there on going into the cavern. She asked what they thought of all this. Donald and his wife listened with earnest attention to Mrs. Lockhart's narrative, and both looked very grave, while meaning glances passed once or twice between them. Donald offered to go to the porter's lodge, and ask if Mr. Latimer had been seen to leave the castle early that morning or late on the evening before, and also to visit the "Haunted Cave," and look if there were any stains of blood at its mouth, or any appearances near it indicating that a struggle had taken place there. Jessy remained with Helen during his absence, thankful to have some one to speak to who seemed to feel for her.

After a time Donald returned with the intelligence that Mr. Latimer had not been seen to leave Craig Luce; the man at the gate said he had certainly not passed out that way either on foot or on horseback, and that no conveyance had come for him. Donald further said that he had gone to the cave and examined it closely, but that there were no marks of blood there; nevertheless, these might have been washed away, as it had rained heavily during the night. A little further down the narrow path, however, he had observed that a branch had recently been torn off one of the low gnarled trees that grew among the rocks, and just above the natural platform overhanging the sea there was the print of a man's feet firmly embedded in the clayey soil, both tending to create suspicion that perhaps a deadly struggle had taken place there.

"But between whom could a struggle have taken place?" asked Jessy, in a faltering voice.

"Who can tell?" replied Donald Munro. "Perhaps Mr. Archy may have quarrelled with the English stranger, and if he were excited by too much whisky, he might have attacked him suddenly yonder among the rocks."

Jessy coloured crimson, and she turned her head away, unable to meet the eyes of the gardener and his wife. But she replied, with a sort of gasp,

"Oh no, no! It was never Archy—he is too great a coward—at least, I mean he is not quarrelsome. But I will go to him and tax him with it. I shall soon find out if he has had any hand in the disappearance of his mother's guest."

She then left the cottage, fearful lest in her anxiety about Latimer, she might betray her too deep interest in him, and thus confirm the unpleasant surmises that she saw were already awakened in the minds of Donald and Helen Munro.

On returning to the castle she could see nothing of Archy; and the day was passed in restless misery by poor Jessy, who, however, still tried to persuade herself that Latimer would make his appearance at dinner-time. He came not; and all her dreadful forebodings were reawakened by a fisherman bringing to the castle a cap, or Scotch bonnet, such as gentlemen sometimes wear in the country, and which had Mr. Latimer's name in it. The cap was recognised to have been his; and the fisherman told that he had picked it up as it was floating on the sea, at some distance from the abrupt rocks which were so very high near Craig Luce. The awe-struck servants stood whispering together, and consternation was visible on every countenance; but Lady Lilius gave it as her decided opinion that poor Mr. Latimer, who, she knew, was fond of walking on the cliffs, must have gone too near the edge of the rock, lost his footing, and fallen over into the watery abyss beneath. No one could gainsay this; and the whole household adopted their lady's view of the matter. Everybody believed that the English gentleman was drowned—and drowned by accident—except four persons. These were Jessy, Archy, and the two Munros. Jessy's mind hovered between harrowing fears that some dreadful catastrophe had taken place, and hopes that her lover might have left the castle secretly to avoid the pain of another farewell scene with her, and that he would still be heard of; yet why was his cap picked up at sea?

Archy never for a moment doubted that his mother had contrived to murder Latimer; and he fancied that she had thrown his Scotch bonnet over the cliff, to make it appear that he was drowned by accident. He thought the dead man's bones would be bleaching somewhere among the rocks; but with that degree of cunning which supplies the place of good sense sometimes to people of inferior intellect, he religiously held his tongue, for fear that a word in accusation of his mother might bring down her vengeance upon himself, and cause her to kill him also. The Munros, knowing the character of Lady Lilius, her overwhelming pride, and relentless disposition, and fearing that she had just cause for disliking her treacherous guest, believed that he had met with foul play at her hands; and the facts of the broken branch, and the print of a foot near the ledge of rock which projected beyond the perpendicular precipice, afforded "confirmation strong" to their worst suspicions. Lady Lilius

waited a day or two until she could hear if any more relics of her unfortunate victim were found, and then, with prudent hypocrisy, wrote to Lord Angus, mentioning the disappearance of his English friend, and the fear, generally entertained, from the fact of his cap having been found floating on the sea, that he had inadvertently walked too near the edge of the rocky precipice at a late hour in the evening, and slipping his foot, had fallen over into the raging waters beneath. Lady Liliass added, that the margin of the cliffs was, unfortunately, Mr. Latimer's favourite walk.

Lord Angus wrote back how deeply he was distressed at the shocking event, and that he would acquaint Mr. Latimer's family with his mysterious disappearance from the castle; but he hoped that if the tide were full, his friend might have escaped being dashed to pieces on the rocks below, and might have been picked up by some boat passing near—in which case he might regain his home without returning to Craig Luce.

After a time, Mr. Latimer's family wrote to Lord Angus that Latimer had not come home, and that no tidings had arrived from him except those dated the day before that of his disappearance, when he wrote that he intended to leave the castle the next day for England. They acquiesced in the belief that he had fallen, by a sad chance, over the terrible rocks, and did not appear to have an idea of attaching blame to any living creature. About the same time, Lady Liliass received a letter from the father of her unfortunate victim, expressing the deepest sorrow for his untimely death, but thanking her warmly for her kindness and hospitality to him. It was also requested that his effects should be forwarded, as soon as convenient, to London.

Up to the time that this letter was received, Jessy had clung to the hope that Mr. Latimer might be safe and well somewhere. But now conviction of his unhappy fate took possession of her mind, and she gradually declined in health and strength.

Why had Lady Liliass, who had taken such a terrible revenge upon the partner of her guilt, left Jessy unpunished? It was because she knew that there was a probability of her giving an heir to Craig Luce Castle that she had spared her. The birth of an heir was the event in the world most desired by Lady Liliass, and rather than run the risk of blasting that hope, she controlled her just indignation at Jessy's crime; she appeared blind to her misconduct, and even treated her with more consideration than she had ever done before.

At length the period, so anxiously expected, arrived, and the much wished-for heir made his appearance in this world of trouble. He was a beautiful infant, a very fine boy—and by the united wish, for once, of his mother and Lady Liliass, he was christened Hector; but Archy made strenuous, though unavailing, opposition to the name, which he detested, as having been that of his much-favoured elder brother. The little Hector bore a very strong resemblance to the unfortunate Mr. Latimer; no one could avoid seeing this; and Lady Liliass, with ready presence of mind, accounted for the likeness by the deep impression made on Mrs. Lockhart at the period of the ill-fated stranger's having come to such an untimely, and, it was feared, such a dreadful death.

Helen Munro had lost her first child shortly before the birth of Mrs.

Lockhart's little boy, and by the earnest entreaty of poor Jessy, she was asked, and consented, to become the nurse of the young heir. Jessy knew that she was dying, therefore her most anxious wish was to interest some really kind-hearted individuals in her helpless infant.

"Oh, Helen!" she said, "promise me that you will be a mother to this poor child—that you and Donald will never forsake him! Oh! be kind to him, and do not leave him entirely to that dreadful Lady Lilies."

Helen promised her, with tears in her eyes, that she and Donald would love the child as if he were their own, and would do all in their limited power for him.

The hour of the poor invalid's dissolution fast approached. The night-lamp had been lighted in her room, and she had appeared to be slumbering for a short time; suddenly she started up, and, pointing with her wasted finger to a corner of the apartment, she exclaimed,

"See, see, he is there! How blue his lips are! How glazed his eyes! and there is sea-weed entangled with his damp hair! and blood is upon him as if oozing from some gaping wound! Oh! do not fix such a ghastly gaze on me; I did not murder you, Edward—oh no, no, no! It was she who came to the cave—it was Lady Lil——"

"She is raving, she is quite delirious, poor thing!" said Lady Lilies, approaching the bed. "Jessy, lie down; nurse, bring the composing draught."

Jessy started at the sound of her voice, and the words died on her lips. She spoke no more, but her eyes wandered wildly for a few moments back and forwards between Lady Lilies and the space where she fancied her unearthly visitant appeared. She then fell into strong convulsions, and death soon put an end to her mortal sufferings.

Shortly after she had expired, Archy burst into the room: he had been drinking freely in honour of the birth of *his* son. Being told that his wife was no more, he went staggering up and down the chamber of death, repeating, with drunken stupidity,

"We maun hae a braw funeral, mother. A braw funeral, eh, mother? And I'll hae to be chief mourner. Shan't it be a braw funeral?" Then muttering something, he added, with a low chuckling laugh, "Mother, who would hae been chief mourner for that English chap if the sea yonder hadna been his winding-sheet, and coffin, and grave into the bargain?"

A slight shudder seemed to pass over Lady Lilies's frame, and for a second she half closed her eyes; but recovering herself immediately, she said,

"Hush, Archy, hush! You must not be jesting in the presence of the dead."

"The dead winna hear me, I suppose," grumbled Archy, as reeling towards the bed, he laid his hand on the face of the corpse. Its strange coldness made him wince as if he had received an electric shock, and turning round with a terrified howl, he fled from the room as fast as his unsteady steps could carry him.

The little Hector was a beautiful but a very wayward child. Lady Lilies indulged him in everything, and did all she possibly could to make him fond of her. But in vain; he seemed to have a natural antipathy to her, and he was never so well pleased as when he was able to annoy her.

The worse he behaved to her the more she seemed to wish to propitiate him. As to poor Archy, the little boy looked upon him with unqualified contempt, and made no scruple in declaring that the horses and the dogs, the cattle and the poultry, had more sense than his stupid papa. At three or four years of age he was completely lord of the castle; as imperious a little spirit as Lady Lilius herself.

The only persons who had any influence over him were his nurse, Helen Munro, and Donald the gardener. With them he was gentle and docile, affectionate and reasonable. Had he been allowed to be more with them in his infantine years it would have been better for him; but Lady Lilius was very jealous of their ascendancy over the little heir, and by her manœuvres compelled them to show less interest in the child than they would otherwise have done.

However, as Hector had a will of his own, he would not abstain from going sometimes to the Munros' cottage. There, without the knowledge of Lady Lilius, he was taught, when he grew a little older, to read and to write; and as he showed much aptness for learning verses by heart, Helen taught him several hymns, while it was a great amusement to Donald to repeat to his eager, intelligent little auditor old ballads, fairy tales, and many of the wild legends that were such favourites in Scotland long ago. Little Hector firmly believed in the second sight—in Brownies, Kelpies, and Elves. He was never tired of hearing about the *Fairy Rade*, or procession, which took place at the beginning of summer, when the "good neighbours," as they were sometimes called, in their green mantles and silver shoon, with their musical instruments, manufactured out of reeds and stalks of corn, could safely be seen to pass, if curious mortals would but place a branch of the rowan-tree over the door, at which they might stand to look at the glittering throng.

Donald also found that the little boy delighted in listening to his own poems, and forgetting in his enthusiasm—perhaps in his vanity—the strong impression he might be making on the imagination of so excitable a child, he frequently recited to him verses that Hector, who was very quick, perceived were applicable to mysterious events that had actually taken place.

Hector took a malicious pleasure in repeating snatches of these verses to Lady Lilius, when, as happened occasionally in the evening, he would condescend to sit on a low stool at her feet, by the blazing fire, while the wind moaned around the old castle, as if wailing a requiem for the dead. There was always a slight contraction apparent on Lady Lilius's lofty brow whenever anything vexed her; and the little Hector inwardly rejoiced when any of his tales, in prose or verse, called up this symptom of uneasiness. He saw it gathering on her forehead, as he repeated one among some of Donald's little poems, which he liked very much himself, the young heir, of course, being quite satisfied with his own childish judgment of poetry:

"At Lady Mary's castle gate,
Sir Knight, halt not thy gallant steed;
Pass on, pass on, nor tempt thy fate,
But give this timely warning heed.
Dost thou not hear the watch-dog's howl?
It bodes of coming death, they say.
Dost thou not hear the hoarse screech-owl?
Bad omen! Then Sir Knight, away!

Oh, enter not yon castle's walls,
Within their gloom dark deeds are done—
Tread not these spectre-haunted halls—
Sir Knight, their blasting shelter shun !

For death doth there his victims wait !
Stranger, be warned, and fly with speed ;
At Lady Mary's castle gate,
Oh, halt not thou thy gallant steed !

What do you suppose Lady Mary would have done to the stranger knight?" asked the child, looking up with a peculiar glance towards Lady Lilius. She pretended not to have heard him.

"Are all old castles haunted, grandmamma? Did you ever see a ghost? Do you think if I were to go late, late at night to the "Haunted Cave," I might see the spectre that walks there?"

"There are no such things as ghosts, Hector. It is only ignorant, foolish people that believe in them. You had better learn your multiplication table, and not fill your poor little head with senseless tales. Who tells you all this nonsense?"

Hector had no idea of confessing, for he well knew how angry she would be with Donald Munro.

"Oh, I just pick up '*this nonsense*,' as you call it, grandmamma. I like ghost stories, or any stories, better than the nasty multiplication table."

Lady Lilius had engaged a young man, who was boarding as a pupil with the old clergyman, to come to the castle every day, and give Hector lessons for a couple of hours. He was now about eight years of age.

"I like everything that is horrible, grandmamma, and solemn, and that makes me shiver. I should like to walk round a churchyard at night—but the dead bodies don't rise and come out of their graves themselves. I wish they would; I should like to ask them questions about the other world. How can you say that there are no such things as ghosts, when the Bible tells us that Saul saw the spirit of Samuel? Don't you believe the Bible, grandmamma? All *good* people do."

Hector put an unpleasant emphasis on the word "good."

Lady Lilius said, "Well, we won't discuss the subject of ghosts any longer this evening. Perhaps you have some other sort of story you can tell me, or little poem you can repeat."

The boy reflected for a moment or two, and then exclaimed, "Yes—oh yes! there's no ghost in *this* one." And in his clear, bell-like voice he recited,

"Though the dark rocks are mute, lady, and the crags tell no tales,
And the wild sea's voice speaks not, in mortal's tones, its wails;
Though the bright stars above, lady, looked on in dumb dismay,
And the dead no more on earth, for good or ill, can stray;
Yet there's a piercing eye, lady, an eye that ever sees,
And the deepest shade of gloomy night before its splendour flees.
That eye was on you then, lady, and in the book of doom
Is traced the sentence you will meet in worlds beyond the tomb!"

The frown became almost fierce on the brow of Lady Lilius, and, rising suddenly, she dismissed the boy, while, after he had left the room, she paced it up and down in a fit of fury rather than in any fit of repentance.

"Who can dare to teach him such words? Can it be that any around me suspect how that vile Latimer came by his death? The body was never found, the bloody marks at the entrance to the cave I myself obliterated at midnight, a very few hours after he met his fate, and before the faintest streak of dawning light could have revealed it to mortal eyes. Can this be—RETRIBUTION! that *his* child (for that child is assuredly *his*) should seem to be imbued with a supernatural knowledge of some mysterious deed? Hush! I will admit no cowardly thoughts—there was no crime in punishing the guilty and avenging the insulted honour of our house."

But though Lady Liliass contrived to silence the "still small voice of conscience," she was fretted beyond endurance by little Hector's innuendoes, and, too often, painful questions, and she determined to send him to some school far away from all the associations of his early childhood. Application was made to Lord Angus to recommend a suitable establishment, and immediately after his tenth birthday Hector Lockhart was placed at a school where he had to fight his way among the boys of his own age, and those older than himself. He was never a popular boy at the school, for his disposition was too proud and too gloomy; but he was extremely clever, and gained every prize that he took the trouble to contend for. One thing astonished his masters and companions, that there was no inducing him to visit Craig Luce Castle during any of his holidays. The other boys were all delighted to go home—but *he* had no happy home recollections. He contented himself, however, with telling the inquisitive that the castle was very dull, as no one lived there but his old grandmother, for poor Archy was looked upon by the young heir as "nobody." Lady Liliass appeared to give way to her grandson's whim, but in reality she was glad to escape the periodical holiday visit, and she hoped he would be an altered being when he finally returned home.

Time wore on, and Lady Liliass, too callous to be penitent for her past crimes, might have spent somewhat of peaceful days in her advancing years, but she was kept in much anxiety about Hector. As he grew older his manners became very strange; he sometimes fell into fits of deep melancholy which lasted for weeks, and then, if anything angered him, he would suddenly pass into an access of furious frenzy, more like insanity than bad temper. He talked at times wildly, and it was found absolutely necessary to remove him from school, and place him quietly with a private tutor. Lady Liliass sanctioned everything that was done, under good medical advice, for Hector's advantage, his poor mother's wealth supplying the means. It was feared that he showed symptoms of incipient derangement: change of scene was recommended, and he travelled about with his tutor.

During one of these migrations he met a youth of the name of Latimer, two or three years older than himself, and his tutor was amazed at the strong resemblance he bore to the stranger. No brothers could have been more alike than they were in features, and even in voice, though the Englishman had not the Scotch accent of Hector Lockhart. On hearing Hector's name and lineage, the young Latimer remembered that it was at Craig Luce Castle his father had been so hospitably received, as he had heard when a child, and mentioning how much the elder branches of his family had felt obliged to Lady Liliass, he

invited Hector to spend some time with him at his uncle's house in Devonshire, that being *his* home, as his mother had married again and gone to reside abroad.

Influenced by a sort of morbid curiosity to know something of the Latimers, the relations of the unfortunate man whose name was so painfully familiar to him in his early childhood, Hector accepted the invitation, and he and his tutor were about to accompany young Latimer to Devonshire, when letters arrived from Lady Lilius recalling Hector to the castle on account of his father's (poor Archy's) dangerous illness. Hector, accustomed only to consult his own wishes, was on the point of refusing to return to Scotland, but the tutor exercised his utmost powers of persuasion to induce him to go, and with a foreboding of evil which he did not attempt to shake off, Hector consented to revisit Craig Luce.

Arrived there, they found poor Archy at death's door. He did not recognise Hector, who was now a tall youth, about eighteen years of age, and very manly-looking, but muttered the name of "Mr. Latimer;" and assuredly Hector's resemblance to that unfortunate individual was perfectly wonderful. Archy manifested much uneasiness as Hector stood by his bedside, and motioned him to go away. As Hector, however, kept his ground, the dying Archy seemed for a moment to gather strength, and shouted in a paroxysm of horror,

"Go, dead man, go! What d'ye want wi' me? I didna tak your life—I had naething to do wi' it—it was na me!"

Lady Lilius besought Hector to leave the room, and when he had gone the poor sufferer became calm again. He soon after seemed very drowsy, and slept on until slumber had merged into death.

Hector had retained his old partiality for the Munros, and speedily resumed his intimacy with them. He would chat with Donald and his wife as if they had been his equals, and he never looked gloomy when playing with their children. But Lady Lilius was more jealous than ever of his regard for that family, and, forgetting her usual prudence, she one day attacked him openly about these "low, designing wretches," as she called them. Hector fired up, and warmly defended his favourites. The old lady and he both became much excited, and at last Lady Lilius told him that if he continued to visit these people as he had been doing, thereby taking them out of their sphere of life, and teaching them to be insolent to their superiors, she would dismiss Munro from his situation, and turn them all off the estate.

"Try it," said Hector, in rising wrath; "just dare to try it, and see what you will bring on yourself."

"Dare!" exclaimed Lady Lilius; "is it to *me* that you use that word?"

"Yes, to *you*!" replied Hector, nodding defiance at her. "At present you may be all-powerful here, as you have so long been; but in a very few years, when I am of age, I shall have my legal rights, and *your* reign will be over."

"Not while *I* live," retorted Lady Lilius. "I will yield my power to none while life is spared me, and these presumptuous peasants shall be driven with ignominy off of my lands."

"I am Lockhart of Craig Luce," said the boy, drawing himself up proudly; "you cannot keep my inheritance from me; and when I am

twenty-one, Donald and Helen Munro shall come to live here—here, in the castle itself, and it will be *you* who shall be turned out.”

Lady Lilius's large black eyes glared as of old, as she turned them full upon the youth, but he met her withering gaze with a dauntless look.

“Lockhart of Craig Luce!” she cried, scornfully—“*you* a Lockhart? Insolent boy! One word from my lips would scatter your claims to the wind.”

Hector made no reply, but he looked at her fiercely, and then laughed derisively. His contemptuous manner increased her rage, and, losing all self-control, she exclaimed:

“You do not know who *you* are, but *I* can tell you. You poor benighted being, upon whose corpse you looked so coldly, was not your father—you are a base-born——”

“Hush—Lady Lilius—hush! Speak not these words of shame, or it will be the worse for you,” said Hector, clenching his fist. “I will suffer no obloquy to be cast on my unfortunate mother’s name.”

“Your mother was false to her husband,” shrieked Lady Lilius; “*you* are *not* Lockhart of Craig Luce, you are the son of the villain Latimer!”

“Am I—am I?” gasped Hector; “then it is my duty to revenge my father’s death upon his murderer!”

And he sprang like a tiger on Lady Lilius. But she shook him off with a sudden jerk, and, hastening towards the long bell-rope, she seized it to ring for assistance. He caught it from her hand, and in another moment he had twisted it round her neck! She was taken by surprise, and, before she could resist him at all, he had pulled the rope like a noose tight round her throat. Lady Lilius tried to scream, but only a sort of hoarse gurgling sound came forth; she then exerted all her strength to struggle with Hector, but her struggles only served to tighten the noose round her neck; at length they set the wires in motion, and the bell rang furiously. After a few moments several persons rushed in: the tutor hastened from the library, the butler from his pantry, the female servants from their various employments, and horror-struck they all were at the scene which met their eyes. The tutor and the butler together managed to drag Hector from his victim, while the women undid the noose, and released Lady Lilius from the cord which was strangling her. She was a dreadful spectacle! Her eyes were starting out of her head, her face was purple, and the veins of her forehead were swollen, as if about to burst.

She was laid on a sofa, and everything done to recal animation, but without effect. Lady Lilius died—died in all the obduracy of her hardened heart; without time or thought for one prayer for mercy to the Throne of Grace, her soul, stained with unrepented crime, was sent into the awful presence of her Creator and her Judge!

Hector, who had, indeed, been the avenger of his father’s dreadful death, remained in a terrible state of excitement the rest of the day; and, before night, he was raving in all the delirium of a brain fever. During his long illness, his attached nurse, Helen Munro, attended him with unwearied assiduity, for there was no one now to exclude her from the castle. At length young “Lockhart of Craig Luce,” as he was still styled, recovered his bodily health, but his mind was gone, apparently

for ever ; he became a decided lunatic, and it was deemed necessary to remove him to an asylum for the insane. There death, in a very few years, ended his mortal career, and Craig Luce Castle passed into the possession of the heirs-at-law, the distant connexions whom Lady Liliass had so much disliked, and to exclude whom she had concealed her knowledge of the unfortunate Jessy's guilt, and had pretended, from the period of his birth, to believe that her child was legitimate. Strange to say, though aware that he was not her own grandson, Lady Liliass had loved the boy, and hence arose her jealousy of his attachment to his nurse and her husband.

The worst human heart must cling to something, even if it be but a dog, or a cat, or any other creature that has life. Perhaps, too, Lady Liliass felt herself impelled by some mysterious, hidden, unacknowledged influence to make up to the innocent child, in as far as she could, for the awful punishment she had inflicted on his unhappy father. Her kindness to the son might have been a sort of compromise with her conscience, if it ever whispered to her the unwelcome truth that the stain of murder was on her soul. How, in a moment of violent passion, the affection, the caution, the silence of years had been forgotten and cast aside !

And is it not too often thus among those who live only for this sin-pervading world ? Expediency, prudence, selfishness itself, will give way before the headlong fury of angry passions when these are not controlled by a strong sense of duty. Duty, not to one's fellow-creatures alone, but to that great invisible Being, to whom we are accountable for every action of our lives, and every thought of our hearts.

The successors of the ill-fated Hector were gay people, fond of society and amusements, and who had no reverence for the ancient family of Lockhart, or the ancient castle of Craig Luce. The latter they found an intolerably stupid abode even for a few weeks in summer, and therefore they were, what poor Lady Liliass would have called, *such barbarians* as to sell the place to a rich Paisley weaver, who fancied that by becoming a landholder he would take rank among gentlemen. But the few families in the neighbourhood abstained from visiting the new comers. This was a sad mortification. The old castle required an immense deal of repair ; and the weaver's wife and daughters were terrified out of their wits by the dreadful tales told to them by the servants of the mysteries of the " Haunted Cave," the unearthly noises that were heard, and the fearful apparitions that were seen in various chambers of the castle itself. The weaver's lady vowed that nothing would induce her to spend a winter amidst ghosts in that dreary solitude, and it was then determined to abandon the gloomy dwelling to its fate, though the new proprietor retained the lands attached to it.

The castle consequently fell into decay ; and as fresh generations sprang up, the aristocratic position, the pride, the crimes, and the misfortunes of the Lockharts of Craig Luce began to be forgotten, or were only alluded to as stories of " auld lang syne " by the descendants of Donald and Helen Munro, and of one or two other old tenants, who had imbued their grandchildren's minds with awe for the haunted turrets of the dilapidated old building which still went by the time-honoured name of "*Craig Luce Castle.*"

RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

WE all know these little books, and many of us read them. May they be profitable to us !

But if, truly considered, they can be regarded as otherwise than miserable and mischievous deceptions, then do we, who write these words, know nothing of the human heart. Our ignorance would be of no importance. It would be better that we should be ignorant, and therefore wrong in our view of these productions, than that we should be most enlightened and therefore correct in our estimation of them. For the works will continue to abound in spite of our adverse opinion, so truth will gain by the writer being proved a false professor.

Yet stand up, honest reality, and give evidence as to whether there ever walked the earth such heroes, such heroines, such incessant and eloquent preachers as gild the pages of these small books. Did any of us ever happen to know two sisters, each about seventeen, lovely beyond description, blessed with all advantages of station, possessed of the amazingly abundant and varied sources of happiness and enjoyment which are within the reach of the favoured by fortune—at that age, did any of us, we say, ever have an acquaintance with two young ladies, under such circumstances, who talked, and felt, and lived as though the present world existed not, and future life were all in all ? Tell me, my Emma, with your heart yet free and unsoiled, with your spirit yet unbroken, with your every wish and thought yet pure, do you everlastingly hold converse with Lucy, your rival in innocence and beauty, upon things “hard to be understood,” upon mysteries which would but bewilder you, upon difficulties which could not but appal, upon doubts which might unsettle your true hope, and undermine your sincere love ? Tell me whether you view this world as a world of gloom, its fleeting character only to be surveyed with gladness, its termination alone to be regarded with joy ? Confess rather that there is a life in the sun which you love, that there is a beauty and a vigour in the world around you to which your young heart responds, that you are filled with delight in the ‘ball-room, and feel overjoyed in the theatre. Confess that all kinds of schemes of future happiness throng your brain ; that thoughts of the changes which a few years will probably bring are perpetually busy ; that hopes of affluence and position continually suggest themselves ; and that fears and anxieties, if they sometimes intrude, are quickly thrust out and forgotten.

And yet is my Emma a reprobate ? Is she so saturated with this world that she has no knowledge of or care for another ? Not so ; but that other world is to her a world of love. She takes her thought of that world from the summer’s clear blue sky, and not from the winter’s gloomy clouds. Her spirit answers to the spirit of life, and light, and hope. She prays—yes, this alleged lost one *prays*—not to be taken “out of the world,” but to be kept “from the evil.” She wishes to enjoy life ; she confesses it, but it is false that she is forgetful of a coming hour when the garment of life shall have been laid down, and she shall be arrayed in the vesture of the grave.

We assert, then, that true religious feeling is not manifested in the general conduct in manner portrayed in these books. And to prove our averment we shall examine briefly wherein true religious feeling must be held to consist.

Now we think it will be found almost invariably the case that in proportion to the strength of any special feeling within the heart, is the indisposition to parade that feeling before the world. If we nourish within us some deep, earnest longing, we certainly shall not go into the market-place and cry aloud for the satisfaction of our desire. If riches be coveted, we labour in season and out of season to gain them, but we labour quietly and unostentatiously, and when our object has been accomplished, we are very far from stopping every man on the highway to tell him of our good fortune, though we may gloat over it in our hearts, and keep it incessantly in our mind's eye. Are we in love, we may whisper the secret to the trees and flowers, but most unquestionably we shall not impart it to our omnibus companions or coffee-room associates. Have we a notion that the "great council of the nation" will hereafter prize us as an ornament, we shall not chatter about it to Jones, Brown, and Robinson, who, knowing that we cannot speak three words without stammering, will either survey us with concern as having become crazed, or will grinningly listen to us as now making what they will consider an "after-dinner" speech.

We cannot be wrong in our supposition that religion does really *change* a man. We have been accustomed to imagine that no change which could be pointed out was so tremendous as that which ensued when a man passed from a state of hot rebellion to one of loving obedience to the great King. We thought that this transition brought a new complexion to the world, and all that it contained. We thought this, and we are sure that we have been so taught. Certainly it has never been intimated that a compromise might be effected between good and evil. Nothing less than the surrendering the whole heart, we have been told, will be received as evidence of the victory of Truth.

And if the whole heart be thus subjugated, what manifestation will go forth to the world? There may be something of presumption in hazarding a reply. Yet we know not why the natural course should in religious matters differ from that in secular. We are viewing the heart as given up to Heaven. High converse may it then hold with heaven's King. The voice which the world hears not is then heard; the beckoning hand which the world sees not is then seen. The broad light of day, the solemn stillness of night, the crowded mart, the lonely cavern, the roaring ocean, the gently flowing river, the vast forest, the smallest flower, mightiest and minutest objects, will bear witness to one Majesty, and sing one loud hymn of praise. Reverentially be it said, the heart will be *saturated* with the consciousness of the ever-present Deity. Though no glory "breaks upon the view" as yet, still glory will never be absent. Though for a while further no angelic voices steal from heaven, yet whispings will be ever at the heart to sustain and comfort it. In an humble sense the servant will even now be alway with his Master; and through life, its troubles and its triumphs; through death, its fears and pangs, the Master will be alway with his servant, loving him, fostering him, shielding him, saving him, then taking him to Himself for evermore.

And in what manner, we repeat, will the existence of this solemn bond be exhibited in world and deed? We contend that the very depth and intensity of the feeling which we have sketched will prevent that feeling being held up as a show to the world. Calmly and quietly will it rest, ruling thought, speech, and action, but ruling in harmony with the requirements of our present existence, and never, we believe, as is so often and falsely asserted, prohibiting full engagement in the struggle of life and reasonable enjoyment of life's pleasures. If true religion were less deep-seated than it is, we could understand something of the manner in which, according to the writers of these little books, it is invariably framed and glazed, and hung up in the world's gallery of religious pictures. We could understand then its love of the froth of display. It would not then startle us in the least if those whom we have been accustomed to regard as really worthy should some morning, in the place of greeting us warmly, as usual, proceed to damp us with a homily, and crush us with a sermon. We should anticipate, then, our expressed expectations of pleasure to be promptly strangled by melancholy moanings on the shortness of life, and our remarks on the brilliantly lighted ball-room to be immediately confronted with moving reflections on the darkness of the grave. It would be nothing to us then, if, on proposing to treat our Emma to the theatre, we should be stricken with shame at her reproachful reply, "Beloved parent, how can you ask me? Your child would willingly die for you, but she dare not accompany you to a place of sin."

If religion had only to tap at the heart, and the door would fly open, then we should credit the stories of decayed washerwomen, round whose death-beds shone a halo of glory, though their lives had been distinguished almost to the last by dram-drinking and debauchery. We might then, perchance, even be touched by sweet tales of poor little Sunday scholars, who were very naughty until they tumbled into ditches and got cold, and catarrh brought consumption, and consumption brought death. Put it how you will, so long as display be involved, we could understand that if religion were a "lord-mayor's-coach" affair—the more gilded and more gaudy the more fitting for its purpose—then that such scenes might occur, such actions might be done, and such conversations might ensue, as form the burden of "Religious Novels."

But if religion be that noble, massive, majestic thing it is—if it can raise a man above the world and above the petty considerations of the world—if it can make him feel that as nought to him is the loudest applause or meanest slander—if it can, though with humility be it spoken, draw aside the curtain of heaven, and allow a glimpse even now of heaven's glories—if it can induce a mysterious consciousness of the one vast Spirit ever near—near in the hour of triumph and the day of distress—near on the wide ocean and in the quiet chamber—near when the tide of life rolls hotly in the veins and when the eye dims and the limbs fail—near in the death-struggle which must end in defeat—near in the defeat which must be followed by victory, and All in All in the unending glory by which that victory will be succeeded—then avunt the notion, that in puffed up, stilted conversations, in conceited phraseology, in formalities and oddities, in selfish retirement, in cowardly withdrawal from the fight with evil, in the ghastly deception of self-righteousness, and the adoption in word and deed of a miserable courtier-like policy with a King

who cares nothing for the outer man so that the inner be true—avaunt the notion, that in the embracing these wretched delusions lies the evidence of the entrance of religious truth and the change from Darkness unto Light.

Assuming our view to be correct, that these little books are written under a totally false impression as to the mode in which true religion is exhibited in the life, we shall proceed further, and, not satisfied with declaring their authors to be powerless for good, we arraign them as workers of marked and serious mischief. For religion is no matter which you can touch without result. You must advance or retard it. You must either aid the pilgrim on his way, or turn him from it. We say the authors of these books *do* turn the pilgrim from his road. We say that the effect upon the mass of readers of religious novels, composed of girls from fifteen to twenty, is that they find themselves by-and-by in the condition of a bewildered traveller whom some ignorant guide has not only not helped to the right path, but has led further astray. Sensitive as the mind is at that period of life, it will be wonderfully open to the lessons which abound in these books. An amiable girl of seventeen will be strongly moved and stricken with narratives of death-beds, and early graves strewn with flowers, and startling conversions, and angelic sacrifices, and blessed marriages—of conversations the like of which, indeed, were never heard in this world, but which are entrancingly delightful to read—of friendships far too true and self-denying ever to have occurred here below, but which are very sweet indeed in imagination—of love so singularly pure and beautiful that Lucy, or Emma, or Mary sighs at thinking of the contrast it presents to the very worldly passion manifested towards her by Tom Brown or Fred Robinson. A kind and loving girl of seventeen may without much difficulty be worked upon to view this world perpetually under a sunset hue. You may soon make it pleasant to her to sit on tombstones. She will readily begin to preach short sermons. She will quickly come to read religious books in solitude. If the times were different, she would cheerfully go barefooted and wear sackcloth. We remember what an impression *Pilgrim's Progress* made upon us when we were a boy. We were so pious of a sudden. We would so gladly have set out with Mr. Greatheart, and have undergone the trials, and fought the giants. We were in a frenzy of religious feeling. Where was the sword that we might at once set to at the champions of evil. We would gird it upon us, and be off on our journey. But how soon was it all past. Alas! the next half hour might, indeed, find us in conflict, but it would be only with Harry Smith over "odd and even," or it might behold us on a journey, but a journey to the theatre or the fair. The temporary feeling which had been produced within us was just that which is created in young girls' hearts by the constant perusal of these books. We wanted, and they want, at once to mount on religious stilts, and so look down upon our neighbours. We wanted, and they want, immediately to spring upon the stage, and dance incessantly, close to the footlights. There must be constant action and perpetual applause. The trumpeter must know no rest. The part must be pronounced well filled, and the performer receive a decided ovation.

Little demure faces, how well we know you. Dear downcast eyes, which seem to reproach us for our glance at them, how assured are we

that you have read "The Faded Snowdrop," "The Unknown Grave," "Twilight Thoughts," and "Aunt Patty's Meditations." Sweet little hands, which shrink from a man's touch as though it defiled you, how well we know your activity in the distribution of "Shepherds' Warnings" and "Churchyard Whispers." Oh, don't be angry with us. We have but a true object in all we are saying. We have no wish to turn you from good works. We simply want them to be plain, honest, and hearty. We desire not to disparage serious conversation. We merely urge that it should be true as well as serious. You will not be disobeying Heaven's call by performing earth's duty. You will not be forgetting your grave because you have no coffin in your bedrooms. Light-heartedness is not unfaithfulness any more than gloom is sincerity. We confess that we dislike to hear even your pretty voices "talk fine" upon religion. We would rather that you should never fill the pulpit. You can preach, indeed you *ought* to preach; but none should hear you. They should *see* you, for the preaching should be in the life, in the quiet obedience to every legitimate call, and in the perfect fulfilment of the law of love.

Tear them to pieces. Away with them. The religion which these books teach is no more true religion than is the foul air of the marsh the healthy hill breeze. We need religion in the heart, and they exhibit it as a garment. We need it within us; they wave it over their heroes and heroines, as a gaudy flag. What a number of these false professors, like unto the authors of these works, we have in the world! They do, indeed, compass sea and land to make one proselyte. In smooth, soft voices, they mildly chat and pleasantly twaddle. They entreat their listeners to put on the robe of such purity that the world shall stand at a distance, awe-stricken. The blessed shall sweetly discourse concerning their own blessedness, and shall mourn amongst themselves the fate of the wicked ones, with whom they will not intermeddle. Come away, Emma, from the sickly atmosphere; come away from the self-satisfied company: they talk so piously we dread their corrupting you. The bloom is on your cheek, Emma; keep it in your heart. Your eye is bright, let it beam yet more brightly with hope, with love, with confidence. Your spirit is strong and free, let it rise higher and higher. You have your part to play. You were not sent into the world to drivel and to mourn. The sun shineth above you, the air is warm around you, life in enticing aspect is before you. Love it, Emma—love it, and hate the heroines of "religious novels." Hate them as ignorant guides and mischievous. One long, steady look at the clear blue sky, on a summer day, will tell you more of the road to heaven than can ten thousand of these preachers. Truer eloquence will breathe from the little flower which you may find in the deep woods, than can issue from the most fanciful specimen of religious monstrosities. The taking our advice may entail upon you railing and accusation. What then? If there be a cloud for a moment, the sun will quickly reappear and the mist be scattered. And when the great test shall come, and the secrets of all hearts shall be laid bare, the bright beams of truth shall not shame you by the revelation of miserable self-deception, but they shall light up your faith unfeigned and your pure love unshaken.

MY FRIEND PICKLES;

AND SOME SOCIAL GRIEVANCES OF WHICH HE DESIRES TO COMPLAIN.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

IX.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

THERE is some talk of a cemetery on the Turtledove estate. A large company in London, with a large capital, a large office, and a large secretary, finds that commerce and trading can be carried on even with the article of dead mortality. They will not exactly deal in it as profitable manure, but they will make a profit of it somehow—a source of income, of dividend and interest, debtor and creditor account, even after the warmth has left it. Follow it up to the grave, business, money-making England! Let no sickly, qualmish sentimentalism stand between you and profit. Remember this is the nineteenth century! The soul has escaped you, and you cannot buy or sell it, for it has already made that bargain for itself; but the mortal coil it has left behind on the roadside of life, pick it up and make money of it! This is a commercial country and a commercial age.

Here is a new district; despite its salubrious situation and its gravelly soil (where it is left), people must die. There are even here, at Prickleton, old people and infants who cannot resist the sharp embrace of autumn or the smiling endearments of spring—and they must be buried. There is a large plot of land to be bought cheap; a set-off against the large office in Great Gun-street, in the City, and the large brass-plate, to be bought dear.

The lots all round the proposed site are already selling at a large premium to build villas on—already Messrs. Fleece and Skinner are advertising, at an advanced price, allotments “abutting upon the projected cemetery.” Strange, this! Mr. Walker or my Lord Palmerston, Dr. Letheby or *somebody*, must be wrong. The living *will* build their homes around the homes of the dead. Why, then, shut up churchyards? Why am I prohibited from lying beside my revered father and mother—dear to me still, as I turn from the pretty perspective before me back upon the long vista of the past—where they had fondly flattered themselves that I and mine were as secure in our holdings as in our other freeholds (for the vault was bought by my grandfather, and the last grief of his relict of ninety-eight which she will leave behind her, will be the thought that he lies where she may not be laid—and mind, it is not a vault in town either). Why confiscate this property? I do not say it were wise or safe to go on burying our dead in the crowded churchyards; but, I ask, is it wise or safe to build our houses on the very brink of our graves?

I don't profess to know how they will manage the Turtledove Cemetery, but I *do* know how they manage others, on which, I presume, it will frame its pattern. There was an unseemliness, to my old-fashioned mind,

in seeing children tearing about in the cemetery at Benfoot, not far off; in the Sunday promenading; the things I dare not tell of, which made it a very poor imitation of the dark walk of Vauxhall in my early days—and a very ghastly one! But that was nothing compared with the absence of devotion and solemnity, and the obtrusive presence of business and profit when a funeral took place. The interior of the chapel was but a large, cold room, with a few seats, where the voice of devotion had never been heard—from which no prayer, but upon one daily-recurring subject, ever went up; the clergyman, poor and ill paid, mumbled through the service in a passionless, impressiveness way—poor fellow! how could he throw any feeling into a service which he was repeating twenty times a day, for seven days in the week? and for a beggarly stipend, too, which left his mind a constant prey to thoughts about his butcher's bill! I attended many a funeral there, and seemed to miss, in my foolish way, the grey old church-tower, keeping watch and ward over the poor remains of the dear one left behind—the gimcrack modern chapel would, it appeared to me, sell them at a profit. But Benfoot Cemetery is now shut up, full to cramming—not even standing room, not another penny-piece to be made out of it, consecrated or unconsecrated—and the new cemetery is to be laid out at Prickleton.

Poor Sarah Jane, who is a delicate girl, notwithstanding her name, is ill—and very ill this time, poor child!—and Mrs. Pickles has just been relieved by the nurse in watching, and has come down to snatch a bit of refreshment. Good mother! she has been at that bedside these four long nights! Our local medical man has gone away and left us doubting—"there is no immediate danger," quoth he as he went—but we see danger in every move, risk in every breath, death in every minute. In fact, we look for the worst, and it is not, perhaps, blamable in us to speculate, before the great distress and trouble comes, calmly and serenely as we may, where to make up a bed in this new place for any of our little ones who may be called to rest.

I try to cheer my good wife up; it is shaking cannon-balls in a child's rattle to amuse her; we both break down. The bridal day comes back—the young hopes, the young fears; all that is past has been a dream—Felix Pickles and Mary Myrtle hang over that little bed and clasp each other's hands. And she knows the forced pleasantry comes from no light heart as I say,

"Well, Mary dear, the time may come when we shall be glad to have the little grave near us, that we may carry the flowers fresh from her bit of garden to lay on it, as we used to lay her doll upon her pillow when we came up to bed at night. We will invest 40*l.* in one of the eligible allotments for the dead."

"Ah, of course, Pickles," says my wife (for I am not "Mr. Pickles" to-night), "the poor girls are nothing to you. Willy is all in all—just as you were with Felix——"

Ah! there is a dead silence in our family circle. Mrs. Pickles, poor thing, knows she has gone too far. She holds her peace, and hangs her head, and a tear drops upon the table.

Little Felix is in heaven—poor Willy is my mainstay now!

* * * * *

We are again blest in the recovery of our first-born—that child whom, before we knew what sex it would be, we talked so fondly about, and, with apparently a tacit understanding on that head, canvassed the rival claims of the bar, the army, or the pulpit to the coming stranger—when, years and years gone by, we sat and talked over that future on which the tinge of the rising sun was so golden. The sun rose—it *has* been obscured by clouds—there *have* been showers; but I confess, in grateful humility, we have been blest and prosperous. And that night, when over our little girl's death-bed, as we thought it, I made a poor joke about our new cemetery, I never expected to return to the subject with composure. But Sarah Jane is walking round the garden now—still weak; but the morning is fine, and her little sister Julia, and my poor little Willy, neither of them half her age, are tenderly leading her along, and officiously declaring in loud remonstrance that they will tell papa if she sets foot upon the wet grass; and Mrs. Pickles and I are, somehow or other, talking about the cemetery.

"Well, if I could have my way, Mr. Pickles, I'd say, when I'm dead and gone, never bury me in one of those cemeteries. And, if there's an act of parliament comes out that says you must, why lay me in one of the large ones away from town—none of your hole-and-corner little joint-stock cemeteries, shut in with brick walls where you haven't room to breathe—Bless me, what am I talking about? how stupid, to be sure!"

"To stretch yourself, my dear, you mean," I suggest.

"No, no, don't be so foolish, Mr. Pickles. I know it's all nonsense, but I *can't* reconcile myself to those nasty little walled cemeteries in the suburbs, with the mocking chalk writing outside the walls, 'Cough no more! Buy Nostrum's cough drops!' or, 'Go to the cheap tailor, Levy'; a little Venetian blind-shop close by, with a red lamp, announcing the proprietor to be a 'Professor of (Funeral) Economy' (a joke hatched in a skull), and pictures of cheap little funerals, painted, quite out of all perspective, on transparent blinds, and marked, 'This style, 30s. 1' This style, 2l. 2s. 1' "

Mrs. Pickles is off again—twelve miles an hour on a hearse; so I unfold a little design which I have thought over many times, and it brings her up quietly by my side.

"My dear, though I have been in London five-and-twenty, and you nearly fifteen years (yes, it is fifteen years since I went down and brought you up my wife), I am sure neither of us have forgotten that dearest village in dear green Devonshire, Kremlin Coombe. I can see the old flinty square church-tower as plainly as ever, and I know the precise spot where that great old oak stands which we have often talked about since, and wondered whether it or the church first stood there, and which will first fall down. Under the shade of its huge arms I would like to be laid, and as those dear to me were gathered in, to have them brought and laid by my side in that quiet old churchyard so far from busy footsteps, calculating thoughts, or evil minds."

My wife makes no reply, but is sobbing on my breast.

"Had we decided on this before, that old fond dream of ours of retiring to Kremlin Coombe, going back to our first home when we had obtained the means of living out of business, might have been realized, for we

should have had no tie to bind us to London—nay, even now, I do not know why we should not take up that little blue coffin that lies in St. Absalom's and carry it home; but then there is the villa, and——"

"Oh, Felix, Felix," cries my wife, "let us go down and see about it—soon, soon, that we may be prepared if another flower should drop."

A month afterwards, we were sauntering through the village of Kremlin Coombe, but among no familiar scenes. Where was my father's malting and his cottage opposite, with the white posts and chains? Oh, the man he had sold it to had failed many years ago, and the malting had partly fallen and partly been pulled down. And the cottage? Why that was it—the beershop! Old Myrtle's fireside, at which I had sat and wooed, had long been levelled with the ground. Oh, sad, sad would it be, Mary, to return here to live—all our old friends are gone, dead, or dispersed; all our old shrines have been desecrated!

But the old church and the old oak, they were the same as ever; not even the railway screamed within their hearing. It was arranged—under that old, old tree we secured a place of rest whither we may carry back our bones from whence we got them. And we can now look peacefully, almost cheerfully, to the last home in which we shall all be permitted to lie side by side, midway between the noise and turmoil of this world and the holy serenity of the next.

How many there are in busy, fighting, struggling London whose eyes look round but rest upon no green spot as their future graves—how many would wish to go home again for their last sleep—and I really don't know why they shouldn't, except that the railway companies charge so much for the carriage of a corpse. It is the expense that stands between them and their family and home.

But why there should be so great a difference in the charge for carrying an empty coffin and a coffin with the small additional weight of its tenant, is not so clear. Lower your tariff in this respect, railway managers, and carry back the clay to its kindred earth!

X.

POTHOOKS AND HANGERS.

WITH nimble fingers the compositor picks out of case the little letter after letter, the atoms that are thrown together while we are all sleeping, to fill up the great ocean of the *Times*, that comes rolling with unerring tide up to our breakfast-table in the morning. Night after night his quick eye and ready hand are at work, emulating the gigantic steam-machine that stamps it all, thousands upon thousands, in a few hours, and sends it forth. You go to the office—wonder and admire. But he is a very provoking fellow sometimes, that compositor! He is as much a machine as all that great heap of beams and rods of iron: he sees nothing *spirituel* in the printing-press; he does not know that he is a part of the chain through which the galvanic spark of thought flies from man to man—from London to the Poles. He sets up Humboldt's "*Cosmos*" without knowing a word that is in it, and when the nimble fingers *do* make a slip and get hold of the wrong letter, what wild havoc he makes of creation. Gods become dogs, and the United States the Untied States; heart is transformed into heat, house into mouse, coat into cat,

by the omission, transposition, or substitution of a single letter ; and if you only saw the "copy" that he sometimes has to print from—the writing of the MS.—you could not find it in your heart to blame him. Try it yourselves, my masters, and see what a rare jumble you would make of it ! But it is very provoking, nevertheless. We all remember the *Casket* coming out, at the advent of the cheap weekly press, as an "Organ of Literature, Science, and the Rats," the Arts of course being meant, but the compositor had misplaced one piece of his mosaic. We remember some coarser and, it was believed, intentional *errata* since. Racketter has made my sides ache with reciting instances of similar mistakes. Amongst others, a young clergyman of his acquaintance printed a sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational recreation, in which occurred the passage, "Men should work—and play too." The want of a stroke ruined it, and the religious world was scandalised by reading "Men should work—and play loo." But I ask you whether it is not annoying to find such ridiculous errors as have just been pointed out to me in my detestable novel of "Grace Lightly," which must present me in a sometimes absurd and sometimes hateful light before the world ? I thought I had corrected the proof-sheets with all care, but Mrs. Pickles, who has for the first time looked into that most unfortunate work, suddenly exclaims,

"Well, no wonder Mrs. Potter sent her copy back unread beyond page 20 !"

"Why, my dear ?" I inquire. "I am sure I thought it at the time very ungracious. What could have been the reason ?"

"Reason, indeed ! Reason enough, I think ! Here is a pretty sentiment to go forth to the world, 'Drunkness is jolly.' A very pretty thing for a married man to say !"

"My dear," I exclaim, terribly shocked, "such a sentence as that—so foreign to my sentiments—so contrary——"

"Ah, I don't know, Mr. Pickles ; there it is in black and white !"

So it is, sure enough. I rush to my MS.—that unfortunate MS. which has been locked up out of sight these many long days.

"See, see !" I come back triumphantly. "It is 'drunkness is folly,' plain enough in the copy."

"Not so very plain, Mr. Pickles ; but if you *did* mean that, why didn't you write it so that they could read it ?"

Ah ! why didn't I ? Why won't people write plainly when they intend what they are writing to be printed or even read ? Here was a pretty sentence to stand father to through a *faux pas* of the pen !

"Well, this Claude Mortimer Plantagenet seems to be just such another as yourself," continues Mrs. Pickles ; "can't bear to have his children about him, poor little things !"

"Bless my soul, he is just the contrary character, my dear."

"Well, I don't know ; here he says, distinctly enough, 'I hate my children round me !' "

"What, what ! Oh, those villainous printers ! It should have been 'I have my children round me.' "

"And then, again, 'Empty as the mind'—that is meant for his wife's mind, of course," says Mrs. Pickles (whose eyes are so sharp to-night), with cutting irony.

March—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLIX.

Z

"*Lege wind!*" I cry, distracted. "Oh, no wonder the book was ruined, with such opinions of the press to begin with, and such errors of the press to end with!"

When Mrs. Pickles has gone to bed I steal a nervous survey of its hated pages. At the very first place I open I find the tragic speech, "Go to, villain!"—represented by this hieroglyphical sentence, "90 to villain!" (They might as well have rendered it "92 villain!") It was just where I had taken my heroine to Norway, and having read up for the subject, and being desirous of showing a little of my erudition, I wrote a good deal about the eider fowls and their pursuits of the birds; believe me, in every instance, these earthly-minded printers had called them "elder flowers!"

But Mrs. Pickles should have seen the proofs before I had corrected them. Granted that my caligraphy was somewhat at fault, is there any excuse for a compositor who renders the descriptive passage, She was just, generous, and good, "She was just, generous, and 9000?" or, the affecting passage, And so died this broken-hearted one, "And so died this broken-hearted 1?"

I complained of it to Sharp and Smart the very next morning.

"Lord bless you, sir," said Sharp, "these mistakes can't be avoided, while people write as they do now-a-days. Here is a letter from Mr. Slaughter, the author of a tragedy that excited some notice—perhaps not very complimentary, but the printer wasn't to blame for *that*—complaining of a sentence in which his hero was represented as seizing his dirk and dashing it into his enemy's side, being printed, 'and he dashed the dish into Antonio's side!' Now look at his letter, sir; witness his writing, and tell me what you make out of it. Mind you, to make the matter clearer, he says, 'a dirk—a gory dirk.' Now, what does that look like?"

I looked at the letter. Gory dirk, indeed! On my life I should have read it *gravy dish!*

How I remember the head-master of our school (worthy man! if he is alive he will excuse a penitent and forgiving pupil relating the anecdote, and he *was* alive a few years ago, for I recognised the never-forgotten features under a shovel hat, and the never-forgotten figure, grown somewhat obese in the cure of souls), with a harmless pride in his edition of "Suetonius," which he had prepared for juvenile distraction, and published, whenever the word "dilemma" happened to occur in our readings, would say, "Just see, boys, how it's spelt, for some printers persist in spelling it *dilemma*; in my translation of 'Suetonius' I found it was spelt so, and it escaped me in revising the proofs." This was *his* great trouble that was bearing him down; the dash of aloes that had dripped into the cup of glory which he had sipped. How little the compositor who had set it up was thinking of it as he sat, "Suetonius" the furthest from his thoughts, and pipe and beer the nearest to them! But you should have seen the reverend gentleman's writing—or, take a saw and trace the outline of its teeth on a sheet of paper, and you have a fac-simile!

Time was when people used to write like schoolboys (now they write like physicians), curling their *d*'s to a nicety, putting their strokes carefully to every *t*, and their dots to every *i*; but the world's in such a

hurry now! Pity they have got above Sunday-schools, for writing *was* attended to in them. I wish I could convey to you an idea of the writing of a friend whose note lies before me, all scratches, blots, little lines, short strokes. I think I have heard this style described as the footsteps of a tipsy fly who had fallen into the ink-bottle, and just scrambled out again. I will say for the ladies that they keep to the old sharp angular writing, detestable as it once was; but we are going to dots and blots, and microscopic characters that don't suit my eyes and age at all. Hebrew, Sanscrit, Chinese, double Dutch, Fijean—it might be any or all of these for all that it looks like English. And as for punctuation, there is no such thing recognised in modern correspondence!

A frightful catastrophe had nearly happened in Potter's family the other day through the affected style of modern writing. Mrs. Potter's eldest daughter, Julia, is engaged to a young man in the City, Mr. Augustus Spooner, an exemplary clerk, of moral principles, who is a member of the Christian Young Men's Association, and of several mutual improvement societies, who, after he has left business and had his tea, goes every evening to his Bible class, and thence comes to visit his adored one. Lately, however, there have been misgivings in the Potter household of this good young man having got into evil company, for he had fallen in with a harum-skarum schoolfellow, Bob Graceless, who, Mrs. Potter sadly feared, was a cracked vessel that would not hold the oil of goodness. Their worst fears were confirmed when, one evening, Augustus did not appear at the usual tea, but in his place came a letter in the well-known handwriting, which Julia opened, stared at, and fell speechless to the ground, for these were the first words of the Christian young man: "My dearest will, I trust, forgive me if I do not come to her, for I have been prevailed on by Graceless to go to sea." These words knocked her down, stunned and speechless, and you may guess the scene that followed. Mrs. Potter, leaving her two youngest daughters to bring the stricken one to life again, caught up the letter.

"Oh, the vile wretch!" she exclaimed; "the mercenary, Mammon-worshipping wretch! Here it's all explained. This is why he has gone off to sea: 'I cannot love till you sell your property'; and then there's something else, and then he says something, and something—and what's this?—'Our—our——'"

"Looks like 'baby,'" suggests the stolid Potter.

"You're a brute as well as a fool, Potter," cries his amiable wife; "and then the mercenary wretch goes on, 'You know how I love and worship gold! Give me a thousand pounds and I would select you,'—then a line or two that I can't read, and then—what's this at the finish? What? what?—'Love to fat Sal!' Well to be sure, is that proper respect to your wife, Mr. Potter? If you were anything of a man, you would resent this; you would not breathe or eat till you had followed up this vile deceiver!" and a great deal more to the same purpose.

Potter breathed, but did not eat before he took a cab and was off to Mr. Spooner's father's, and rolled off with the old gentleman to Mr. Graceless's apartments, whither the good young man had said he was going, and where they surprised him and his friend in a great debauch of mild cigars and ginger-wine-and-water. The letter was soon explained. It was all a mistake: all for the want of a stroke to the *t*'s, a dot to the

i's, and a stop to the sentences. He had merely wished to announce that he was going to tea with Graceless, not to sea; and the sentences appearing to betray an avaricious disposition composed a rhapsody beginning, "I cannot, love, tell you—tell you properly—how intense my love is," and ending, "Give me a thousand friends and I would select you." It was a long while, however, before Mrs. Potter could be persuaded that the closing sentence of the letter was not personally offensive to herself, but the simple and friendly sentence, "Love to you all!"

Perhaps the worst, however, is the loss poor Racketter has sustained through the odious habit of bad writing. Wishing, as he says, to fortify his banker's account, as he does not like keeping a balance of less than 500*l.*, he required a temporary advance of cash on his unexceptionable personal security, and applied to a large and philanthropic capitalist at a neighbouring tavern, who, addressing "the embarrassed" in large capitals in the cheap papers, holds out one hand with "Loans of five to a thousand pounds," and the other for a bill for principal and interest. I was very sorry to hear that Racketter had had anything to do with a bill, or that he should have had such a false delicacy about his banker's balance as to put his hand to one of those nasty, dangerous things! I never touched one in my life—I infinitely prefer doctors' or even lawyers' bills! Well, the bill was drawn, and Racketter accepted it, payable at seventy days after date, when his salary from the *Review* would come due, but before three weeks had expired the bill was presented and the amount demanded. In vain Racketter pleaded the time was seventy days—the large and philanthropic capitalist declared it was twenty; and so it appeared to the learned judge, who directed judgment on it. I was, however, thankful to find Racketter cheerful and prepared with the money—for so I infer, for he laughed and winked as he said, "Never mind, old boy! twenty days or seventy—it's all the same to me," and jerked his thumb over his shoulder, as much as to say the money was all right in the next room.

I trust these instances of the evils and dangers of bad writing will operate as a warning. I am a very distinct and plain writer myself, and the result, as you see, is the absence of typographical errors; and, as I am most particular in dotting my i's and crossing my e's, it would indeed be strange if the printer should make any mistakes.

THE CANAL OF NICARAGUA.*

THE extreme narrowness of the isthmus that joins North America to South is so manifest, that the idea of cutting an interoceanic canal appears to date as far back as the first peopling of the territory. When Fernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, first saw the Pacific from its western shores, he was so struck with the possibility and utility of an interoceanic communication, that he actually made researches in the hopes of discovering that something of the kind was already in existence. Many Spanish residents memorialised their government upon the same subject subsequent to the colonisation of the country; nor did they fail to signalise the existence of a magnificent lake, from which issued a river large enough to serve as a basis for an interoceanic canal; but Spain was to Central America what the Hudson's Bay Company has been to the North—an incubus, ever hostile to all kinds of progress and improvement.

Some time after the king of the Mosquitos, in Honduras, placed himself under the protection of the crown of Great Britain, and in the days of Pitt the same project became associated with that enlightened minister's plans for securing the maritime and commercial aggrandisement of the country, and an expedition was sent in 1780 to the river San Juan, in which Nelson figured as captain of the *Hinchinbrook*.

Since that epoch a number of schemes and projects have been advocated, the justly renowned traveller Humboldt having led the way by pointing out no less than five different lines feasible for roads, railways, or interoceanic canals. Our own times may be essentially designated as the age of action as contrasted with that which has preceded it, and which has been almost too solely devoted to preliminary geographical and scientific inquiries. The discovery of gold in California solved the problem of ages so far as interoceanic communication was concerned, and it is probable that many of us will live to see the problem of interoceanic canalisation solved in a similar satisfactory manner, both in the West and in the East.

It is very much to be regretted, however, that the epoch for action in this long-discussed question having arrived, difficulties of a political nature should have arisen, and have come to interfere with what ought to have been a purely scientific and commercial enterprise. It is, indeed, deeply to be regretted that while the acts of the predatory bands of filibustiers† are disavowed by the government of the United States, that government should persist in disregarding existing treaties and arrogating to itself rights such as no other European power ever laid claim to, placing itself thereby, and by its open advocacy of the Monroe doctrine—a doctrine which apportioned all America to the United States, and which repels all European interference—beyond the pale of international courtesies and of

* Percement de l'Isthme de Panama par le Canal de Nicaragua. Exposé de la Question. Par M. Félix Belly. Paris.

† Filibustier, or aventurier, is a French word. The old predatory outlaws by land and sea on the Spanish Main—the Zee Rovers of the Dutch—were better known as Buccaneers, from the Indian term, "boucan," dried meat.

a general civilisation. It is not, further, very promising to the future that France—however great and enlightened that country may be in a military, artistic, and literary point of view, still notoriously unsuccessful as a maritime and colonial power, and by no means the most wealthy of the nations of Europe—should have taken in hand at the same time the two most interesting, most important, as also the two most difficult and expensive geographical undertakings that the globe presents—an Atlantic and a Pacific, and a Mediterranean and a Red Sea, inter-oceanic canal.

It must not be supposed that the native government has remained indifferent all this time to the importance of an interoceanic communication. On the contrary, no sooner was the young republic of Nicaragua constituted, than a member, Don Antonio de la Cerda, took the initiative in proposing a decree to carry out so desirable an object. The means of the country were not, however, equal to so vast an enterprise. The United States then came forward, and several companies were started with the view to carrying out the project. The Nicaraguan government laid the bases at that time—that is, as early as in 1823—of the principles which were to guide them in the concessions made to foreign companies to carry the said project into effect. A Mr. Palmer, of New York, obtained the first concession in 1826. The period, however, within which labours were to be commenced according to the terms of the grant, went by without a single step having been taken, and the project only led the way in that long series of failures which have attended upon those which have hitherto been entertained, whether by the people of the United States or by others, for carrying out the same great enterprise.

The next in the field was no less a personage than William I., king of Holland, who had resolved upon devoting even the greater part of his private fortune in order to effectually carry out this favourite scheme, but the revolution of 1830 and the separation of Belgium put a stop to these cosmopolitan good works.

William was not the only one of princely birth who allowed himself to be seduced by the contemplation of this most desirable undertaking. The prisoner of Ham occupied a portion of his constrained leisure in studying the subject under its various phases, and he associated the opening of an interoceanic canal with the foundation of a great maritime and independent power in Central America. He foresaw rising on a point of the isthmus, between the two lakes of Nicaragua and Managua, which he designated as two natural havens, the Constantinople of the future world, with a new Bosphorus opening the Atlantic to the Pacific. "Son projet," says M. Félix Belly, "porte l'empreinte de ce grandiose qui semble être le cachet du génie Napoléonien."

The United States, less prone to theorise, have ever continued to entertain the most ardent desire to carry out the same magnificent project, and to monopolise power in Central America. It will probably never be without a struggle that they will yield a scheme so long and so covetously dwelt upon, to be carried out by others. On the 27th of August, 1849, the company, designated as that of White and Vanderbilt, concluded a new treaty with the government of Nicaragua, which comprised the privileges of canalisation with those of a free navigation of the San Juan, and

the opening of a road to the Pacific whilst the works were going on. The terms of the concession were that the works were to commence within a year, and to be brought to a completion within twelve. The contract was guaranteed by the government of the United States, which reserved to itself the right of navigating the imaginary canal with ships of war, as also other exclusive privileges. This treaty experienced, however, the same fate as others, with the exception that it led to trouble. In the words of M. Félix Belly, the treaty of 1849 had no other results than to have caused certain levellings and soundings to be carried out by an engineer—Mr. Child—which completed previous studies. The state of Nicaragua never touched a dollar of that share of the benefits which was reserved to it. The company violated with the most flagrant bad faith all the engagements that it had contracted with respect to that state, and finally, in order the better to compensate the Nicaraguan government for its forbearance, the United States, after having provoked in 1854 the bombardment of Greytown (San Juan de Nicaragua), by which five hundred families were ruined and 20,000 millions (francs!) of merchandise were destroyed, lent its steamers in 1855 to Walker's filibustiers, in order that they might obtain possession of Granada, thus making common cause with a banditti to destroy a state which had enriched it.

Nicaragua and its canal have thus ever remained in the position of one of those legendary castellated abodes where wealth, power, and pleasure await the youthful hero, but to arrive at which there are enchanted forests to traverse, with rivulets that swell to torrents, holes that open like fathomless pits, rocks ready to fall and crush, and trees that belch forth flames of fire; or there are fruits guarded by vicious dwarfs, or flowers over which roam lions with manes of snakes, or ravines guarded by giant ogres, or gilded saloons, with wine, and food, and beauty to tempt astray.

M. Félix Belly is in the present day what Perceval, who combated the said giants, dragons, and sorcerers to conquer the magic lance and basin, was to the Knights of the Round Table, Peredor to the Gauls, and Peronnik to the Bretons. Nicaragua and its lakes, rivers, rocks, and forests, its tropical sun, its pestilential swamps, its rude natives, its powerless government, and its coveted spoil, is the modern apple of discord, the actual castle of romance. It remains to be seen if, even backed by "the man" who, to use our doughty champion's grandiose language, has been reserved by Providence for a destiny so high that it is sufficient for him in the present day simply to will in order that the greatest things shall be accomplished, M. Félix Belly—twin hero with M. de Lesseps—will succeed in his rival exploit.

The elaboration of the idea is, we are told, complete. It has traversed all the phases that are necessary to carry a conception from its first crude birth up to the perfection of becoming a scientific deduction. The question of practicability will no longer admit of discussion. The labours carried out for the last thirty years by English, French, and American engineers, notoriously by Bailly, Garella, and Child, present sufficient bases on which to found a regular project in which all possible difficulties shall be anticipated. All explorations confirm a mean amount of expense. All the conditions demanded by capitalists meet at a certain point in the actual state of the question. It is as ripe as far as multiplied calcula-

tions can guarantee that maturity. It has for patrons for the past a splendid affiliation of illustrious names, and in our own times Alexander Humboldt, William I., Michel Chevalier, and Napoleon III. "It is under the ægis of these sovereign authorities that we have dared to ambition for our country, or rather for our epoch and for civilisation generally, the honour of putting the seal on the dream of Fernando Cortez. The SECRET OF THE STRAIT is no longer a secret!"

En avant, Perceval! forward, Peronnik! the tropical rains and flooded swamps, with their pestilential fevers, that ravaged Brigadier Kemble's little force; the droughts of the hot season, the noxious exhalations of the pent-up ravines, and the rocks and shallows that turned back Nelson, are but the preliminary difficulties of the enterprise. There are the hostility of the United States, and the conquest of the inexhaustible treasure. There are the labour to be found, and the physical obstacles to be overcome. True that the latter are of a wondrously stubborn character, and that they are, further, upon a scale of magnitude well calculated to appal the stoutest hearted, but they are only incentives to a hero of modern times.

The projector of so vast a scheme cannot naturally be wanting in details to demonstrate the minimum of expenditure and the maximum of receipts. M. Thomé de Gamond, projector of the submarine tunnel between England and France, was engaged to discuss these delicate questions. The two outlets to the lake will, according to this authority, demand an expenditure estimated at 2,720,000 francs. The river San Juan is 175 kilometres in length, it is fed by seventy tributaries besides the lakes, and flows in its upper portions over rocks that crop out to day. A system of simple canalisation is not applicable, therefore, to this river, for, as its tributaries come from virgin forests, and are loaded with detritus, they would encumber the intervals; it is proposed, then, to adopt what is designated as a system of canalisation with a continuous current. This is to be accomplished by seven "barrages," including a defensive sea-lock. These seven locks will cost, using the timber of the country for their construction, 7,000,000 francs; there are to be added to this the expenses of levelling the bed of the river and constructing track-roads, the whole estimated at 21,100,000 francs.

The Salinas canal is that part of the project in which M. Belly's plan claims to differ from all others. Napoleon III.'s project embraced the navigation of Lake Nicaragua, a canal between it and Lake Managua, and another canal between that lake and the Pacific at Port Realejo. The Danish engineer CErstedt first explored the country that intervenes between the Bay of Salinas and the junction of the Sapoa and Lake Nicaragua. It is a hilly region, with deep valleys or ravines. The Sapoa is fed by five streams that descend from the flanks of the volcano of Orosi, and their valleys, clad with virgin forests, are said to be inhabited by "magnificent" races of Indians.

It was upon this line that an English company, called that of the Costa Rica route, proposed—now some time back—to open a canal of communication between the Pacific and Lake Nicaragua, thus taking from M. Belly all that there is that he claims to be original or different in conception from those who have gone before him. The project of the latter, however, as it now stands before us, embraces deepening, excavating, tunnelling, embankments with walls, and six locks; the whole at an

estimated expense of 55,400,000 francs. The expenditure will then stand thus :

	Francs.
Works on Lake Nicaragua	2,700,000
Works on the river San Juan	24,100,000
Works on the Salinas canal	55,400,000
Other constructions, telegraphs, &c.	3,800,000
Expenses of administration for four years	4,000,000
Incidental and unforeseen expenses	30,000,000
<hr/>	
Total capital	120,000,000

or 4,800,000*l.* sterling, the estimated cost of the projected canal of Suez being 200,000,000 francs, or 8,000,000*l.* sterling.

"It will be essential," we are told, "to the accomplishment of such an enterprise, to put, before all things, the immense local resources of nature under contribution, and to utilise in the employment of these resources the genius of all people. We must do well, like the Dutch; do quick, like the Americans; and do cheaply, like the great practical men of England; we must borrow the distinctive traits of genius of each nation, and then shed over this assemblage of faculties, in order to give them perfection, that eminent scientific character which lies in the traditions of France, and shines in all that she undertakes. The engineers of France have for mission to assimilate the national aptitudes of different people, and this mission, if thoroughly understood and appreciated, ought to attain the height of a real priesthood." We must leave the modest Yankees to out-Herod this extravaganza. The engineers who are to superintend this great work ought manifestly, if fully imbued with the sense of their high mission, to superintend the labours in caps or helmets adorned with flowers, and other characteristic ornaments of the old Aztec or Toltec priesthood.

After the expenses comes the consideration of the receipts. These were estimated by Prince Louis Napoleon at 15,000,000 francs; but since that time gold has been discovered in California, Australia, and British Columbia; commercial relations have been opened with China and Japan; and the employment of the screw has opened a new era in navigation. Indeed, it is estimated that there is, one thing with another—gold and guano, migration and emigration—a constant augmentation of shipping equivalent to an increase of one-sixth of the whole in the space of a year. Availing himself of this computation, and of the advantages presented by the anticipated opening of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the projector of the Anglo-French international tunnel, and the utiliser of the genius of all nations under the ægis of Gallic scientific pre-eminence, feels himself authorised in deducing for the fortunate shareholders a receipt equivalent to 55,000,000 francs or 60,000,000 francs. We have thus a presumed expenditure of 100,000,000 francs to 120,000,000 francs against a minimum revenue of 50,000,000 francs; and that is nothing, we are reminded, in a country like intertropical America, where the mean profits of commercial operations are never less than 100 per cent., the Panama Railway itself paying 40 per cent. to its shareholders.

It is not, however, our intention to treat the subject before us lightly. We look upon the carrying out of the proposed interoceanic communica-

tion as in every respect a most desirable and a most important achievement—as an undertaking deserving of the sympathies of all enlightened nations. Even as far as money is concerned, many more millions have been expended in the construction of ports at Cherbourg, at Havre, at Liverpool, at Antwerp, and at Venice within the last century than would be demanded to carry out this great international object, and these works not always carried out for such praiseworthy purposes.

In a political point of view, regarding solely the interests of Great Britain, the projected line of railway from Halifax to Vancouver has far greater claims to our support. A railroad traversing the whole extent of British North America would at once afford an unassailable means of reaching our eastern possessions, and it would ensure the colonisation and cultivation of immense tracts of valuable land at present only trod by the red man or clad with virgin forests tenanted by the fur-bearing animals.

But other political considerations of a more cosmopolitan character, which interest and concern, indeed, at the present moment, the whole civilised world, and upon the solution of which depends the future equilibrium of the New World and its pacific relations with the Old, come to attach a rare and unwonted importance to the independence of Nicaragua and its right to enter into foreign treaties and conventions.

The relations of Great Britain with the United States, more particularly in reference to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, to which the Union persists in giving, what was never intended, a retrospective character, have been previously discussed by us, and it is very much to be regretted that, as anticipated at that time, those relations, instead of improving, have been gradually assuming a more gloomy and threatening aspect—an aspect which the last annual message of the President of the United States renders, if possible, still more portentous. The government of the United States, who in the time of our trouble, albeit of our own blood, sought the unfriendly opportunity of picking up a quarrel apropos of a few vagrants recruited in their territory, not having it in their power to repudiate a treaty, merely because Great Britain had not fulfilled its conditions before it existed, employed a band of predatory and lawless men to annul the treaty, violate its engagements, and baffle European policy, as well as trample upon local rights. It was, says M. Belly, in a well and ably written essay on "The Equilibrium of the New World," the Monroe doctrine expounded in formal acts in the face of Europe; it was the sovereignty of the entire of the New World claimed by an invading republic; it was the carrying out of pretensions which at once threaten the independence of neighbouring republics, the annihilation of the Spanish race, and of the commercial liberty of the whole globe.

Certain it is, and we regret to have to avow it of people of our language and blood, that the people of the United States, or Americans *par excellence*, as they term themselves, not only clothe all international questions with more selfish interests and more angry passions than any other nation in the world, but they cultivate political principle so little, or it is so utterly prostituted to egotism, that they actually take a pride in that which people of a more antique and refined civilisation look upon as derogatory to their honour. Thus the United States were hostile to England and France on the occasion of the war with Russia, not from

any real or actual sympathy with the latter, but simply because the embarrassment and humiliation of those countries were favourable to their own selfish ideas of aggrandisement. The Monroe doctrine is indeed subversive of all moral sense. Such is the idea of an impartial neutrality entertained by certain parties in the United States, that at the very time that the exasperation was at its highest against the English for enlisting the miserable offscourings of the world, recruiting was being openly carried on in favour of the Czar, contracts were entered into, and a subsidy of 60,000,000 dollars was proffered. What was worse, the press of the Union had the immodesty to boast of these flagrant violations of all political honour and principle: they actually looked upon that which was discreditable as a triumph!

So it is with regard to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty which was concluded at Washington on the 19th of April, 1850, with the especial view of ensuring the independence of the States of Central America, and the neutrality of any interoceanic communications, either by road, rail, or canal, that should be carried out in those countries. It was a convention to secure the rights and liberties of all nations. Once this treaty signed and agreed to, the United States government wished to give a retrospective reading to the first article, which ordains that neither of the two governments shall occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or shall take or exercise any domination in Nicaragua, Costa Rica, or any other portion of Central America, and they insisted that the article in question had not only reference to the future but also to the past, and that, in virtue of such article, Great Britain must give up its ancient protectorate of the Mosquito coast and of Greytown (San Juan de Nicaragua), or that they would not abide by the terms of the treaty. Well may M. Belly say, "It is manifest that if Europe carried the same blind obstinacy in repudiating all loyal explanations into the conduct of public affairs, the whole of the old continent would be on fire, and the Congress of Paris could never have come to a decision." The ostensible objects of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, says the same writer, were highly creditable to the contracting parties, but the secret motives that impelled the United States to it, were to expel Great Britain from Central America, and, failing in that selfish object, they have repudiated the treaty itself. The fact is, that if Great Britain gave up the question of the protectorate of the Mosquito coast to-morrow, the state of things would remain just the same, for the United States seek not only the exclusion of Great Britain and France from Central America, but the protectorate, and ultimately the absorption, of those states to themselves. They would not allow the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to stand in their way for a moment, but would anticipate its conclusions by an active filibusterism. The government of Great Britain, loyal in its intentions, proposed, even subsequently to the haughty repudiation of its terms by Mr. Pierce, to submit the interpretation of the treaty to the arbitration of a third power. But this was likewise, and as might have been anticipated, rejected. The United States do not want the terms of the treaty to be satisfactorily settled; they want a cause for rupture, and an excuse for annexation. "Our European ideas," M. Belly remarks, "are no longer recognised on the other side of the ocean. Our notions of justice and of right are there trampled under by a dominating axiom, sprung from pride and egotism, and in virtue of which the great republic concerns itself only with itself." When the

treaty was accepted in 1850, the Monroe minority opposed the admission of all intercession: that minority is now the majority. It was in vain that Great Britain made further concessions for the preservation of peace; the progress of events will soon disillusionise all parties.

England and France have united in laying the basis for carrying out the Belly treaty, concluded at Rivas on the 1st of May, 1858, between the two governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica on the one hand, and a French company on the other, and by which the concession of an inter-oceanic canal is granted for ninety-nine years, with a league of land on each side, mines included; the canal to be open to all nations, and the works to be commenced within two years, and to be completed within six. Lord Malmesbury has signified that, although this treaty negotiates the admission of French armed vessels on the lake of Nicaragua, it is in every respect adapted to the long-disputed terms of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. But the convention of Rivas in reality supersedes those terms by its grant of a concession. It leaves no alternative but a prompt solution of the question as to whether or not the two contracting states are independent and American, or whether they are under the control of the United States, and have no power to enter into any negotiation with European powers. The convention of Rivas, adopted at the Congress of Paris by all the European powers, will become the point on the execution of which the future character of the relations of Europe and the United States will have to depend. It is to be hoped that they will be peaceful. A clever, shrewd, intelligent people like the Yankees cannot but see that it is impossible to uphold doctrines which are unjust and immoral in their very nature. The Monroe doctrine renders our possessions in America untenable for an hour. Yet with the two Canadas and British Columbia they are territorially as vast as those of the United States. The territories of Central and South America are far more extensive; nor is the Latin race as yet entirely extirpated. Yet the United statesmen would have all America for the Union! It is time that they should abandon such a tremendous assumption of egotism, which could not be upheld by any power on this side of the Atlantic for a moment.

There are, however, some reasons to apprehend that the solution of the question may not be so pacific as it might be hoped for. President Buchanan's last message gives open support and countenance to the policy pertinaciously observed by the United States since 1850, when Lopez's first expedition proceeded to Cuba under the wing of a Whig president—General Taylor. This was followed up by his democratic successor, Mr. Pierce, sending Mr. Soulé, of Ostend notoriety, to Spain, his secretly favouring the filibustering expeditions of Walker, and it was consummated by the bombardment of Greytown by Captain Hollins. The treaties of the Sandwich Islands and of the Oregon are parts of the same system of absorption. Walker, defeated by the heroism of a weak but independent state, now claims through Mr. White a pecuniary indemnification of some twenty or twenty-four millions, and the United States government, in order not to lose her grasp on the coveted territory, countenances the cynical demand of indemnification of the expenses of a defeated invasion!

The message of President Buchanan cannot but be looked upon as of a decidedly hostile character. In reviewing the political relations of the

United States with Nicaragua, it passes over in silence the aggressions of Walker, to detail at length a grievance by which sundry Americans, who, we are told, were in no way connected with any belligerent conduct or party, were accidentally fired upon by the troops of Costa Rica in Virgin Bay. In discussing the question of an international canal, the same message declares that "the stake is too important to be left at the mercy of rival companies, claiming to hold conflicting contracts with Nicaragua." This is repudiating by anticipation the convention of Rivas. It then argues that the "Accessory Transit Company" has been in operation since August, 1852, till its charter was revoked by the government of President Rivas in 1856. It admits, at the same time, that financial disputes had arisen as early as 1854. Then, again, we are told that in 1857 the secretary of state for the Union signed a treaty with the minister for Nicaragua for the use and protection of the transit route, but as this "protection" embraced the employment of an armed force to keep the route open, the Nicaraguan government declined to ratify it.

The executive government of this country (adds the president), in its intercourse with foreign nations, is limited to the employment of diplomacy alone. When this fails, it can proceed no further. It cannot legitimately resort to force, without the direct authority of Congress, except in resisting and repelling hostile attacks. It would have no authority to enter the territories of Nicaragua, even to prevent the destruction of the transit and protect the lives and property of our own citizens on their passage. It is true that on a sudden emergency of this character the president would direct any armed force in the vicinity to march to their relief, but in doing this he would act upon his own responsibility. Under these circumstances, I earnestly recommend to Congress the passage of an act authorising the president, under such restrictions as they may deem proper, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States in preventing the transit from being obstructed or closed by lawless violence, and in protecting the lives and property of American citizens travelling thereupon, requiring at the same time that these forces shall be withdrawn the moment the danger shall have passed away. Without such a provision, our citizens will be constantly exposed to interruption in their progress, and to lawless violence.

In the mean time an Anglo-French fleet has sailed to the waters of the San Juan to carry out the preliminary provisions of the Rivas convention, and to give the protection of two of the most powerful nations of Europe to the republics of Central America against, not the lawless violence anticipated by President Buchanan, but the lawless violence of self-imposed transit companies, of buccaneers, filibustiers, and pirates. This, it has been justly remarked by French politicians, is not a question of war, it is simply one of international gendarmerie. So the President of the United States calls upon his countrymen to send their gendarmerie to meet those of Europe on neutral ground. The prospects are not cheering. But the more turbulent party in the United States may chafe and bray, they cannot have it all their own way. There are men of sense, wisdom, piety, and moral worth in the United States, and their opinion must ultimately not only weigh in the councils of the land, but they must prevail. It would never do for two brothers to fight about monopoly. They should be but too happy to participate. The day that the European powers shall show themselves in earnest in ensuring the neutrality and independence of Central America, the gloomy and threatening bluster of Yankee filibustiers will vanish in the sunshine of a more liberal and enlightened international policy.

DIARY OF THE DREAMER OF GLOUCESTER.

Tuesday, July 27, 1854.

TO-DAY I passed the scenes of the battles of St. Vincent and Trafalgar.

"Early in February (1797), the Spanish fleet, consisting of twenty-seven ships of the line and twelve frigates, put to sea with the design of steering for Brest, raising the blockade of that harbour, forming a junction with the Dutch fleet, and clearing the Channel of the British squadron. Admiral Jarvis, with fifteen ships of the line and six frigates, was cruising off Cape St. Vincent, when he received intelligence of their approach, and immediately prepared for battle. He drew up his fleet in two lines, and, bearing down before the wind, succeeded in engaging the enemy in close combat before they had time to form in regular order of battle, and while they were yet straggling in disorderly array. Passing boldly through the centre of their fleet, the British admiral doubled with his whole force upon nine of the Spanish ships, and, by a vigorous cannonade, drove them to leeward, so as to prevent them taking any part in the engagement which followed. The Spanish admiral upon this endeavoured to regain the lost part of his fleet, and was wearing round the rear of the British lines, when Commodore Nelson, who was in the rear-most ship, perceiving his design, disregarding his orders, stood directly towards him, and precipitated himself into the very middle of the hostile squadron. Bravely seconded by Captains Collingwood and Troubridge, he ran his ship, the *Captain*, of 74 guns, between two Spanish three-deckers, the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 136 guns, commanded by Captain Cordova, and the *San Josef*, of 112, and succeeded, by a tremendous fire to the right and left, in compelling the former to strike. The action on the part of these gallant men continued for nearly an hour with the utmost fury against fearful odds, which were more than compensated by the skill of the British sailors and the rapidity of their fire. The *Salvador del Mundo*, of 112 guns, struck to Captain Collingwood; but that gallant officer, disdaining to take possession of beaten enemies, nobly bore up, with every sail set, to assist his old messmate Nelson, who was by this time surrounded by three of the enemy's ships within pistol-shot. There was not a moment to be lost, for Nelson's ship was now almost dismantled and incapable of further service. But no sooner was he relieved by Collingwood's fire, than, resuming his wonted energy, he boarded the *San Nicolas*, of 74 guns, and speedily hoisted the British colours on the poop; and finding that the prize was severely galled by the fire of the *San Josef*, of 112 guns, pushed on across it to its gigantic neighbour, himself leading the way, and exclaiming, 'Westminster Abbey or victory!' Nothing could resist such enthusiastic courage; the Spanish admiral speedily hauled down his colours, and Nelson's ship lay a perfect wreck beside his two prizes."

I envy not the man whose eyes do not fill with tears in reading this. Seek not for samples of heroism in old Greece or Rome, neither ransack the records of French glory, nor yet go back far in thy own grand history, O England! Here was heroism which never can be surpassed

—which never was equalled, except by that red Trafalgar, when Nelson got both Westminster and victory.

Trafalgar was fought on the 24th of October, 1805. "A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz; our ships, crowding all their canvas, moved majestically before it with light winds from the south-west. Right before them lay the mighty armament of France and Spain, the sun shining full on their close-set sails, and the vast three-deckers which it contained appearing of stupendous magnitude amidst the lesser line-of-battle ships by which they were surrounded." Our force consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; the combined fleet numbered thirty-three line-of-battle ships and seven frigates.

Nelson, on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, wore his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on his left breast four stars. "In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them," said he. The last signal he ever made yet echoes in the hearts of his countrymen; the most glorious, because the most English sentence ever framed: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Two leading figures stand out in broad relief in this our grandest naval victory—the advance of Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign* and of Nelson in the *Victory*, and the whole battle groups round the two ships. "The *Royal Sovereign* far outsailed the rest of the fleet, and with all sails set steered right into the centre of the enemy's line, and was already enveloped in fire when the nearest vessels, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, were still more than two miles in the rear. 'See,' said Nelson, 'how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action.' The *Royal Sovereign* laid herself close alongside the *Santa Anna*, the Spanish admiral's ship, and a furious combat took place between the two first-rates; but such was the rapidity and precision of the *Royal Sovereign's* fire, that the Spaniard would have been compelled to strike had not the *St. Juste*, *Indomitable*, *Fougueux*, and *San Leandro* grouped round the *Royal Sovereign*, when they saw their admiral's danger, and assailed her on all sides by such a vehement cross fire, that their balls frequently struck each other above the deck of the English vessel." It was entirely hid from the rest of the English fleet, "who watched with intense anxiety the opening of the smoke, which at length showed the British flag waving unconquered in the midst of the numerous ensigns of France and Spain by which it was surrounded."

Brave, pious Collingwood, I question not that at this time thy bosom throbbed with feelings of intense delight; not "the savage joy of mountaineers before they rush upon the spears," but the joy of a Christian warrior at that ecstasy of time when duty and glory become one.

Meanwhile Nelson was crowding all sail to reach the scene of danger, and as he approached within a mile and a half's distance single shots were fired from different vessels; some fell short, and one went over the *Victory's* maintop gallant-mast. "A minute or two of awful silence ensued, during which time the *Victory* continued to advance, when all at once the whole van of seven or eight ships opened a concentric fire upon her. At this awful moment the wind, which had been slight, died away to a mere breath, so that the *Victory* advanced still more slowly, ploughing majestically through the waves, unable, from her position, to return a single shot."

At last she steered through between the *Téméraire* and *Bucentaure*, and at one o'clock, as she passed slowly and deliberately, poured her broadside triple-shotted into the *Bucentaure* with such terrible effect, that above four hundred men were killed or wounded by the discharge. The *Victory* passed on and grappled with the *Redoutable*, and commenced a furious conflict, while, on the other side, she engaged the *Bucentaure* and *Santissima Trinidad*. Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side, so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together. The lieutenants of the *Victory* upon this depressed their guns and diminished their charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire*; and as every shot from the *Victory* set the *Redoutable* on fire, the British sailors stood with buckets of water in their hands and extinguished the flames on the enemy's decks as they arose, lest they should involve both ships in destruction. At this time Nelson was shot, and was carried down to the cockpit, which was crowded with wounded and dying men. He insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful, "for to me," he said, "you can do nothing." As the action continued, several ships of the enemy began to strike; the crew of the *Victory* cheered as each successive flag was lowered, and at every hurrah a gleam of joy illuminated the countenance of the dying hero.

The fire on the poop of the *Victory* from the tops of the *Redoutable* was so tremendous that for a time it was almost deserted, upon which the French made a vigorous attempt to board, but were repulsed. The *Téméraire* poured its broadside into the Frenchman's crowded decks, and at length her whole rigging and masts fell across the *Téméraire's* bow, and over this bridge she was boarded and taken possession of. Never had a ship been more gallantly defended than this Frenchman. Out of six hundred and forty-three men who composed her crew, only five-and-thirty reached the English shores.

Meantime the arrival of the remoter ships of the English fleet left the victory no longer doubtful, and before three o'clock ten ships of the line had struck. Shortly after, Hardy had gone down to Nelson, and, taking him by the hand, congratulated him on his glorious victory, adding that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy were taken. "That's well," replied Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice added, "Anchor, Hardy—anchor! Do *you* make the signal. Kiss me, Hardy." Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek. "Now I am satisfied," said Nelson; "thank God I have done my duty."

Southey is right. "He cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory."

August 1.

If we compare the spiritual with the natural world, the latter is, properly speaking, the more mysterious. Just suppose the relative position of the two worlds reversed. I mean, let the spiritual world be that

which is known by our reason and senses; the material world, that which is revealed. And it may assist our imagination to reflect that this may actually be the case with the angels, to whom the ancient and modern history of man may be an Old and New Testament, which they are called on to believe, as an exercise of faith. Now the slightest consideration will convince us that much more would be demanded of their faith than is demanded of ours. It is not difficult for us to conceive the idea of spirit, for we can do so in two ways, which reciprocally assist each other: we may abstract all the qualities of matter, and there will remain the spiritual essence; or, on the other hand, we may refer to our own consciousness, and gaze directly upon a veritable spirit residing in each of our breasts. But it would be an infinitely more abstruse problem for a spirit to form an idea of man; for, take the lowest conception involved in man, that of life, by what process of language could an angel be taught the association of this principle with that flesh and blood and bones, which are reducible to a small number of definite material elements? Or how impart to an angel any idea of those sensations which arise out of this connexion, such as pain, cold, heat, hunger, or thirst, or the infinitely varied impressions made on us by external objects? But if, in addition to life, we fill up the idea of man by adding intelligence, it is plain that by no words which we know of, could the wonderful composite creature be rendered intelligible to the angel. And, after all, he would still be only at the threshold of the mystery, for he must also understand the history of man, as the natural and spontaneous development of his nature.

August 2.

Gibraltar has been so often described, that I may be excused bringing coals to this literary Newcastle. I will only give my personal adventures, as noted down at the time, and which, indeed, I would not now transcribe, if they did not form the vestibule of an adventure which subsequently happened, and which I will narrate in its place.

When the captain was transacting business with the custom-house, I wandered over the town, amusing myself with the different groups of men. Specimens of all nations of the earth met my view at every turn—Greeks, Jews, Edomites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, and, in addition, the unmistakable Englishman, civil, military, and sacred, altogether constituting a mosaic of humanity not, I suppose, to be seen in many other places. I was fancying the erection of a crystal tower of Babel, the construction of which would not at least have been stopped by the confusion of tongues, for that could not be carried much further than it is in Gibraltar; when my reverie was disturbed by the appearance of our Lascar sailor, whom at the turn of the street I observed in close confabulation with a Greek. From his dress the stranger appeared a sailor, and I accounted at first for the intimacy by the facility with which the genus Jack of every nation make friends in every port, but there was something in the appearance of the Greek which rendered the fraternisation in his case somewhat singular. If he had belonged to any other nation—at least, if he had been an Englishman—a believer in aristocratic features would have made him the hero of a romance, some illegitimate son of a noble house, some patrician castaway, or some turbulent spirit who had anticipated in a London, the sufferings of the orthodox, hell; or, lastly, an

March—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLIX.

2 A

outlaw of civilised society, who, having committed some crime of romantic turpitude, had run a muck against the world. As it was, I saw in his features merely the indelible type of that race, whose physical perfection has, since the days of Phidias, realised the ideal of form, and I had in my experience met with too many noble-featured scoundrels, male and female, to be much surprised at the sinister look of the blue eye, and the unmistakable ruffianism of the well-chiselled mouth of this specimen of modern Greece. What puzzled me was the language in which these strange companions could carry on a conversation apparently so interesting. To solve this difficulty I approached them unperceived, which some eccentricity in the street, and the absorbing interest they evinced on the subject they were discussing, allowed me to do with facility, and a moment or two's listening enabled me to discover that the Levantine patois was the medium of their conversation, both speaking it with fluency and volubility. This, however, was the limit of my discovery; for although my own patois was diversified enough, consisting of bad Italian, bad French, and tolerable English, strengthened by a few gutturals from the German, it gave me no key to the Levantine dialect. Therefore, after observing their gesticulations for a minute or two, I left them and continued my saunter to the end of the street. Before turning into another, I looked back, and saw my two friends parting company. They shook hands in a very hearty fashion, and the Greek, as he moved away, made a sign which, being a portion of universal language, I immediately translated into the word, "Remember," and I concluded the reminiscence was of a tender nature, since the Lascar put his hand to his heart with all the grace of the theatrical lover.

August 3.

Noon.—The Mediterranean and out of sight of land.

Judea is holy, Greece and Rome are classic, the Mediterranean is both.—It is holy. Its waters wash the shores of Judea and the more ancient God-visited Egypt; Tyre and Sidon, which crumbled before the denunciations of the Jewish prophets, were its seaports; Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah prophesied the fates of the successive kingdoms which have risen on its shores—a privilege denied to the Pacific or Atlantic nations. On the advent of Christianity, inspired apostles and martyrs used the waters of the Mediterranean to transport them to distant regions, there to preach the glad tidings. The Mediterranean is classical. She connects Italy and Greece, bounding both these seats of civilisation in three directions; and from the expedition of the Golden Fleece to the battle of Actium classic armaments have ploughed her waters.

But apart from classic or Christian association, on the Mediterranean were transacted the most important events in ancient history. After the fleet of Xerxes had been destroyed at Salamis and Mycale, we find its waters the scene of the long struggle for supremacy by Athens; next it is the theatre on which the Carthaginians and Romans contended for mastery of the future. Thereafter the Mediterranean saw the defeat of Pompey the younger; and there the galleys of the second Caesar destroyed the fleet of Antony and his Egyptian queen. These contests were all turning-points in history. The combatants on either side appear, not as belonging to this or that nation, but as delegated champions of conflicting principles; or if we are to assign to them a geographical character, it is

not as the armies of Greece, of Carthage, of Rome, or of Egypt, but as the armies of the great old divisions of the world. The battle of Salamis, while it gave the victory to liberty over despotism, was also the battle between Europe and Asia. The triumph of the Romans over the Carthaginians, and of Octavius Cæsar over Antony, while securing that idea of unity of power which has had so much influence on European civilisation, also decided the mastery of Europe over Africa.

Six P.M.—We have now been sailing for some days opposite to Italy, though, of course, far out of sight of it.

Projecting into the Mediterranean like a large boot, we see at once from the map that the strategic position of Italy accounts in no small degree for the supremacy it obtained over other nations, for, from its central position, it possessed the power of throwing its whole force on any part of the coast of the Mediterranean it might select, while it ran little risk of a combination by other nations against it. Greece has the same geographical advantage; and thus, once either peninsula under a single head, we can easily see that the neighbouring countries were at their mercy. We find, accordingly, that no sooner did a unity of authority arise under Alexander, than Greece burst her ancient limits and overran Asia Minor; and no sooner had Italy submitted to the supremacy of Rome, than the conquest of the world began.

Now that the field of the campaign has stretched beyond the Mediterranean, and may be held to embrace the whole world, if the question were asked, What is that position, which presents the greatest strategic advantages? I think Great Britain would be selected. Its insular position makes it the best adapted for the seat of maritime power, and, by the assistance of steam, it can throw its concentrated force on any quarter it may select, while its maritime supremacy guarantees it against the attack of any other nation. So that, if ever we are seized with the conquering mania, we would seem to have the best chance of attaining to universal empire.

August 4.

Eight P.M.—It has been a calm all day, and desperately hot, so that until now I have found it impossible to do anything. Consequently, I have felt a good deal of *ennui* and a great longing to get on, although I am well aware I have a week's sea before me yet. But why should I weary—why should I feel as if I was losing time? If I had my own way within the narrow limits of my ordinary life, would I be a bit more contented or more usefully employed? So far as I recollect, I never did anything yet, which might not as well have been left undone. Time would have done it better, or if it were out of his beat, some one else would have done it without my being a bit the poorer, than I am at present. Nay, for all the good I have done, I might as well have been asleep all the time. Since, therefore, I am but continuing my ordinary course of life, I do not see why, just at this moment, I should be seized with a particular fit of *ennui* and self-reproach. Perhaps it is the consciousness that while others are useful, I am not; but let me consider this point, in what respect are those who have started with me in life better than I am? Some of them have made money; well, what of that? I could not be much better off in the *Wally*, though I could spend 2000*l.* a year on land, and when on land I manage somehow or other to gratify such

of my wishes as are sufficiently clamant, to make it of importance to me whether they should be gratified or not. None of my friends have made themselves very illustrious; not one of them promises to take up three lines in a biographical dictionary, even though it were to consist of ten volumes folio. I believe, if I were to die at present, the paragraphs in the Gloucester papers would be somewhat longer than the obituary of any of them, even the richest among them; I am pretty certain, though I say it who should not say it, that my numerous friends and acquaintances would occasionally speak of me for a full fortnight, which is exactly thirteen days and twenty-three hours more than the sweet recollection of my friends — and — would endure. Still more to console myself, I verily believe, that if I were now to be sunk in the Mediterranean after a funeral service by the mate, my friends at home would for a day or two endow me with a great many virtues I never possessed, and forget a few failings which did not use to be so charitably regarded. So, "begone, dull care." How do I know what may be going on to my advantage during this delay? This practical stoppage in the course of my existence may be the point whence my fortune may change. Events may be adapting themselves, influences may be coming into operation which together may change my destiny, but which, were I amidst them, I might alter; and it needs but a slight hitch to turn the car of fortune off the straight road into the ditch. How little can we do for ourselves amidst the blind mechanism, which is resistlessly going on, bringing up out of the infinite combination of possible events, some which we could not foresee and cannot control. Who can tell whether it is better for him to sleep or to wake, to scheme and plod, or to sail quietly down the current of life? Many in our day can say, "My schemings and ploddings have brought only failure, and if I had had less activity, energy, and imagination, I would have been a more prosperous man than I am now." Thus, though it may not be strictly true that a stern fatalism rules human destiny, yet so limited is our foresight, so imperfect our means of action, that the practical result is the same as if the world actually were under its control.

But is there nothing out of the sphere of this fatal influence? Admitting fortune to be ruled by it, and that it is vain for us to plan our destinies, can we not redeem something wherein to assert our freedom and vindicate human reason? The ancient philosophy of the Stoics here coincides with Christianity, in teaching that the mind may be rescued from the fatal circle, and remain true to a man though all other things be false, and chivalry has added honour, which may be kept unimpaired amidst the wreck of fortune and falsehood of friends.

August 12. Off Malta.

I am not going to describe Malta, for two reasons. First, because I never was there; and secondly, which is more to the purpose, because I have not Murray beside me. The skipper had never heard of the Knights of Saint John, but he had heard of quarantine, and as our stock of water was still sufficient, we kept out of sight of the famous island.

It is somewhat curious to consider the total reversal of ideas and circumstances now, and at the time Lavalette defended Malta against the Turks. Then Turkey was fully a match for the rest of Europe, and its

policy was conquest. Hence the public instinct of Europe was leagued against it, and if, during the Machiavellian combinations of the time, any Christian king was an ally to the Turk, it was considered almost as bad as being in league with the devil. It was acknowledged throughout Europe to be the duty of all Christians to fight against the Turks, and if they could at that time have been utterly destroyed, the event would have been celebrated in every church in Christendom.

At the present moment it is the weakness, not the power of Turkey, which excites our fear, and with the single exception of Russia, the wish is general that she may come out of the present struggle powerful and victorious; nay, we are inclined to think that a decisive victory on her part, which would put an end to the war, would be the subject of solemn thanksgiving in every church in England.

There are, indeed, some who regard the war merely as it affects trade, and who would welcome peace, whether it resulted from the triumph of the Russians or the Turks. With them, hemp and flax create more interest than the Holy Sepulchre did in the days of chivalry, and Cobden and Bright, with innumerable lords of spinning-mills, take the place of the Knights Templars and Hospitallers—not, like them, ready to fight to the death, but willing to welcome peace on any terms, provided only the spinning-mills of Manchester are kept going. Let us hope, however, that there is yet enough of the true knightly spirit in the country of Cœur de Lion, to ensure the war being brought to an issue becoming our ancient renown, though hemp and flax should rise to fifty per cent., and, worse still, although consols should sink to 75.

But we are at present only in the beginning of the war. We have met with no disaster, and the enemy has been forced to retreat; therefore, let us not waste our magnanimity, for we may need it. We may, before the contest closes, be reduced to as critical a state as we were in 1797; and until we can lay our hands to our hearts and say we will act as our fathers then did, let us still reverence the heroes of the old war, the imperial mind of Pitt, and the indomitable resolution of George III.

What was this crisis of 1797? Four years' war with France had cost us two hundred millions sterling, and the year opened with our enemy everywhere triumphant; Austria prostrated by Napoleon's victories in Italy; Holland, powerful in ships, incorporated with the French Republic, which had also formed an alliance offensive and defensive, with Spain still formidable in her ancient prestige and her army and navy. The Bank of England was compelled to stop payment, and consols declined to 45. Lastly, the fleet at the Nore, which seemed our only protection, mutinied, and drew up across the mouth of the Thames in order of battle, stopping all the traffic on the river.

Such was the crisis of 1797. Yet, in the midst of these dangers, government quailed not; the demands of the mutineers were rejected; overtures of peace with France were not even mentioned, and not one ship was removed from the blockade of her ports.

E V A L L A.

BY W. BEILEY BATEMAN.

XIII.

"THINGS!" AND ALFRED HELMET'S INTRODUCTION THERETO.

"THERE were the Riveresses of Gloucestershire, and the Riveresses down in what they call 'Zummersetshire,' and there were the Riveresses of Cheshire, but *they* were not considered the 'cheese' at all: Miss Lillian must be a double Gloucester—a beauty beyond compare!"

In this wise conversed Mr. D'Arcy Livermore, as they wandered home by the light of the moon.

Willie Wilders was in tortures; not at all relieved by his new friend grasping his arm affectionately, while he expressed his raptures in the strictest confidence. No two people were ever more at fault regarding each other's sensations. But the sudden infatuation of D'Arcy rendered him blind even to the most palpable evidence of agitation on the part of Willie Wilders, who cursed himself a thousand times over in his own mind for having been the means of causing the introduction, and who could yet find no reasonable blame, or accusation either, against D'Arcy or Lillie Rivers. Why should not the lady look pretty? Why should not the cavalier look gay and *débonnaire*? There was no answering *that*! Mr. D'Arcy Livermore had as much right to fall in love as any one else; and the worst of it was, he seemed as likely as possible to succeed.

Willie Wilders was an extremely bashful man. He would have been years pondering over his fancies in his own dreamy way. In fact, he never would have known he was in love at all, if the idea had not been suddenly presented to him that, in a magic-lantern kind of slide, a certain accustomed and well-loved figure was dissolving away, and might soon disappear, to leave an aching void behind. What! the deep blue eyes to shed their lustre elsewhere—those eyes that were the light of Eversley!—those eyes in which his own had seen mirrored such pictures of perfect happiness; wherein he had gazed at the conservatory that day when she took the moss rose from his hand, even as if it were a *gage d'amour*; wherein he had seen a well of love and latent tenderness—or dreamt he did!

Vain dream!

It was all over now. Willie Wilders was as bashful in his despair as he had formerly been in his unconscious love; and while his hopes perished, they died and made no sign. A notion took possession of his mind that so much happiness was more than he had a right to expect, and he sank into the silence of his own thoughts, as a volcano after an eruption resolves itself into repose.

And yet—those tresses of gold; and yet—that silvery laugh! and the merry voice of crispest, clearest tones, and the blue eyes full of heaven's

bluest light! And had the sunset really come? And was the sun set for ever!

After depositing D'Arcy Livermore at the Blue Boar, Willie Wilders hurried home to The Willows, and found no consolation there. Alfred Helmet was standing with his pipe in his mouth, and his back to the hall fire, and his servant was filling a portmanteau, with an evident eye to a start.

The fishing-rods were unheeded; so were the guns; so were the figures, grim, gaunt, and erect in casques of steel.

The philosophy of the dreamer died away for a moment, and his heart sank within him. He felt the deep sorrow of loneliness—not the sadness of the hopeless and neglected, but the sense, that is even worse, of losing associations which are become so pleasant that they have, as it were, created a want—an earnest love in the heart. It is *so* sad to live without sympathy—to see the rainbow of Hope die away—to have *no* aspirings connected with the Future. The soul seeks so far, and looks so longingly for something congenial to itself, that it trails its weary wings in the dust, like a worn and wounded angel, when the sad truth is revealed that love is lost for ever! Willie Wilders stood beside his guest like a falcon with clipped wing. And he summoned his philosophy to his aid, but with indifferent success.

"What is it?" he said, gazing at the preparations; "why, you have not peppered a partridge for I know not how long. Where will your wandering spirit take you now?"

"To town in the morning," answered Alfred. "I have received a despatch from my agent to say that Muddleham is vacant, and he requires to see me at once, and as you and the rest will so soon be in Berkshire, and I have other business in London, I shall pass through there, and take up my quarters at the hotel near Spankie House until the election comes on. You must come and partake *my* hospitalities now, Willie, for I am very loth to leave you behind. I shall try and find you better accommodation than you rescued me from in the Blue Boar."

"The devil take you," murmured Willie Wilders; "I believe I was sent into the world expressly to follow in your train, as Sancho Panza dangled in the rear of the errant Don."

Helmet laughed.

Willie continued: "I tell thee what, Hal, as Falstaff says, thou hast given me drugs to make me love thee. I must see you safely on your way, so I shall even make a fool of myself too, and adventure into the great Babel. Shall I accompany you?"

Alfred pressed his hand with a warmth that showed how much he valued the offer, and not only the sentiments he now uttered, but all the kindness he was sensible of having received from his host. There was no need of set speeches to make either understand the other.

"Biggs!" cried Wilders, summoning his factotum in a voice of unwonted excitement.

"What is the matter, sir?" inquired that portly functionary, appearing with great haste, and putting on his coat as he came along.

"London is the matter," said his master; "fogs and fire-engines are the matter; cabs and kerbstones are the matter; everything from gas

to Greenwich is the matter. We are going to town, so put me up a toothbrush and a shirt, and have the dog-cart at the door at ten."

Biggs retired to hasten the preparations for departure, and soon produced a trunk filled not with the Spartan simplicity of wardrobe dictated by his master, but with everything carefully arranged that he was likely to want. Willie surveyed the result with evident satisfaction, and entered into no inquiry as to the extent in which his instructions had been exceeded. He was thinking pensively that the distraction of the great city might scare away thoughts upon which it was painful to dwell, so he now welcomed the uncongenial atmosphere to which he was hastening, as if it were a pilgrimage to one of those pastoral scenes in which his quiet spirit loved to linger.

Next morning they were up with the lark, and having paid some slight attention to coffee and eggs, and flirted with grouse-pie and cold pheasant, they took a final glass of rare old ale, whose strength could not be combated often with impunity, and entering the dog-cart, drove away through the crisp air to the railway station about five miles off, meeting nothing on the road, except when a hare ran from hedge to hedge. When this happened, Willie would regard Helmet for a minute wistfully, to see how he took the loss of his favourite sport; but the embryo statesman was absorbed, and Wilders thought the expression of his face was so very like what he fancied his own might be, that he could not help wondering whether *he*, too, was dreaming of any fair lady, and, if so, of whom it could possibly be?

Having secured their tickets and entered the carriage, they found themselves in company with an old gentleman, who was wrapped up in a cloak and a comforter, and a younger man, in a light great-coat with saucer-sized buttons. The latter took out a case as the train started, and, asking if cigars were agreeable, proceeded to light one without waiting for an answer, upon which Wilders and Helmet did the same, the old gentleman saying nothing, but, grunting out something which sounded like "commercial gent," he hid himself in his comforter, like a pike among weeds, and waited for an opening to enter on the attack which he seemed to meditate. At the first station where they stopped the saucer-button-coat gentleman got out and had a cup of coffee, from which he came back declaring that coffee now-a-days was so much worse than that of former times, that it was not only all chicory, but that the chicory was all sawdust and treacle—a condition of things which, although it might have truth for its foundation, certainly sounded something like a contradiction.

"Going to London, gents?" he said, addressing Wilders and Helmet.

They intimated that town was their destination, upon which he recommended them to an hotel in the City, where the young lady in the bar had a fine eye—finest eye in the world for whisky-toddy.

"Going on business?" asked the great-coat.

"Yes, Mr.——"

"Billy Chuckle," he said, filling up the pause; "Billy Chuckle, in the tea line, at the Little Teapot, Thames-street; and if you want anything in *my* way, I think you will find our governor a good man of business."

"Sorry for him," came out the old gentleman, suddenly.

"As how?" said Billy Chuckle.

"Not 'as *how*,' but as a good man of business. When *I* meet a good man of business, as it is called, I button my breeches-pocket." And the old gentleman made a great show of feeling for his purse, as if not sure that he was safe even in the company of the present representative of the interests of China. "A good man of business, sir, robbed me of nearly all I had; that good man of business, sir, is now living on the spoil; and my opinion is, sir, that a good man of business is thrust into so many dirty actions, that he is only *one* remove from a common thief—ugh! Button your breeches-pockets up, gentlemen—button your pockets up—unless you are good men of business yourselves."

Surveying Billy Chuckle with great disdain, the old gentleman unknown buried his face in his comforter, and assumed a dogged look that defied reply.

Observing that in his excitement he had let his rug fall, Willie Wilders, who (it must be added) had an indefinite idea that the old gentleman, though excited, was not very far from the truth, assisted him in replacing it upon his knees, which act of civility called forth an acknowledgment in this wise:

"*You* are not commercial, I see, sir—no, no signs of it—face open—forehead broad and high—nothing dirty enough for the desk about *you*."

"I have no occupation," said Willie, "but—" And, glancing at the rug, he added, "I'm afraid this is torn."

"No, it's not; it's not torn, but *worn*, and I can't afford another," said the testy old gentleman, who seemed determined not to be pleased on any terms. "I was robbed, sir, of all I had by the low cunning of my youngest brother—remarkable likeness to Cain, sir, *he* had (you have seen the picture in the story-books), and *I* was his Abel. However, stolen goods never thrive, thank God!"

During the delivery of these remarkable sentiments, Billy Chuckle had produced from his pocket a veal-pie, neatly folded up in light brown paper, and was now administering the same to the comfort of his inward man, with very little regard for the bilious lucubrations of his gloomy companion. His preparation of another cigar while he was eating (so that no time might be lost), did not assuage the old gentleman's indignation, nor was it in the least diminished when Billy Chuckle offered him his case, and actually suggested that he should smoke too!

"I'll just ask you a question," said Billy Chuckle, whose mouth was full of veal (or very nearly), and whose temper was imperturbable.

"What's that?" growled his antagonist through the woolly folds of the comforter.

"Did you ever go, per steamer, to Ramsgate or Margate?"

"Yes," groaned the old gentleman; "shopboys, swindlers, shrimps, and nursemaids; young ladies in chairs, with novels, on the sands, who do *not* see young gentlemen bathing; young gentlemen in wide-awakes and sand-shoes, who do *not* carry glasses to inspect young ladies bathing; mammas blind when Jones is 'eligible';' papas present from Saturday to Monday; library; raffing; always numbers one, three, and five to fill—bah!"

"Well, as you've been there, you know all about it; then just remember what's written on the paddle-box."

"What's that?" he growled through the comforter.

"Why," said Billy Chuckle, putting another piece of veal-pie into his mouth, but speaking with great unction notwithstanding, "'you are requested not to speak to the man at the *veal*.' Now, draw it mild, guv'nor, or don't draw it at all. I shall beat you 'oller at chaff: I'm only a commercial, and I don't know what your griefs may be, but if you can't be civil, don't trouble yourself to speak to the man at the *veal*!"

Billy Chuckle pulled out a flask at this period of the conversation and took a draught, looking over the rim all the time at the irascible old gentleman, who was so disgusted, apparently, at this ill-timed pleasantry (though his manner did not indicate that *any* jocoseness at any hour or place would be *well*-timed for *him*), that he gave vent to another grunt, and never opened his lips again until they arrived in town, and his carpet-bag was missing, upon which he seemed to revive with all sorts of pleasant sensations; and, merely giving notice that the Company would be prosecuted at an early hour next morning, he went away in a four-wheeled cab with all the delight of an idle man who has cultivated a grievance into full bloom.

Alfred Helmet and Willie Wilders had taken a cab too, and as they were jammed up for a minute near the old gentleman in the gateway, they heard his voice calling forth to them an expression of great commiseration in respect to the fear that they might fall into the hands of a "good man of business," and be in consequence utterly and everlastingly confounded. And so they parted.

It was the purpose of Alfred to see Mr. Spankie first regarding some matters connected with his agent, so Wilders agreed to wait for him at the coffee-house named by Billy Chuckle, while Alfred sought the millionaire at the Stock Exchange.

Wilders was soon deposited in quietude at the hotel, and Alfred, borne away to his destination, found himself in Bartholomew-lane, City, in the midst of that impalpable existence known under the name of "Things!"

The air was foggy, and the pavement damp. The Bank of England looked as moist as if all the sovereigns in its vaults were being "sweated," just as a revolution among our gallant allies puts a great many Sovereigns into a perspiration, and circulates them where they never meant to go. The Royal Exchange might have been taken for a model wash-house—to such an extent it dripped, and smoked, and steamed—if it had not been palpable from the condition of the royal statue (the royal face whereof was grimy as ever) that the Order of the Bath was not known there at all. But it was at the Stock Exchange where Helmet stopped to seek Mr. Spankie. He saw outside a strange multitude, whom no man could number, of the half-dressed and the ill-dressed, rushing about, and talking about, and thinking about one only source of human interest—Things!

"Things" were subject to the most extraordinary vicissitudes; they were an eighth to a quarter; they were at ninety-five; they were repudiated; they were nowhere; they were anywhere; they were up; they were down; they were evidently going on anyhow, if a judgment

could be formed from the hurried ejaculations of those who passed in and out.

On asking for Mr. Spankie, the porter said he would call him, and as he did not return at once, Alfred wandered carelessly into the interior. No sooner had he entered, than his hat was suddenly abstracted and tossed into the air. Before he could double his fist and make use of it—for his arm was a heavy one—the hat had formed a football for so many “beaver” hunters, that, like the primeval earth, it was without form and void, and Spankie dragged him out just in time to save his head from the same catastrophe.

“Only playful!” said Spankie.

“I wish *one* of them would do it here in the open street!” exclaimed Helmet, in furious indignation.

“Never mind,” said Mr. Spankie; “it can’t be helped. Jump into the brougham, and ride with me. They *will* do it, and you can’t fight five hundred *gentlemen* single-handed.”

“*Gentlemen!*”

“Come, quick; I have no time to lose,” said Spankie. “We will soon get you a new hat, and I have all my Boards to attend to.”

The hat was speedily reinstated, though it was not so with the temper of the owner, who could not help thinking that a practical joke so devoid of wit was unworthy anywhere; but the brougham hurried away, and Mr. Octavius Spankie pulled the string several times, and hastened up some stairs, and always came back a few minutes afterwards with a guinea or two in his hand.

In fact, Mr. Octavius Spankie was so bound up in Boards that an indifferent observer, not knowing what Boards meant, might have conceived that he was in the timber trade. But it was not so.

The exertion of calling as a director was very imperfectly represented by the remuneration of a guinea. Still Mr. Spankie endured the difficulty, for the benefit of society and the welfare of the world.

When all the “Boards” were done, “Now, home!” said Mr. Spankie, and they drove through the steaming streets to Belgrave-square, where the grand footman ushered them into solitary splendour, feeling in his own mind, just as Alfred Helmet did, the most profound contempt for “Things.”

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

II.

THE DOCTOR'S HOME.

THE good old doctor had had an excellent practice for a great many years, and ought to have realised a good income; but it was not so. He spent all his money on certain hobbies, and no one loved the excitement of speculation more than he. The purchase of china was one of his eccentricities; the scantily-furnished rooms were filled with choice vases, figures, and groups of all kinds. I admired these works of art extremely at first, but when I came to discover how he stinted his family in common comforts to purchase them, I began to look upon these exquisite forms with positive aversion; and once, when I had been expecting a remittance of what was due to me for one whole quarter, and heard that he had just bought a lovely vase, fit for a king's palace, I felt inclined to break the thing to atoms, but I restrained my rebel foot, and contented myself with frowning at it—a most innocent way of taking vengeance!

Like a far-off volcanic eruption, the news of Napoleon's great deeds in Egypt reached us in our quiet little town. We were all politicians in our way, and though our opinions and politics might justly have been termed those of sitters at home, we, one and all, imagined we could do much better than those in power. The murderous battle of the Pyramids, where Napoleon slaughtered so many devoted Mamelukes, was learnt with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders; not so the battle of Aboukir, fought between the English Admiral Nelson and Brueyes. All were interested in this, though opinions were divided. Some still clung to Napoleon as a standard of a new political element, and the apparent champion of republicanism, but they were few in number. He had, nevertheless, many admirers for his bravery and daring. These lamented the fate of his gallant fleet, whilst others ranged themselves on the side of England, and amongst these I must number myself, although I still retained a deep admiration for the French general in those early days of his success.

The old doctor was one of the few who took no interest in politics further than the effect they had on the pulse of his patients. He could not bear to hear them mentioned, and would not allow a newspaper in the house; his thoughts were wrapped up in his china and speculations; it seemed as though he could not grasp a larger sphere of interest. I had, therefore, little or no opportunity of hearing or talking about the events of the day in his family, and all my information was gathered elsewhere. Gossip would be an easy vice for a medical man to fall into; the wandering from house to house, neighbour to neighbour, and everywhere seeing and hearing the petty concerns of daily life, would easily lead to tittle-tattling, if the inclination prompted him so to do; then, again, on the other hand, the very fear of falling into this error is apt to encourage re-

serve, even towards the closest family connexions, and my experience tells me this is almost as bad. The doctor had nursed this spirit of reserve to such a degree that he never consulted or spoke to his wife on matters of business. This must undoubtedly have caused her many moments of pain and anxiety, but custom wore off the sharp edge of the sword which came between her and domestic felicity, and becoming used to consider her husband's affairs of no consequence to herself, she did not try to set aside the cold reserve which grew daily greater, making itself felt by every one but the parties most concerned, and in whose power it was to dispel it. The evil result of this state of things was but too obvious to me, who stood in constant communication with them, for little occurrences hourly showed me that the confidence which ought to exist between man and wife was entirely wanting, and that the love of bygone years had grown, if not into indifference, into something very like it.

On one occasion alone did she ever speak to me of her husband's affairs. It happened that he had been refusing to pay a tradesman who had come to ask for his money on the plea of having no ready cash, and about an hour afterwards a splendid group of figures arrived, which must have cost double the sum. The poor woman looked distressed, and taking me aside, she asked,

"Can you tell me, Herr Mitterkamp, if my husband's income is equal to so great an expenditure?"

"Madam," I replied, "I am perfectly ignorant on the subject."

"Heaven only knows what he is doing," she said, bitterly. "I cannot help fearing for the future, sometimes, when I see so much money thrown away."

"I hope you have no cause for your uneasiness, madam; some successful speculation may have put a large sum of money at his command."

She shook her head. "He ought to pay his bills, then. I am very sorry to see all this china."

"It is valuable property," I said, in hopes of cheering her.

"But is it paid for?" she asked.

"We must conclude so," was all I could reply, for I knew nothing of the matter.

I was very sorry for the poor woman; it must have cost her a pang to apply to me for intelligence on a subject she ought to have been perfectly acquainted with; nevertheless, I do not think she felt it as strongly as I gave her credit for. We are apt (when we judge impartially) to judge others from our own hearts, and perhaps we are right in doing so, for the groundwork of our nature is the same though the sensations which radiate from it are various, and affect each individual differently.

Summer, with its light clouds and brilliant flowers, went; autumn, with its fruits and winter warnings, came. Nothing happened to chequer the even monotony of daily life. I rose, I dressed, I ate, I drank, I slept, I went about my business, I taught poor Margaret English every day alike, and yet this changeless round of necessities and duties brought no *ennui*. It is not these which make us weary; it is unusual excitement, turnings from the even course, that tire and pull us down.

On the 12th of October, one event came to mark the progress of time. I accompanied Rosenthal to see the first representation of Wallenstein's "Camp and Prologue," which pleased me much.

Goethe spent the greater part of the summer at Jena with his friend and brother poet, Schiller. Murmurs from the debauched rakes of Berlin at the rigid morality and conscientious economy of the new king reached Weimar, and seemed to augur well for a better state of society.

III.

EVIL DAWNS.

POOR Margaret! why was I destined to cause you so much sorrow? What had I in me to excite your interest? Would that we had never met! But what has been cannot be recalled, and surely it was ordained by a hand that never errs; we must therefore sigh and be content to think it was for the best. But what will calm the upbraidings of conscience? Will time never still the voice which is ever crying out within my breast when I am alone, when my thoughts retrace the past, as they are doing now? Will that voice sound for ever in changeless cadence, "Margaret loved you—Margaret is dead, and why?" Ah! well may I ask—"why?"

But I am anticipating my story, and must return to what is the passing moment to you, who read, and me, who write.

The long winter evenings were the time for study, and I enjoyed reading the English poets aloud to Margaret, for she was a quiet listener, and heard my comments and exclamations of pleasure with patience. She was devoid of any original thought herself, at least I concluded so, as she did not proffer any remarks, or attempt to argue points with me, but contented herself with occasionally assenting to whatever I might happen to say. Her presence would, doubtless, have been tedious, had she been less silent; but, as it was, I could revel in the poet's thoughts and forget her presence, save now and then, when I suddenly felt that she had fixed her strange, lustrous eyes upon me.

Those were pleasant evenings when we could sit in the warm room, with the candle's cheerful light burning on the round table, and the window-blinds were closely drawn to shut out the dismal sight of fast-falling snow. My thoughts range back to them with pleasure, happy in the knowledge that she too enjoyed them as much as her morbid temperament would permit. Poor Margaret, few and short were the golden hours of your life!

I think I see her aunt seated near the china stove, with one grey stocking on her knee, and the fellow to it, but half complete, growing visibly beneath the rapid passes of her fingers. She did not understand a word I read, but often looked over her spectacles, first at me, then at her niece; and there was an expression of wonder and admiration on her face, as if she thought it the cleverest thing in the world to be able to read such "an incomprehensible jargon as English." She was a good, kind-hearted woman, and, from what I afterwards learned, many a maternal plan for the fancied happiness of her almost daughter was formed as she sat there, silently brooding over her work.

I read "Hamlet" aloud, and at the particular request of Margaret began the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare's masterpiece of tenderness. This was the only play that seemed to strike her as peculiarly beautiful. She would ask me to read parts over again, and especially delighted in the scene between Romeo and Juliet in the second

act. The book belonged to me, but she begged so hard to be allowed to take it to her room, that she might learn parts by heart and con over passages I had explained, that I consented to her doing as she wished. One day I asked her why it was this play pleased her more than "Hamlet."

"I cannot tell you, exactly," she said, "but I feel its meaning better; and what we understand, we like."

I raised my eyes to her face. "Could it be that the placid Margaret had something akin to the beautiful Juliet's impassioned nature in her breast?" It was almost as if she had heard my thoughts, for she said,

"I can appreciate Juliet's feelings, and you even, Herr Mitterkamp, must admit that the language Shakspeare has put into her mouth is exquisite."

"I grant that, willingly, and I share your admiration; but I was curious to know why you showed so much preference."

"I cannot tell you, exactly, why it is," she said, colouring, "but I like to read melancholy stories—I like to brood over them; for what is sweeter than melancholy?"

"Joy," I said, smiling; but she turned quickly from me, as if she feared ridicule.

"Joy may be sweet for those who can feel it," she said, in a stifled tone; and on looking up to see what caused this change in her voice, I found she was weeping.

"I hope nothing I have said has pained you. Nothing was further from my intention than to be intrusive," I said, soothingly, not knowing exactly what I had done, or how to assign a cause for this sudden emotion on her part. She took no notice of me, however, and rising, left the room.

"What could this mean?" I mused; and as all young ladies' sorrows are attributed to the tender passion, my thoughts naturally conjured up a romantic story to account for her eccentricity of manner. An unfortunate attachment would be sufficient reason for her silence and her absence of mind, but who could she have placed her affections on? "A man never sets foot in this parlour except—myself——" I did not conclude this train of thought, but for a moment an undefined fear weighed down my spirit, which the entrance of my hostess dispelled.

"Where is Gretchen?" she asked.

"She left the room a minute since," I replied, "but I cannot tell you where she has gone."

"Have you finished reading?" again inquired the old lady.

"Yes, some time ago."

"Gretchen makes great progress in English. She is a good girl. She would make an excellent wife."

"I do not doubt it," I rejoined, and we were silent; but that night, when I was alone in my room, the undefined thought returned, but I banished it successfully for a time. In the middle of the night I awoke; I cannot say what it was that roused me, but the moon shone into the room, and imprinted the pattern of the grating outside the window on the polished floor. I fancied I heard a sigh, and a voice seemed to whisper,

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Then I dreamt, and my dream was so sweet I would fain have believed it a reality. Ida was my wife. We had been married a long while, and were travelling together on the Rhine; the deep water was whirling us in a little boat down the river; she was singing a barcarole, and some one said how beautiful she looked. I was not angry at this, only proud to think she was mine. Then we stood in a lovely garden full of flowers. I stooped to pick a full-blown rose for Ida, but, instead of touching the flower, my hand rested on the laughing face of a child, and when I started, Ida said it was ours, and looked so happy when I stroked the little creature's cheek! It was a pleasant dream, but I awoke with a sigh. It cost me a pang to find that the old love was there, still a quenchless stream, which had but hidden itself underground because a huge obstacle stood in its course, and forced it to bury its sparkling waters in the earth. The "stream" reproached itself when it discovered how insurmountable an obstacle it had met with, and, as it began its task of burrowing downwards, it wished that it had taken another course where all might have been easy and straightforward. And when I thought of this I sighed, for my dream might have been a reality if—— But what is the use of explaining "ifs?" What is cannot now be altered, and our constant study should be to find the bright side of life, for the dark turns naturally to us, and needs no search.

In April, Schlosser and his wife came to visit Weimar. They had not shaken off the playful intercourse of bride and bridegroom: it was very pleasant to see them together. My spare moments were now spent with my brother-in-law. His earnest conversation and great desire to be friends with me were very agreeable, not to say gratifying in every respect. We were all invited to spend the evening of the 22nd with the Rosenthals. It was a pleasant gathering of friends, and Ida seemed to enjoy the reunion in her quiet way. I watched her as she talked to my mother in the window about her boy, asking maternal advice as to the proper treatment of young children, and showing by the intense expression of love which beamed in her eye as she mentioned his name that her whole happiness was wrapped up in the child. I was far from content with Franz's demeanour towards Ida; there was something sharp in the tone of his voice when he had occasion to address her, and a certain indescribable air of superiority about him when he turned to her which made itself felt, though, even if I had been asked at the time, I could not have said what it was. Surely so soft and confiding a woman needed but love and deference to complete her happiness; and was not her watching, anxious care of him worthy at least of such a return? To think thus of Ida and her husband showed that a change had taken place in me. I was inclined to chafe over their happiness so long as I saw nothing but contentment in their union; but no sooner did I perceive a flaw in the network of domestic intercourse, than I felt only indignation at Rosenthal, and deep sorrow for Ida.

Perhaps both these sensations had their origin in the same source—— jealousy.

Most of the party assembled had been to see the tragedy of "Wallenstein's Death" acted. Weimar was in a perfect storm of admiration, and well it might be, for that was a proud day for Germans when Schiller's great work came out. The conversation very naturally turned upon this then universal topic.

Rosenthal had become an enthusiastic admirer of Goethe, since the days of our student life at Jena, and declared his belief that Goethe had written, if not the greater, at least the best part of "Wallenstein." The intimacy between the poets made this possible, though not probable. Schlosser and I took up the cudgels in favour of Schiller, and a warm dispute followed, which did neither party any good, for we each left off with firmer confidence in our own opinions than before. I urged that the style of the book was unlike Goethe's and identical with that of his brother-poet; besides, it was not likely a man of such standing as Schiller would stoop to accept impressions and guidance from his friend without public acknowledgment of the debt.

Schlosser had had an interview with Goethe on one occasion, in which he had found his manner cold and repellent. We are always apt to be guided by our personal impressions of persons and things, and I doubt not he was unjust to the great poet, for he generally spoke of him as being proud and distant, but we have many instances to prove he was the contrary by nature. Like most great men who are much sought after, he must have been frequently irritated by perpetual applications for interviews, and it is therefore not surprising that some of his visitors found him reserved and disinclined to open out the treasures of his comprehensive mind before every one who wished to be gratified by his doing so.

Ida expressed her extreme admiration for Thekla, the heroine of *A Wallenstein's Tod*. She is, perhaps, the most lovely female character Schiller ever conceived, and her lover, Max Piccolomini, is a fine mixture of manliness and tender affection.

Poets and novelists are apt in their efforts to express all the tenderness of love to make their heroes effeminate. Schiller is never guilty of this fault, and thereby raises the soft passion which he is so successful in portraying. "Wallenstein" was but the beginning of a series of splendid tragedies, which followed each other very rapidly; but I must not speak of them, or I should anticipate events. It was this year that Schiller became a resident in Weimar. His doctors advised a removal from the mountain air of Jena, and perhaps, too, he was induced to make the change that he might be nearer the theatre, productions for which seemed henceforth chiefly to engross his thoughts. I often met him in the retired parts of the park, especially in the secluded path leading to the *Römische Haus*. He generally held a note-book in his hand, and his eyes were frequently riveted on the ground, so that he often passed his friends without noticing them.

I chanced once to be invited to a supper given by him at the *Stadt-haus* to the principal actors. It was after the first representation of one of his plays. Genast recited the Capuchin's sermon in *Wallenstein's Lager* with an immense amount of humour. But I must return to the little circle of the doctor's house; melancholy events are to be enacted there, and I am one of the performers in the sad tragedy, though much against my will.

In May, Heinrich and Veronica proposed going home, and begged me so hard to accompany them, that I at length agreed to ask permission to do so. It was some time before I could make the old doctor understand what I wished to do; a holiday was not a word in his vocabulary, and he

fancied, by going to Halle, I must be on the look-out for a change of business, whereupon, without waiting for an explanation on my part, he began expostulating in the warmest terms, and even went so far as to tell me what I never knew before, that he intended to retire from business in a few years, as his health was breaking up, and that everything would then be in my hands.

"But, my dear sir," I said, as soon as I could get a word in, "I have no intention of leaving you; I am perfectly content, and am quite aware of the large debt of gratitude I owe you."

"Then what do you want?—hum, hum, hum!"

"Merely to accompany my sister to Halle for a few weeks, say three; and, if it be quite convenient, I should like to start in ten days' time."

To ask for a holiday was almost a worse crime than leaving him altogether, and I had great difficulty in gaining my point; but I did so in the end, and arrangements for my journey were made.

The evening before my intended departure came, I was reading the few last scenes of "Wallenstein" aloud to Margaret in the little parlour: we were quite alone. Chancing to look up from my book, I saw some tears trickling down her cheeks, and imagining them to have been called forth by the description of Therkla's sorrow, I paused, and asked her if she admired Wallenstein's daughter.

"Yes, very much; I can understand what she means," she said, softly; then, raising her eyes, she added, "it must be very beautiful to die for love."

"Beautiful in poetry," I rejoined, half inclined to smile, "but we are fortunately made of tougher material. We may suffer deeply for a while, but time deadens the most poignant sorrow, and it is more beautiful to outlive one's misfortunes."

"You have never known what sorrow is if you speak thus coldly," said Margaret.

"Never known it?" I repeated, dreamily, and with a kind of dependency in my tone.

"No, you cannot know what it is to feel your fondest hopes blighted, destroyed; to feel how much your heart can love and yet be treated with coldness and disdain."

She stood up, her eye flashed, her bosom heaved, and her usually placid countenance was distorted by many a conflicting passion. I was amazed, and could not speak for some seconds; then rising likewise, I said,

"Perhaps I have not felt all you say, but there are many different kinds of sorrow, and one as bitter and hard to bear as another."

"I know of one—I know of one!" she exclaimed, with a cry of such utter wretchedness that it touched me to the heart.

"You distress me; I fancied you were happy, and it is very painful to me to learn the contrary. Are you ill? We are old friends, and you might confide in me; I might be able to relieve you. Has anything happened?"

"You mock at me," she cried, wringing her hands; "I never deserved this of you." Then suddenly checking herself, as if alarmed at what she had said, she stood for a moment, one hand raised to her temples, and her eyes dilating with an expression that approached madness; then dart-

ing forward, she exclaimed, "What have I done?—oh, what have I done?"

"Nothing—nothing you need be ashamed of," I said, soothingly, for I feared she was ill; but she turned sharply round and confronted me.

"If you have any pity in you, promise on your word of honour never to disclose what has passed between us to-night."

"You have said nothing—confided nothing to me. What can I disclose?" I asked, returning her riveted gaze.

"It is well you think so," she said, laying her hand upon the lock of the door. "I shall not see you before you start to-morrow. I wish you a good journey, pleasanter companions than I have been, and every happiness in life. I cannot wish you more."

"Will you not give me your hand before you go?" I asked; but she hesitated to comply.

"I care not to take your hand," she said, turning the lock of the door; then checking herself, she walked up to me, and her manner was now quite composed. She expressed her deep sorrow that this last evening had ended so disagreeably, and there was a slight tremor in her voice as she thanked me for having taught her English; then I heard a kind of hysterical sob, and before I had time to speak she was gone.

I stood bewildered on the spot where she had left me. What could this outburst mean? It was so unlike her usual languid demeanour that for a moment I feared something had disturbed her brain. I tried to recall everything that had happened, her behaviour for the last week, and all the various little occurrences that had taken place during that time, but there was nothing to account in any way for this sudden change. Unwilling to let the matter rest where it was, I straightway informed her aunt that Margaret had gone to her room unwell. The good old lady was much concerned at so unusual an announcement, and went immediately to see her, but found the door fastened, and was refused admittance. I heard Margaret say she had a slight headache, but that was all, and she should soon be quite well, for she only required rest, and intended to go to bed directly. This explanation satisfied her aunt, but I still felt very uneasy, and entreated her to go again to her niece later in the evening. I could do no more. I was bound not to disclose the scene that had passed; and perhaps it was nothing after all, and I might only alarm the old lady needlessly.

What I had been reading might have touched some old sore in Margaret's heart that was not yet healed, and would therefore very naturally cause her some few moments of grief, which would quickly pass away. This last supposition comforted me; it was a very plausible reason for what had occurred, but in spite of it, Margaret's strange look and manner haunted me, it was so unlike the quiet, retiring person I had known so long.

As I had many things to put in order for my journey, it was late before I retired to rest; and when at length I tried to sleep, I could not, so lighted a candle and read till my eyelids grew heavy and closed of themselves, as if they would put the brain to the blush, and teach it what it ought to do. My slumber was troubled, and it did not refresh me as it should; so when morning came, I rose with a heavy, oppressed feeling in my head, which fresh air and exercise alone could remove. How I took this prescription the next chapter will show.

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

ANOTHER month has passed away since we expressed our earnest hopes that the Emperor of France would remove the apprehensions which his public policy had produced in diplomatic and mercantile circles; but we regret to find that the question of peace or war is still as far from solution as ever. The political barometer has certainly announced several remarkable changes, but it has not yet veered round to the point of "set fair," where we should all be so glad to see it. With the opening of the British parliament, the part England was determined to play in any continental complication appeared accurately defined; and the words used by her Majesty were most satisfactory: "I receive from all foreign powers assurances of their friendly feelings. To cultivate and confirm those feelings, to maintain inviolate the faith of public treaties, and to contribute, as far as my influence may extend, to the preservation of the general peace, are the objects of my unceasing solicitude." The favourable effect of this speech was, however, in some measure, weakened by the language the Earl of Derby found himself forced to employ in the Upper House, when the expected debate took place as to the probabilities of war. After the long and intimate relations that had subsisted between the governments of England and France, we did not expect to find our prime minister compelled to have recourse to such expressions as "trusting and hoping" that a pacific settlement of the Italian question would be arrived at, for such words evidence a doubt as to the intentions of the emperor, which ought not to exist between the two countries. Still, it was gratifying to learn from Lord Derby's own lips that, if there should be war, the government of England was not bound by any engagements to any party. Altogether, however, the tenor of the debate, endorsed as it was by the emperor's speech overflowing with humane philanthropy, had produced a good effect, and, in all probability, public confidence would have been restored, had it not been for the almost simultaneous publication in Paris of a very remarkable pamphlet, under the title of "Napoléon III. et l'Italie," every page of which positively bristles with menaces. So universal, too, is the impression that this momentous document emanates from the literary *officina* of the Tuileries (many of the passages bearing a remarkable affinity to the newly published Correspondence of Napoleon I.), that we are justified in regarding it as the imperial manifesto. Under these circumstances we feel ourselves bound to analyze this pamphlet passage after passage, and, to the best of our ability, refute the arguments on which it is based.

After discussing the sentimental aspect of the Italian question, and calling attention to the reverence we should all feel for Rome as representing the nursing-mother of modern civilisation, the writer proceeds to assume two postulates, on which the whole superstructure of his argument is raised:

There are two entirely distinct elements in the Italian question: First, the revolutionary element, corresponding with those subversive theories and violent passions, which are equally incompatible with European order, the laws of civilisation, religious interest, and the political independence of the papacy;

and, secondly, the national element, which has its origin in the history and traditions of Italy, and responds to that which is most imperious and legitimate in the aspirations of the people of the peninsula, and the very conditions of the duration and consolidation of the governments.

Unfortunately for the writer, this is no grand new political theory which might claim weight by its novelty: it has continually been urged by the amiable theorists, such as the D'Azeglios and Balbos, who seek some *via media* by which to escape any closer connexion with the republican party. Prince Metternich appears to have decided this question very plainly in 1847, when he wrote to the Austrian ambassador in England: "The political sects that for some years have menaced the peninsular states desire one political chief, or, at least, a federation of states placed under the control of a central supreme power. An Italian monarchy does not enter into these plans. There is on neither side of the Alps any king possible for such a monarchy. Their desires turn toward the erection of a federal republic, on the model of North America and Switzerland." The whole campaign of 1848 proved the utter fallacy of attempting such a division of interests in Italy. Charles Albert, the avowed champion of constitutional Italy, was deserted by his Neapolitan allies, who marched for a while under the same banner, while the republican party, foiled in their expectation of founding a democratic federation after their own heart, became the bitterest foes the unfortunate Don Quixote of constitutionalism possessed. We firmly believe that, at the present moment, no truly liberal party exists out of Sardinia, and that the Emperor of France, in marching to the defence of Italian constitutionalism, would find the greater part of the population averse from his interference, which they could only regard as a change of despotism. But we shall revert to this subject presently.

The writer next passes in review the motives which would influence England in the Italian question, and, with some cleverness, tries to implicate us by appealing to the language held by Lord Palmerston in 1848. Leaving out of the question the fact that we are not disposed to accept his lordship's dictum as the expressed wish of the nation (for he was ever too prone to put forward his individual will as endorsed by national opinion), it must not be forgotten that English views as to Italian liberation have undergone an extreme modification since 1848. Historians, poets, and other romancers had so long impressed upon us the idea that *l'Italia farà di se*, and only required non-intervention as the condition of success, that we had ended by believing the myth. The consequence was, we accepted Lord Minto's ill-judged mission, and Lord Palmerston's remarks precipitated events. Italy was allowed to act for herself, and we soon learned the lamentable consequences in a system of terrorism and assassination which revolted her sincerest friends. Since the period when Austrian supremacy was restored, the peace of Lombardy has only been disturbed by the intrigues of Mazzini and his colleagues, and we are all well disposed to endorse the opinion expressed by Lord Derby in his late speech, that, "as to the people of Lombardy, they had little to complain of in the administration of Austria, but, whatever the government of Austria might be, we had nothing to do with it." This sentence must go far to prove to M. de la Guéronnière that he is wrong in his statement that "although the direction of the English policy has

changed hands, the English feeling has not changed." On the contrary, an extraordinary unanimity has existed among us as to the Italian question: feeling convinced that armed intervention can alone prevent intestine commotions in Italy, we prefer an adherence to the old system, sooner than see France carry into effect her traditional policy of obtaining a permanent footing on Italian soil.

The author of the pamphlet next proceeds to discuss the interest which Germany should feel in the constitutional settlement of the Italian question. And here, again, his arguments are based on a fallacy, for he appeals to the opinions of 1848, as offering a gage for the present. It is quite true that, in those days of doctrinaire excitement, many ponderous speeches were uttered about nationalities, which, if carried out to their logical sequences, would prove the necessity of Italian liberation; but who would expect logic from a German politician? A few turbulent demagogues aired their opinions as to the abstract right of Europe to liberty, and the consequence was, that the monarchical portion of the Diet (as the author allows) "was peculiarly circumspect in its sympathy for Italian nationality;" and, now that the party favouring that nationality has been dispersed to the winds, and sound principles of government have been restored, the apologist of Napoleon III. has no stronger argument to bring forward in support of German acquiescence in his views than the idle vapourings of a set of theorists, who have long left their country for their country's good. Had M. de la Guéronnière studied German history prior to making such rash assertions, he would have found that Lombardy has ever been considered an integral portion of the empire, and the remembrance of Frederick Barbarossa lives among the nation as a splendid instance of German prowess during the brightest days of her history. Even those writers who cannot refrain from admiring the magnificent defence of Milan, never dream of asserting any opinion that the insurrectionists were right in taking up arms against the Redbeard. As to the present aspect of affairs in Germany, the Napoleonic policy does not boast a single partisan among the monarchs. Even the Prussians, who are never loth from a local squabble with Austria, now manfully take her part. From the other states we learn that "if there should be a war between Austria and Sardinia, neither Prussia nor the other German States will interfere, but they will not fail to insist on the non-intervention of the other powers." There is no disguising the fact that the new alliance between France and Sardinia is regarded with suspicion by Germany, as it tends to undo all the good effect of Napoleon's promises of peace.

And now we come to that portion of the pamphlet which contains the animus, namely, the position which France should take up as regards Austria. We find the third Napoleon deliberately endorsing the views of his uncle, namely, that states ought to be subjugated by France, in order to prepare them for the blessings of liberty. "The Emperor did not make Italy and Germany French, but only wished to prepare them to become some day Italian and German." It is certainly a curious method of inoculating liberty by overrunning nations and treating them in every respect as a conquered country; and it is unfortunate that Napoleon I. had no opportunity of carrying out his theory in a single instance. Italy and Germany suffered most intensely from

French occupation, but never received a particle of liberty in return, and although a military despotism may tend to increase aspirations for liberty, we have yet to learn that this is the best school for nations to go through. But all writers do not agree in this appreciation of the first Emperor's views. Here is a specimen, quoted from a pamphlet called "*L'Empereur Napoléon I. et l'Italie*," which gives a very different (because Russian) aspect of affairs :

On examining this pretended programme of Napoleon more closely, we perceive that it bears the character of an *ex post facto* plan, for it supposes a maturity of views and a slowness of execution not at all harmonising with an imperious and impatient temper, which calculated little on the future, and which, without troubling itself as to difficulties, opposed an inflexible and often capricious will to the demands of prudence and time. For whom had Bonaparte reserved the execution of his plans about Italy? Was it the presumptive heir of the throne whose character or situation he could not foresee? Was it the viceroy, whose interests were separated from those of his son? Where in Italy was the mainstay of his pretended system? How could this double transformation, first into an Italian confederation, and then into an intrinsic member of the great French confederation, be carried into effect when the Empire was deprived of the puissant hand that controlled its destinies? All these questions are insoluble. Any one who has carefully studied the political part of Napoleon's reign can hardly believe that such was ever his plan, and, even if it sprang up in his brain, the difficulties of carrying it out would have forced him to abandon it. His conduct towards the Sovereign Pontiff alone sufficed to prove how much he wanted a fixed principle; and we might almost believe that, at times, his vigorous mind lost all consciousness of the situation of Italy, and was blinded at will towards both her past and future.

This system of an Italian confederation is now put forward by Napoleon III. as the sole panacea for the ills of Italy, and it seems as if he is determined to carry it out, no matter at what cost. The following passage shows how he feels on the subject: "If France, who desires peace, were forced to make war, Europe would doubtlessly be disturbed by it, but her independence would not be at stake. War, which is fortunately not probable, would have no other object, on the day that it became necessary, than to prevent revolutions by granting legitimate satisfaction to the wants of the peoples, and by the protection and guarantee of the recognised principles and authentic claims of their nationality." And in the prevision of this protection the emperor, who so ardently desires peace, is collecting an army of 600,000 men, ready to move so soon as the demand for that protection is made. Is this, then, anything but precipitating a war, or who would be morally responsible for the horrors it would entail?

Turn we now to the Italian question proper, which, according to the emperor's spokesman, requires "legitimate satisfaction to be granted to the wants of the peoples." At Rome, we are told that "the Pope is under the respectful and devoted guardianship of the arms of France. This military occupation is at once an abnormal and a necessary fact. If it ceased to-day, France would see her place taken by Austria or the revolution." This is a tacit avowal that those principles of constitutionalism of which the emperor is now the champion have not taken root in Rome during the years of French occupation. The reason of this is supplied by M. de Girardin ("*La Guerre*," p. 24):

As for the Papal States, the reforms spontaneously undertaken in 1847 by Pio Nono are at hand to prove that the Papacy, placed between Austria and France, is quite free to choose the direction it pleases. It is not Austria who has tied the Pope's hands since 1849, it is fear and the spirit of reaction. Has not the same spirit breathed in France and Germany during that period? Can it be said that Austria reigns politically in Paris and Berlin? Can we say it was at her instigation that, in 1849, trampling under foot Section V. of the preamble of the French constitution, we hastened to bombard Rome; to disperse at the sabre point the Roman National Assembly; to reinstate the pontifical power; to re-establish the Holy Inquisition, the Vicariat, and the *Sacra Consulta*?

After detailing the steps by which the Roman government was brought back to the old system, M. de Girardin asks very fairly what business France had to interfere. It would have been better to leave the Pope at Gaëta till he thought proper to return, and benefit by the wise reforms introduced during his absence. He comes to the conclusion that the French occupation of Rome led to the present embarrassment in which France finds herself, and that, to quote M. de la Guéronnière's own words, "France became responsible for what it went to protect, and that the occupation of Rome being prolonged under such conditions must compromise the name and influence of France." The only solution the emperor's pen finds for the serious difficulties under which the Pope suffers is to reconcile the ecclesiastical and civil governments; to convert the Pope into a species of grand lama; and, lastly, to raise a native army which will take the place of the French. These measures are so impracticable that we will not insult our readers' good sense by refuting them. In one breath the author tells us French troops are necessary to prevent revolution, and in the next he suggests the elements of such a revolution in the shape of a national army. Such a consummation would speedily entail the necessity of French interference "to satisfy the legitimate wants of the peoples."

Next, we come to the position Piedmont has managed to obtain in the Italian crisis. According to the writer of the pamphlet, "Piedmontese policy is entirely guided by the Italian question. It is the passion of King Victor Emmanuel, as it is the flag of the cabinet presided over by Count Cavour;" and he allows that, in this respect, Sardinia could go no further without encountering war. "Nevertheless, Piedmont cannot remain without great peril at the point which she has reached; she cannot have taken vainly the head of the Italian movement, in order to draw back afterwards." The author of that most sensible pamphlet, "*Aurons-nous la Guerre?*" is, however, of a very different opinion, which we think our readers will endorse:

It is most important for France to act in concert with the foreign powers, in order to restrain the aggressive tendencies of Piedmont, and recal her to a healthy appreciation of her duties towards Europe. Instituted to maintain an equilibrium between the continental powers, and prevent any collision between Austria and France on the banks of the Ticino, she must not be allowed to alter her part to such a degree as to foment discord between these two powers, and become a centre of disunion and war, instead of strictly maintaining her neutrality. In his opening speech of January 10th, Victor Emmanuel said that, in spite of treaties, the Piedmontese would respond to the cries of their Lombardese brethren. But it is asserted that these very Piedmontese are striving to inflame Italy, and the first of their duties is not to provoke insurrection or be revolu-

tionary firebrands. Under the gloomy reign of the Provisional Government we heard of glaziers who, at nightfall, went about breaking windows, and came along the streets the next morning crying "Any glass to mend?" These were, doubtlessly, Piedmontese. Like Switzerland and Belgium, Piedmont is a neutral state; and there are no aggressive sentiments, no ambitious views, superior to the obligations inherent in her neutrality and her very existence. Nor are we now at a period when the good pleasure of a sovereign, or the private interests of a nation, can suffice to disquiet Europe. The Emperor Nicholas, so ill-willed towards France, gained a rude lesson when he tried to overthrow the existing order of things; and he died of chagrin. Will Piedmont have the sorrowful privilege of commencing a struggle which would lead France down the current, armies, fleets, treasury, future prosperity and all? But, it has been said, if King Victor Emmanuel wishes to march on the Po, let him do so, and let us preserve an armed neutrality, and place a corps of observation on the frontier. What excellent reasoning! the king would return from his expedition weakened, and chased by the Austrians; he would evacuate Italy at full speed, unless means had been invented to make the Lombard Volunteers hold their ground, or one Sardinian soldier equal to five Austrians. The issue, then, would not be dubious; after a few fluctuations and some convulsive throes Victor Emmanuel would have his battle of Novara, and Austria dictate laws at Turin. What then would become of the army of observation concentrated on the Rhône, the Isère, and the Var? If diplomacy did not prevent the victorious Austrians entering Turin, our troops would penetrate into Piedmont, and the era of great wars and of great coalitions would be reopened. An armed neutrality is, consequently, an absurdity, or a trap to precipitate France into an expedition, the hazard of which would be identical with that of Raton, by which Messire Bertrand alone benefited.

To the argument put forth by the imperial writer, that "Piedmont has gained a place in the affairs of Europe, and a distinguished part in the destinies of Italy," by her conduct in the Crimean war, we can only reply that we consider Sardinia has been amply repaid, without claiming the support of France in an aggressive war. In return for her assistance, she has been allowed a seat in the councils of Europe, and assured herself against the risk of any aggression on the part of Austria. By the marriage with France she has attained an amount of material support, which will enable her to reduce her army to its proper limits, and prevent the necessity of raising another burdensome loan. We have already many indications that the war policy of Count Cavour is not endorsed by the whole of the Chambers; and the deputies from Savoy made a noble though unsuccessful stand against that aggressive policy, which they justly regarded as detrimental to the best interests of their fatherland. There is, too, another very awkward complication in Sardinia, which would render any Italian confederation most difficult. It is notorious that for several years Count Cavour's government have successfully resisted the encroachment of the priests. M. de la Guéronnière allows that this misunderstanding should not continue, as it is an encouragement to revolutionary passions and an embarrassment to the government; but can it for a moment be supposed that Victor Emmanuel would consent to accept the Pope as spiritual head of the Italian confederation, with the certainty that the embroglio in his own states could only be intensified by such a concession to ecclesiastical authority on his part? He knows well enough the encroachments of priestly domination, and is not the man to yield ground when he feels that his own prerogative is in any way imperiled.

Another grave cause of offence which the Emperor of France feels against Austria, in addition to her occupation of Lombardy, is that she has striven to consolidate her authority by forming alliances with nearly all the Italian regnant houses. These *gravamina* are as follow: first, the secret article of the treaty signed in July, 1815, stipulating that "his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies shall not allow any changes irreconcilable with monarchical principles, or those adopted by his imperial and royal majesty for the internal government of his Italian provinces;" secondly, an offensive and defensive alliance formed between the Emperor of Austria and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany; and, thirdly, the alliance signed on the 24th December, 1847, with the Duke of Modena, and granting to the Emperor of Austria the right of sending the imperial troops into the Modenese territory and holding the fortresses whenever the interests of common defence and military precautions may require it. Apart from the consideration that Austria was perfectly justified in making such treaties, it must be remembered that they cannot possess all the power M. de la Guéronnière attributes to them, for he is obliged to confess that in 1847 the King of Naples overthrew them entirely, while, in 1848, the Duke of Modena quitted his duchy after appointing a regency "to grant those reforms considered necessary, and give the duchy a representative constitution on the basis of that introduced in Piedmont." But the cure for these evils will be found, we are told, in a national government and an Italian army, and the author sums up the bede-roll of Austrian iniquities in the following terms:

At Rome, antagonism between the ecclesiastical government and the interests of civil society—isolation of the sovereign in the very midst of the respect which surrounds the Pontiff—the French occupation indefinite; at Turin, excitement of the national feeling that may lead to war, and rupture with Rome that may end in schism; at Milan, universal protest on the part of nationality beaten down but still living against the sovereignty of Austria; at Naples, at Parma, at Florence, at Modena, at every place where Austria governs by her treaties, by her counsels, which are orders, and by her garrisons, revolt of the Italian feeling, capable of degenerating into revolution,—in a word, an Italy where the greatest recollections of history are effaced or blasted by the gravest misfortunes, where the most essential interests of society—religion, order, independence of people, authority of princes—are endangered or lost, and where are raised as a reproach, and as a permanent danger for Europe and its civilisation, sufferings to which humanity and policy cannot remain indifferent. Such is the picture presented to our view beyond the Alps. In producing it here, in its melancholy truth, we accuse no one; we wish only that opinion should decide, with a complete knowledge of affairs, not if such a situation is just, but if it is possible.

M. de la Guéronnière has quite surpassed himself in this eloquent passage: the only misfortune is that we cannot discover what country he is talking of. If he mean Italy of to-day, we can only say that his picture is an ideal one, for certainly no portion of Italy, save, perhaps, Rome and Naples, corresponds at all to such a description. The first is under French rule; the second is governed by a Bourbon; and we need go no further to discover the causes of their humiliation. But it is really too much for a gentleman whose master has only so lately done homage to public opinion in the Montalembert case to put forward views which are, at the least, libellous as far as Austria is concerned. But this question of nationalities is one of the most dangerous France could take up, for

there is no knowing where it might stop; and if Napoleon III. were to commence with Austria on behalf of oppressed Italian nationality, he would kindle a flame throughout Europe which would compel all the regents to combine once again, and crush his dangerous authority. However he moves in this Italian business he will only thrust his hand deeper into a hornet's nest, and when at length defeated, he would have the melancholy satisfaction of learning that he had risked his throne and life for the most ungrateful nation under heaven.

Having, however, thus proved to his own satisfaction the necessity of intervention in Italian affairs, M. de la Guéronnière proceeds to tell us what steps had already been taken by the allies at Naples and Vienna. In 1857, France and Austria tried to come to some settlement on the Roman question, but their views were diametrically opposed. Austria declined to introduce reforms which her own good sense taught her would be inefficacious. The reason for this our author thus enunciates :

To ask Austria to grant Lombardy a more liberal and gentle form of government would be like proposing suicide to her. It is evident that her authority can only be maintained in Upper Italy by force; any liberty she might grant this conquered country would only be an arm it would employ to liberate itself. But this is not all, as Metternich so well comprehended in 1815; if the Roman States, Naples, and Tuscany were placed in a better condition of administration, the first effect of this change would necessarily be to create between them and Lombardy a bond of which Austria would immediately feel the pressure.

It should not be forgotten that, since the revolution of 1848, Lombardy has been nearly entirely tranquil, and would have remained so still, had it not been for the intrigues of Sardinia and the secret suggestions of France; and it is, therefore, rather hard to throw the onus of the present excitement solely on the misgovernment of the Hapsburgs. The intemperate speech of Count Cavour, in which he asserts that Austria has lately taken up a menacing attitude against Sardinia, when Europe is ready to admit the rare moderation which Austria has displayed, must necessarily increase the excitement, and compel Austria to concentrate troops in Lombardy solely as a measure of self-protection. There was a time when we should have allowed ourselves to be deluded by the flattering comments the count makes upon English institutions, but we have now grown very shy of encouraging an ally who, by his rashness, might involve us in a European war. Even such statements as "the cause of liberty, of justice, of civilisation, must always triumph," produce no effect on our dulled ears, for we so thoroughly appreciate the motives by which Victor Emmanuel and his minister are actuated, that we will do our utmost to prevent a war in which the sacred cause of liberty is put forth as a cloak for wanton aggression and lust of dominion. Austria has left her defence to the public voice of Europe, which has most liberally responded to her appeal. Still we think the Emperor Franz Joseph might make some slight concessions to popular opinion with safety. He has a large army now collected in Lombardy, and will probably have to maintain it for several years, and with such a force at his back he might grant such measures of administrative reform as would satisfy the better meaning among his Italian subjects. Englishmen have no intense affection either for him or his policy; they have not for-

gotten or forgiven his vacillating conduct in the principalities, where he tried to play the part of the lawyer in the fable at the expense of England and Russia; and we only accept his government of Lombardy as a lesser evil than French occupation. It is more than probable, however, that events will yet draw the two countries more closely together, and he would decidedly consult his own interests by evincing a sincere desire to ameliorate the condition of the Italians, whenever he can do so with safety.

So far, then, have we followed the imperial argument. Italy cannot remain in its present condition, and any revolution is impossible, for Austria would be sure to gain the victory in the end. Italy, in order to defend her independence against Austria, would need an army of at least 250,000 men, which it would require ten years to raise. At the same time, nature has effected marvels to protect Austrian dominion in Italy.

Upper Italy is a large plain, bounded on the north by the Alps, on the south by the Apennines, on the east and west by the sea. This plain is intersected by deep rivers like the Ticino, the Po, Adda, Mincio, Adige, Brenta, Piave, Livorno, and Tagliamento. All these rivers afford so many excellent lines of defence, and the principal passages have been fortified by almost impregnable outworks. Supposing that an Italian army had reached the Adige in triumph, and that the insurrection had gained all the low country; assuming, too, that all the formidable line of fortresses had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, the game would not even then be lost by Austria, for if Italy is her battle-field, Tyrol and the Carinthian Alps are perfect *places d'armes*, of which Verona, with its fortifications and entrenched camp, capable of holding 50,000 men, is the advanced work. Supposing, then, Austria supported by the Alps, she can allow an entire Italian army to enjoy a momentary victory with impunity; by means of her railways she can collect large armies, and by using the new roads she has made through the Alps, she can fall suddenly on the flank and rear of the enemy, and drive him in a second beyond the Po—thus repeating Radetzky's successful manœuvre in 1848. From these facts every soldier will arrive at the incontestable truth that Italian nationality will never be the result of any revolution, and that it cannot succeed without foreign aid.

As the emperor has declared that he sincerely desires peace, we must necessarily seek a *tertium quid*, as it is conceded that Italy cannot go on in its present condition. M. de la Guéronnière considers that he has found the solution of the question in the shape of an Italian confederation, after the fashion of the one attempts were made to inaugurate in 1847, the Pope being the spiritual head, the King of Piedmont the sword. By these means it is assumed that Italy will be tranquillised, and the question of final settlement deferred. There is only one slight obstacle in the way—the consent of Austria to give up her Italian possessions. It is quite certain that she will inaugurate no reforms, nor consent to join in such a confederation as that proposed. How is this question to be solved? Ought the appeal to be made to strength, or to public opinion, to conquer her resistance and produce a result so sincerely desired by civilisation? The concluding, and probably most important, chapter of this work will teach us the Napoleonic views:

The treaties which bind governments are the international laws of peoples, and would only be invariable if the world was immovable. If the treaties which are to protect the security of Europe place it in danger, it is because they no longer

respond to the necessities or wants that dictated them. Political prudence counsels to substitute something else for them. A power which would entrench itself behind treaties in order to resist modifications demanded by general feeling, would have doubtlessly an acquired right on its side, but a moral right and universal conscience against it. If, then, it be demonstrated that the situation of the Italian states is not only a cause of suffering to that country, but even a cause of uneasiness and perhaps of revolution in Europe, the letter of a treaty would be invoked in vain: it could not hold against the necessity of politics and the interest of European order.

England has already expressed her opinion as to this sophistical interpretation of the rights of treaties through her Majesty's speech. The emperor has learned that we are indisposed to break our plighted word; for we feel that if such a dangerous theory were tolerated, treaties would henceforth not be worth the parchment on which they are written. The first Napoleon might cut through all obligations that bound him at the edge of the sword, but the third of that dynasty must respect treaties. He has a warning example in Nicholas of Russia, who brought so dangerous a war on himself by causing us to entertain doubts as to his sincerity. In addition, however, to this reconstruction of treaties, the Emperor Napoleon wishes to apply another powerful lever. After praying that Providence may avert from him all necessity of appealing to force, he demands an appeal to public opinion. "When the true situation of Italy," writes M. de la Guéronnière, "shall be known throughout Europe, and everybody is convinced that there is in the midst of that land from which civilisation sprang a focus of disorder, disturbance, and profound perturbation which might so readily become a focus of light and noble activity, then public opinion may judge and perhaps impose on itself the pacific justice of right." For this purpose the work to which we have so repeatedly alluded has been written, and public opinion is to be biased by a mass of arguments of which scarce one cannot be controverted. This idea of appealing to public opinion is by no means a new one with Napoleon III., and we find an explanation of its meaning in M. de Morny's speech to the Legislative Corps. "Rapid international communications and publicity have created a new European power with which all governments are obliged to reckon—this power is opinion. Opinion may for a moment hesitate or be mingled, but it ever ranges itself ultimately on the side of right and humanity. Let us hope that, under existing circumstances, the generous ideas, the loyal and disinterested intentions of the emperor, will make their way in the world, and that, being adopted by the sympathy of the peoples, and supported by the credit of sovereigns, they will succeed in bringing about a pacific solution of all difficult questions." To such public opinion, then, France has appealed, and has found but one supporter, in Sardinia, who desires to satisfy her own schemes of aggrandisement. If the emperor appeal to his own people, the reply is even more unsatisfactory, for the French have a horror of war just at present. The remark made by the emperor to M. de Hübner caused a tremendous commotion, and sent the funds down rapidly, for all the commercial world fancied the nephew was imitating the uncle. He appeared a very different man, then, from him who, on closing the great Exhibition of 1855, uttered the memorable words: "In the present epoch of civilisation, the successes of armies, however brilliant they may be, are only transitory. It is, in fact, public opinion that gains

the definitive victory." If the public opinion to which the emperor makes appeal be of such nature, his cause is lost before being heard.

Finally, M. de la Guéronnière expresses a fervent wish that "diplomacy will perform on the eve of a contest what it would have to do on the day succeeding a victory." But, even supposing that the four great powers combined, and determined on founding an Italian coalition under the presidency of the Pope, how could they possibly force Austria to evacuate Lombardy and Italy without striking a blow? Were Austria to consider a defeat less humiliating than submission, what would become, in that case of the appeal to opinion? It would be, after all, an appeal to force—an extremity which is earnestly deprecated. Or, assuming that Austria has been expelled from Italy, what will be the character of this proposed confederation? M. de la Guéronnière's pamphlet tells us nothing about the future administration of Lombardy and the Venetese. Will this fertile territory be annexed to Sardinia, or form an independent state under a French prince? Perhaps, too, the Pope might decline the nominal presidency of the confederation, and nothing is provided for that eventuality. It appears to us quite plain, then, that the proposed solution of the Roman question, which has produced the present embroglio, is quite as much deferred by the proposed changes as it has been during the entire ten years of French occupation. We consider, in a word, that the scheme proposed by France is untenable, and that the Emperor Napoleon must either retrace his steps or engage in a war. Which will he choose?

The ruler over a military nation like the French, whose popularity depends in great measure on the weight he can attach to his personal interference in questions of European moment, is not in a position to confess himself in the wrong. He would, under certain circumstances, find it more prudent to engage in a war than yield an inch of ground. When other monarchs would grant the impolicy of their demands, he is generally instigated by his pride to defend the worst cause, and opposition only renders him more averse from any conciliation which might be ascribed to apprehension of the issue. Since the siege of Sebastopol threw between the allies the apple of discord, the policy of France has decidedly been aggressive as regards this country, and she has acted against us in nearly every complication which has arisen from the Treaty of Paris. She opposed us in the affair of the principalities; in the Schleswig-Holstein business she threw the preponderance of her influence on the side of Denmark, and, consequently, of Russia; she has enabled that power, excluded from the Black Sea, to form the nucleus of a fleet in the Mediterranean; and, lastly, she appears inclined to renew the old traditions by forming a counterpoise to our influence in Indian waters by the occupation of Cochin China. At the same time, the Emperor Napoleon has collected an enormous fleet of screw-steamers, which has occasioned just apprehensions among ourselves, while he maintains an army of 600,000 men, solely for aggressive purposes, as the *Constitutionnel* tells us that 200,000 would be more than sufficient to ensure tranquillity at home. Not for a moment would we doubt the personal good faith of Napoleon III. towards this country; he has given us too many instances of his readiness to aid us in any moment of difficulty, but we cannot help a growing feeling of the insecurity of the alliance. Were any unforeseen event to shorten the days of the emperor, we feel that he will leave his

successor a most dangerous legacy, which might be employed against ourselves, while the chances of any European war might compel a total change of our policy. Under these circumstances we entertain a degree of uneasiness at every rumour of war, and we cannot view with calmness the preparations making in France. While the emperor is ostensibly using every effort to secure peace, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that he is preparing for any emergency, and we regret for his own sake that he has placed himself in a false position, from which he will have great difficulty in escaping without injuring himself.

While France has thus been complicating the question of peace or war, we are bound to confess that Austria has behaved in the most dignified manner. So long as the national honour was at stake, she prepared for an appeal to arms, but so soon as Napoleon evinced a desire for pacification, she displayed her readiness to meet his views. She has even gone so far as to express her willingness to refer the Italian question to a congress. Nothing can be fairer than this, and the emperor has thus an opportunity of evading a difficulty, which he ought not to neglect in the interests of humanity. Nor has Austria involved the question by taking any notice of the menaces of Sardinia: feeling that Victor Emmanuel was encouraged by the language of his powerful ally, she preferred addressing herself directly to the latter, and we sincerely trust the matter will yet be satisfactorily settled.

There is one point to which we must refer, as giving a material guarantee of peace—namely, that both Austria and France would find considerable difficulty in raising the sinews of war. The last Austrian loan has met with no great success in our market, while Napoleon III. would find it rather difficult to increase the national debt of France, which has grown from 214 millions in 1851 to 337 millions of pounds on the 1st of January, 1858. It is a notorious fact that he could not have continued the Crimean war much longer, owing to the utter exhaustion of his treasury. And in that case the war was popular, while at present the author of "*Aurons-nous la Guerre?*" assures us that hardly one million out of the French population would view an Austrian war with pleasure. There is no doubt that, with increased commerce and material prosperity, the character of the French has undergone a remarkable change; they have now no intense yearning for military glory, and hailed with considerable satisfaction the abolition of the *Garde Nationale*. The only possibility is that the army, kept up at proportionately so exaggerated an amount, may demand a war at any price, and the emperor might be compelled to yield. How much wiser would it be for him to disband these turbulent cohorts, and thus guarantee Europe a long duration of peace, which we should all greet with pleasure?

One thing is certain: France is the only European country from which any grave apprehensions of war can be entertained, and so long as the emperor keeps up his present enormous force, Europe will never be thoroughly tranquil. Austria is compelled in self-defence to exhaust her resources in maintaining an equally powerful force, and thus commerce is robbed of many veins of wealth which might be profitably employed. With the certain prospect of peace before her, Austria could reduce her army, and inaugurate a system of gradual reform, which might furnish a pacific solution of the Italian question. She has no desire for war; she

has suffered enough already, and we have no doubt she will accept any explanations which Napoleon III. may be pleased to offer her, and express herself amply satisfied. But if the emperor be bent on war, he will find a foeman not unworthy of his steel in Austria. Since 1848 the utmost efforts have been made to augment the efficiency of her army, and it is now as powerful and well-organised as the French. It is very possible that it might be beaten in a first campaign, for the Austrians are the slowest of all Germans; but, on the other hand, they possess a peculiar amount of dogged perseverance, which would render them most troublesome opponents in any protracted war. It is true they have lost Radetzky, who was so thoroughly acquainted with all the ramifications of Italian warfare, but he has left behind him many promising scholars, whom Austria may safely depend on in the hour of need.

We consider, then, that the appeal to public opinion on which Napoleon III. depended has failed, and although he alludes in such flattering terms in his speech to the intimate relations subsisting between France and Russia, he is far too wise to depend on that country for any valuable assistance in the event of a continental war. Russia is well aware of her own weakness, and that she cannot take the field with any chance of success for the next fifty years; and though she might do her best to cripple the resources of Austria, she would engage in no open hostilities. If, then, the Emperor of France be determined on war at any price, he now knows precisely where to look for his allies; from us he can expect no assistance, and if events forced us into an adverse position, he would only have himself to blame. His policy during the last three years has compelled us to draw more closely the bonds connecting us with Austria, and it might be that an aggressive war on his part would compel us most reluctantly to throw our weight against him in the interests of Europe.

But such a result would be most deplorable. Strong in our alliance, the Emperor Napoleon might have gone down to posterity with a reputation greater than that of his uncle, inasmuch that he displayed the virtue of self-restraint which is so rare among autocrats; while, if he yield to the dictates of his ambition, and seek the hollow glory of the battle-field, he will turn his sincerest friends away from him, and deal his country a blow from which it would require years to recover. The liberation of Italy is not worthy such a sacrifice. In the words of Lord Derby, "the declaration that '*l'empire c'est la paix*' had established confidence throughout Europe, and credit and prosperity in France," and we should be sincerely sorry to see such a result imperiled to satisfy a barren thirst for renown which would only end in bitter disappointment.

We confess that we have taken a gloomy aspect of the present state of continental affairs, for the moody silence the Emperor of France has maintained, and his incessant preparations for war, enforce such a view. Most heartily do we hope that our forebodings may be entirely frustrated, and that the emperor by one word of manly avowal will at once restore that confidence, the want of which is producing such lamentable results throughout Europe. One thing, however, is certain: unless Napoleon III. hastens to make that avowal, matters will grow beyond his control, and an awful responsibility will rest upon him and his advisers to evil.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

THE popular mind satisfies itself with three very general ideas in reference to Mexico: first, that it is a vast and fertile territory, more particularly remarkable for its romantic scenery, as also for its dangers and inconveniences—both natural and artificial—from storms, banditti, and vile hosteleries; secondly, that it had an ancient history, of which very little is known, save that its older inhabitants left some magnificent monuments of industry, and many more of a grotesque character, behind them; and thirdly, that as a Spanish viceroyalty, or a Spanish republic, its present inhabitants have inherited the pride and vices of the mother country, have superadded to them those of a tropical climate, and that the vices of the people having extended to its rulers, the whole nation is now in a state of anarchy and disorganisation.

And no wonder that the popular mind should be satisfied with such crude and imperfect ideas, when we consider that previous to the publications of our own native historian, the elegant and learned Robertson, little more was known of this and the other Spanish colonies than the history of their discovery and conquest; and even the information afforded by Robertson was, till the days of Prescott, most scanty and imperfect. For two hundred years, with the exception of Ulloa's travels, and the narratives of Bouguer and Condamine, no satisfactory intelligence had been communicated to the world relating to any of the principal Spanish settlements. It was not till Spain abandoned the system of secrecy and concealment, and threw open the trade to other nations, that travellers appeared such as Molina, Alcedo, Estalla, Depons, Antillon, and, above all, Humboldt, whose "Political Essay on New Spain" is, despite the changes which fifty years have called forth, a *point d'appui* for every writer on Mexico. The great Prussian's researches did not, however, extend to northern, or New Mexico, and we are mainly indebted to what we know of that region to the people of the United States, among whom Prescott takes the lead as historian, and Pike and Stephens as explorers. In our own times, C. Sartorius, a German by birth, but who has resided in this magnificent country, and amidst the people and with them, during a long series of years, has published what he designates as "Landscapes and Popular Sketches,"* not exactly "a book of travels, conscientiously detailing every event from day to day, with the customary adjunct of the bill of

* Mexico. Landscapes and Popular Sketches by C. Sartorius. Edited by Dr. Gaspey. With Steel Engravings by Distinguished Artists, from Original Sketches by Moritz Rugendas. Trübner and Co.

fare, nor geographical, ethnological, statistical treatises, nor even a systematical enumeration of the natural history of Mexico; but views of the country, sometimes a mere outline taken at a distance, sometimes a more complete picture, drawn in the immediate vicinity, adorned with foliage and creeping lianas—sketches taken from the life, in the palace or in the cottage, in the far-extending savannah, or in the mine." It has, indeed, been Mr. Sartorius's aim to follow in the footsteps of the great Humboldt, and at the same time be, if possible, in one sense of the word, more popular in his descriptions. If Germany, he says, may be proud of possessing so scientific an architect, his pages "may perhaps be regarded as the ornamental carving and fluting of the great master's strictly correct edifice."

If we approach the coast of México, as is usually done, by the port of Vera Cruz, with its renowned fort of St. Juan de Ulua, dark forests, gradually sloping upwards, are seen to enclose the sandy shore to the west; then follow several mountain terraces, one commanding the other, till at length, towering above all, the magnificent cones and indented summits of the dark blue Andes seem to support the clear vault of heaven. Majestically rearing their heads over their fellows are the snowy summits of the peak of Orizava and the wild jagged crater of Perote. From the latter the mountains branch off northwards to the sea, terminating in an abrupt rocky wall on the shores of the gulf, whilst to the south the Cordilleras extend in a huge semicircle in the distant horizon. Everywhere we find the same features—a narrow level tract of coast, not many miles in width, then a gradual ascent by gently inclining slopes to the spurs of the mountains, and finally to the highlands, which, almost uninterrupted, extend for many hundred miles from north to south, nearly parallel with the coast.

On landing, everything appears strange—language, dress, and complexion of the inhabitants, and the town, with its Andalusian-Moorish trappings. "Here we behold a group of negroes and mulattoes gesticulating in the most passionate manner, there the copper-coloured Indian silently offering his fruit for sale; the clearer skinned Mestizo, or Mestizo, urges forward his horse, or trots on an ass after his well-laden mules, whilst the European or Creole dandy, puffing his cigar, examines the new arrivals. On one side the Paris fashions, on the other the lightest possible clothing, consisting of a broad-brimmed straw hat, coloured or white shirt, and ample trousers. The fair sex exhibits the same contrast: on one hand the greatest luxury, on the other half-naked. What European can fail to be astonished at the sight of the fat negress there, who, seated comfortably at the door of her house, with a short clay pipe in her mouth, caresses her perfectly naked offspring, clinging to and clambering about her like a very ape? Who would not cast a glance after that troop of Mestizo girls, all mounted, with fluttering ribands in their straw hats, as, smoking their cigarettes, they jest with their brown admirer, who, seated on his long-eared steed, thrums his jarana and sings jocular songs?"

The women and girls of the lower classes wear large four-cornered wrappers of calico, with nothing save a fine chemise, often embroidered and trimmed with lace beneath. They have also a wide petticoat of bright calico or muslin, sometimes with a white under-petticoat, whilst

the feet, innocent of stockings, are encased in light silk shoes. The dress of the wealthy Creole ladies is pretty much the same as with Europeans, being regulated by the newest Parisian fashions. For church-going, nevertheless, they adhere to the ancient Spanish black mantilla, falling from the head over the shoulders, and half way down the arms.

In Mexico, as indeed in all the originally Spanish colonies, the appearance of the towns is more or less similar to what is observed in the mother country. Straight streets with raised foot-pavements, massive stone houses with flat roofs, churches in the Italian style of the seventeenth century, with lofty towers and high cupolas, covered, for the most part, with parti-coloured shining tiles, meet the eye. The interior of the houses is decidedly Moorish. You enter through an arched gateway into the first court, surrounded by a colonnade, which is repeated in the upper stories. The doors and windows of the apartments all open on this court. In some districts there is a pretty fountain in the centre round which flowering plants are grouped in large vases. A second court is usually surrounded by the servants' offices, kitchens, and stables. In Vera Cruz there are no fountains, the flat sandy soil does not afford a drop of water, and that which is furnished by the tropical storms is collected in large stone cisterns. Within the town the numerous black vultures, seated in long rows on the buildings, or disputing with the lean dogs in the streets for the refuse of the kitchens, make a strange impression, and, without, the shrubless downs impart a dull, forbidding feeling.

Two great roads lead from Vera Cruz to the interior; the one passing through Jalapa and Perote, the other through Cordova and Orizava. The traveller may either proceed by mail-coach, by sedan borne by mules, or in a still more independent manner, mounted on a mettlesome little Mexican horse. The road lies at first over the sandy district, and it is some time before the wooded region is attained, and where the beautiful flowering trees, shrubs, and lianas rejoice the traveller's eye. On the banks of the river Antigua rows of black and white ibises, dazzling white herons, and red spoonbills, may be seen perched on the horizontal branches of the *Ficus americana*; and occasionally an old alligator may be seen sunning himself on a dry log, and looking like a log, too.

The huts of the garochos, or coasters, are the most simple things imaginable—walls of bamboo stems, and a roof of palm-leaves. The river supplies them with fish and turtle, the forest with game; ready money is obtained by charcoal burning, and they cultivate a little maize and a few fruits, as bananas, pines, oranges, and lemons. Such a bounteous nature makes man idle. If the garcho wants fuel he goes out with his donkey and brings in a fallen tree; he then passes it in by the door to the fireplace, and when the end is consumed it is pushed in further, and so on, till it gets into the house. On the same river is the village of the same name, the first permanent settlement of Fernando Cortes, and whose stone church is one of the oldest in the country.

Beyond this the traveller reaches the first palm forest. Our author, who is most minute, and, indeed, an invaluable guide, in describing the rich and luxuriant vegetation of the country, was, as might be expected, entranced at the scene now presented to his view. A forest of this kind, he says, represents "the grandest cupola; palms of all sizes constituted the proud vaulting, the capitals were represented by the blossoms

and fruit which regularly appeared under the stipules, the dark gloomy forest forming the walls, the light of the deep blue sky penetrating solely through the feathery palm foliage. A feeling of indescribable awe and reverence was given birth to in me, and too distinctly I recognised and bowed before the might of the All-Wise."

That part of the coast in which the conditions most favourable for luxuriance of vegetation—a powerful sun, and moisture loaded with carbon—exist, is the one least fitted for man. The moist atmosphere produces not only all the bad fevers prevalent in tropical regions, but calls into existence countless armies of tormenting mosquitoes, ticks, and blood-sucking insects, which render life a complete torment. The only sounds that enliven these dark forests are the chirping of crickets and grasshoppers, the chattering of parrots, the tapping of woodpeckers, and the cry of the apes.

A few leagues more, and the plains, with their palm forests, are left behind, the country becomes undulated and rocky, chiefly volcanic, and rent by fearful chasms. In the summer months the tropical rains call forth a lively green in these savannahs or prairies, which extend from 800 to 2500 feet above the sea. At such times thousands of cows pasture on the rich juicy grass, tended by the leather-jacketed rancheros, who dwell in solitary farms, for there are neither towns nor villages in these wild districts. Yet it was not so in olden times. Traces of terraces, water-dams, houses, large cities, and miles of regular roads, are to be met with buried in shrubs and tall grass; remains of extinct tribes and of a dense agricultural population, who had been extirpated before the Spaniards invaded the country. At one time every foot of land appears to have been as diligently cultivated as the banks of the Nile, or the Euphrates in the days of Solomon. At other times of the year these wildernesses are clothed with low thorny mimosas and other shrubs and trees, whilst dark pillar-shaped cactæ, opuntias, mamillareas, bromelias, and agaves start up from heaps of stones. In the dry season the prairies are also often set on fire, partly to destroy the clouds of tormenting ticks and tarantulas, partly to call forth a new crop from beneath the ashes. In this region the village of Codasta alone, the ancient Cantastlan, with fine ruins of hewn stone, covered with sculpture, dates from an historical period; it was a royal residence, and was destroyed in the Aztec wars with the Toltecs a century before the arrival of the Spaniards.

On attaining an elevation of 2500 feet we come to the oak and ever-green forests. There is no gradual transition from bush to tree; "the complete forest stands all at once before us." This region extends to an elevation of 5000 feet. "Here we can breathe freely, no pestiferous vapours rise from the soil, no intermittent fevers rob the planter of his vigour, no enervating heats hem his activity. A soft, mild atmosphere prevails here all the year round, rendered pleasant during the day by the sea-breeze, cooled at night by the refreshing mountain air. Here the clouds, driven by the trade-wind towards the highlands, most frequently discharge themselves; the country is never long without fertilising rain, and the plants are nightly refreshed with a heavy dew. Without artificial irrigation, here flourish the sugar-cane, rice, tobacco, and the bananas;

without wearisome labour bounteous nature furnishes abundance of wholesome food within a small space."

Plants which in the north scarcely rise above the ground become trees in this fertile region; for instance, the wolf's-milk species, the thorn-apple, the nightshade, and sage. This is also particularly the case with the climbing and arborescent ferns, which may be reckoned amongst nature's most graceful productions. So active are the powers of nature that they call forth life wherever moisture can arrive. Every tree is a colony of countless plants. The forests produce many excellent kinds of wild fruits, to which the Old World has sent its cultivated additions. An Indian village of this zone presents a truly delightful picture, surrounded by heavily-laden orange-trees and banana stalks, by fruits of every imaginable shape and hue, and by the blossoming shrubs which invariably follow the steps of man. Arborescent dahlias, graceful and various-tinted blumerias, and lilacs and roses surround every Indian hut.

The traveller cannot fail, however, to experience surprise on passing through these fertile districts, where there have long been large settlements—for instance, in the vicinity of Cordova, Orizava, Huatusco, Jalapa, Papontla, and other towns—to see how little land is cultivated. This is partly accounted for by the spare population, partly by the productiveness of the soil, which produces within a small space a mass of nutritious fruits. Who is unacquainted with the valuable and important banana or plantain, which can furnish sustenance for fifty men from ground on which wheat would not give more than would be requisite for the nourishment of two, and of the nourishing roots, such as yam, manioc, arum, batate, and arrowroot? The yield of maize is two hundred-fold, of rice fifty to sixty-fold; the coffee-plant flourishes here as in its native mountains; vanilla grows in the forests; colouring matter, spices, and drugs are in part spontaneously brought forth by nature. Can we wonder if the colonists as well as the natives enjoy the banquet thus prepared for them, and deem it folly to provide for the future? The very birds of the air and the beasts of the field seem to set the example of thoughtlessness and improvidence.

We find the most luxuriant vegetation at the height of from 2500 to 4500 feet above the sea. Most of the original settlements of the natives are met with at an elevation of between four to six thousand feet. In loftier situations the climate is no longer tropical; frequent rains cool the air, and in winter rime and snow-storms are not unusual. Nevertheless this climate is exceedingly healthy and uniform; the valleys and mountain slopes are adorned with perennial green, and the products of the temperate zones can be harvested the whole year round.

It is in the forest region, however, more than in that of the savannahs, that those picturesque scenes are met with which form the staple theme of admiration with every Mexican traveller. The mountains are deeply indented, the valleys narrow, and declivities steep, and there are everywhere indications of volcanic activity, streams of lava, craters fallen in, mountains uplifted and cast down. All the streams are torrents, and they form countless waterfalls. A vapoury cloud is often observed rising from some obscure recess of the forest; it is sure to be a cascade, precipitating itself into some deep abyss. It is only here and there that the country

assumes the level appearance of plateaus, or of broader valleys. For the most part it has an alpine character, with a tropical or sub-tropical aspect, smiling valleys, dark forest-grown mountains, everywhere moisture, and an exuberant vegetable and animal kingdom.

It is the reverse with the alpine or highland districts. Here the principal mountain ranges, instead of jutting forth, rise in the form of terraces and vast plains or plateaus, each of which is distinguished by the peculiar character of its vegetation. "In countless spots we find ourselves in the most beautiful woods, in all the luxuriance of a semi-tropical vegetation; a steep mountain-path conducts us 2000 feet higher, and as though by magic we stand in a pine-forest, and hear the whistling of the wind as in the forests of the North." But generally the change is more gradual, and the ordinary forest trees, as the oak, alder, and arbutus, are found extending far into the pine regions. The lowest limit of the pines is usually 6500 to 6800 feet.

The different forms of the Mexican coniferæ have not only been lately described, but miniature specimens of these dwellers on the Andes are seen in most botanic gardens. These, however, can afford no idea of the grandeur and majesty of these mountain forests. The straight, slender stems, often 100 or 120 feet in height, the close summits with the branches inclining downwards, the sharp-pointed leaves, now shorter, now longer, the cones sometimes quite small, sometimes immense, the frowning groups of *Abies religiosa*, which are furnished with branches from the base upwards, the solemn stillness prevailing, interrupted only by the occasional scream of the blue jay, of the green aras, or the howl of some hungry wolf,—all give rise to a feeling of loneliness, more oppressive even than that of the far-extending prairie. Ravines with foaming mountain torrents, steep masses of rock, and green meadows, afford now and then some variety to the otherwise monotonous scenery; here, too, we find all the charms of alpine vegetation. All is familiar to us, from the grasses to the different species of clover, crowfoot, potentillæ, gentianæ, strawberries, and violets. *Vacciniæ* and other mountain berries are found here as in the north, the lupins and penstemonæ blossom even at the height of 11,000 feet, where the alder already disappears, and nothing is found save the *Pinus Montezumæ*, the forest tree of greatest elevation. The juniper species are not met with so high; very few indeed grow on the east side of the mountains, but all the more on the west. The agave and cactus are only seen here and there between the rocks; they object to the moist climate of the eastern declivity, although they are not wholly unrepresented.

Although the forest disappears from the loftiest and most desolate portions of the mountains, vegetation does not entirely cease. Large patches are still covered with grass, with some shrubs, and, still more, flowering plants; the senecio, with its silvery beard, and the snow-thistle, completely covered with grey felt, are seen, with lichens and mosses, in the loftiest regions. Above 14,500 feet the latter are alone met with, and they extend as high as 14,700 feet. On Orizava, *Parmelia elegans* rises above all. A few steps further and we are on the borders of the region of eternal snow, or ice, for it is here a compact mass of eighteen or twenty feet in thickness, covered with loose snow, which is constantly thawing and being replaced.

From this standpoint, which is higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, let us view the country we have traversed. An interminable prospect lies before us, too extensive for every different object to be distinguished. We clearly recognise the mirror-like surface of the gulf, the darker forest-region of the coast, the

lighter tracts of prairie-land. Then follow the sombre, wavy lines of the forest-clad mountains, occasionally interrupted by cultivation. The chasms indicating the water-courses are distinctly recognised by their profound shade; solitary white dots in the midst of the foliage we presume to be churches and villages. The mountains ascend from terrace to terrace; we recognise the line of the pine-forests, where they are in full development, and the elevation where the trees completely disappear. From the threshold of rigid death, as from the North Cape, or the glaciers of Iceland, our eyes pass from the Arctic zone and the pine-groves of the north to the gardens of the Hesperides with their golden fruit, and thence to the glowing zone where the palms and the arborescent ferns and grasses are developed. An immeasurable panorama acquaints us with the physiognomy of the country—namely, a gradual ascent of the soil from the sea to the ridge of the highlands, and from there a gentle, declining slope to the far-extending table-lands or plateaus.

It is not the same with the eastern half of Mexico as it is with the western. The land rises gradually from the Pacific to the height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, then falls again some 3000 or 4000 feet, forming those extensive plateaus which lie from 6000 to 8000 feet above the sea, and constitute one of the great landmarks of the country. Viewed from the same summit as before, moderately lofty mountain chains are seen to bound the plain; groups of mountains, mostly pointed or with blunt cones, interrupt the surface, whilst further to the west a lofty cordillera, with a snowy summit, closes the picture. No forests, no luxuriant meadows can be perceived in the valley, but on all sides cultivated fields, many villages and hamlets, also sand and moor, grey lava masses, bare mountains, or slopes with a few scattered bushes or low trees. The contrast is so great, that it seems as though one were transported to a totally different country, from the south to the north, from the fragrant forest to the dreary heath.

The great plateau, or table-land, of Mexico is intersected by numerous mountain chains, which, however, never completely interrupt the communication of the plateaus with each other. From the 18th to the 13th degrees there are carriage-roads, and from Mexico to Chihuahua a railroad could easily be constructed. The climate resembles that of Southern Europe, hence the vegetation has nowhere a tropical appearance, neither is it so perfectly developed, nor in such exuberant masses. The grasses are short and fine, the trees low, the mountains bare. Succulent plants, as the cactus, agave, and yucca, with the mimosa and composite plants, determine the character of the landscape. Villages and large farms (*haciendas*) are met with, and attached to them are extensive cultivations of wheat, maize, barley, and pulse. On all sides the agaves bound the fields and roads, and surround the scattered dwellings.

The plains of Tlascala and Huatmantla, of Puebla, Mexico, Queretaro, Morelia, and Guanajuato, present landscapes which resemble those of southern Europe. Numerous towns, villages, and farms, surrounded by olive, fig, cherry, apple, quince, and other trees, avenues of poplar and ash, orchards and kitchen-gardens of all kinds, would make the traveller forget that he is on the ridge of the Andes, if the plantations of agaves and the garden-hedges of cactus did not remind us of Montezuma's empire.

Wherever there is neither water nor cultivation—on the rocks and mountains and on the more arid plains—succulent plants abound in the

most whimsical and varied forms. An acquaintance with hot-house plants is now so general, that we may venture just to glance at these. Small and very prickly mamillareæ scarcely raise themselves above the ground, groups of a larger kind nestle in the rocks, melocactæ and echinocactæ of all dimensions start up, from the size of a fist to the altitude of a man, from one to three feet in diameter, furnished with short or long, with straight or curved prickles. The opuntia, or Indian figs, are crowded together in distinct groups, differing in form, size, and colour of the leaves or branches, and in blossom and fruit. The cereæ creep like snakes along the ground, cling to the branches of trees and to the rocks, or rise in the form of a pillar thirty or forty feet above the generality of their species. There is one singular species called organos, whose appearance is almost incredible. A thick, ungainly trunk, from four to six feet in height, bears several hundred upright multangular pillars of all sizes, and which, being tallest in the middle, and smaller on either side, resemble a large organ. The mountains, where frequently thousands of these plants are seen, are not unlike walls of columnar basalt. This stiff, strange, and shadeless vegetation is quite in accordance with the rest of the landscape, with the grey rocky masses of volcanic or with the yellowish calcareous mountains.

The succulent plants, however, present both man and beast with the sources of existence. Humboldt has justly termed the cactus "the vegetable spring of the wilderness." Without them and the agaves the sterile mountains of the plateaus, being so poor in water, would be uninhabitable. Instinct teaches the oxen and horses to remove the thorns and wool on the top of the thick echinocactæ with their horns or hoofs, and to bite in the succulent flesh, so that a little reservoir is formed. During the night the clear sap collects in this, and in the morning quenches the animal's thirst; the reservoir refills itself for several weeks in succession. The animals know their watering places well, return to them every morning, and defend them against usurpers. The agave is hollowed out by man in a similar manner into a bowl, and the liquid, removed every morning and evening, easily ferments, and constitutes the favourite drink *pulque*. The young leaves of the opuntias are used as a favourite vegetable: the juicy fruit eaten raw is highly refreshing; dried and pressed, it is not unlike fig, and forms an object of traffic. The juice of the fruit is sometimes converted into syrup, sometimes, slightly fermented, and termed *colonche*, it forms a substitute for wine at the festivals of the shepherds and mountaineers. *Pulque* is, however, the chief drink of Mexico. A large plant produces daily about eight bottles of sap, and there are plantations of twenty thousand to forty thousand. Caravans of several hundred mules are frequently met with conveying this nectar of the Indians to the towns in goatskins. The quantity of alcohol in *pulque* is about the same as in strong beer, and, as our author says, "one should see the happy faces of the Indians, squatting in a circle, without distinction of sex, and passing round the filled *schikals* (large gourds), one must see them staggering home from their feasts, in order to comprehend how so vast a quantity of sap can be consumed." In districts where water is rarely seen, it is often very difficult to procure a glass, whilst every Indian willingly offers a cup of *pulque*. The natives, it is to be observed, however, seldom use it till it has acquired a strong taste and a

disagreeable foetid smell, and as it is fermented in ox-skins with the hair inside, and carried in goat-skins, the flavour is not always tempting to a stranger. Ropes, thread, sacks, and cloth are also, it may be observed, woven out of the same plant, which, to the Indians, is in some districts almost everything. They build their huts, light their fires, weave their cloth, and supply their table from this invaluable gift of God.

The heat and dryness on the table-lands, which do not all present exactly the same physiognomy, are greatest from March till June; the trees then lose their foliage, the course of the rivers and brooks alone being indicated by a green line. A dense bluish fog fills the atmosphere, arising from the heated state of the lower strata of air. Vertical atmospheric currents often take place, whirling grass and dry leaves to an immense height. All these phenomena vanish on the approach of the rainy season. The air is then most pure; everything assumes its green covering. The winter months are somewhat raw, and on the more elevated plateaus night frosts are not uncommon, snow falling occasionally, rarely, however, lying more than a day, although in the northern highland valleys it sometimes lies a week.

South America has its plateaus like Mexico, and those of Quito, Cusco, and Cundinamarca are in part loftier than the latter. But they are separated from each other by profound and extensive valleys, and bounded by enormous chasms, with a tropical climate, from which the ascent to the cold Paramos is made with incredible fatigue. Not so in Mexico, where from south to north travellers and merchandise meet with uninterrupted vehicular transmission. Although there are three principal mountain ranges, the middle one is so constituted that the connexion with the table-land is everywhere feasible by means of broad valleys. It is only the declination towards the sea that is less favourable for travellers. In the south, for example, the descent of the mountains from Chiapas to the gulf is so steep, that it is impossible even to employ mules, and both goods and travellers have to be conveyed on the backs of Indians.

Taken altogether, the western slope is less abrupt than the eastern, and yet it is in parts more difficult for the construction of roads. The character of the landscape also differs much. The country is drier and hotter, the dense luxuriant forests are rarer, whilst more grasses and a slight growth of resinous trees—mimosas and terebinthias—are met with. The sea-coast is rather rocky than sandy; and there are safer bays than on the gulf. Dense palm forests border the lagoons, and the valleys are adorned with charming groups of palms, casahuate, and figs.

There are districts where the industry of man has introduced artificial irrigation on a grand scale. Sugar and coffee plantations, equal to the most considerable in the West Indies, exist in the fertile plains south of Mexico. Extensive plantations are also met with in the plains of Mechoacan, but, generally speaking, little is cultivated, save what can be sown during the rainy season, although there are many Indian villages the inhabitants of which plant vegetables and fruits in artificially irrigated fields. The yield of cotton along the coast is good, but there is a want of hands in the plantations, and the dwellers on the plateaus shun the coast as carefully as they would the infernal regions.

The country is very thinly peopled, and would have still fewer inhabitants if the mountains towards the South Sea were not so rich in metals. Most of the

towns and villages owe their origin to miners, and new colonies are founded by them alone. In these mountains mining is very ancient; before the Europeans discovered America the Aztecs diligently worked the diggings of Tlaschko, where, at the present day, the mining town of Tasco is built upon silver. From Tehuantepec to Arispe, and further to the north, the mountains between the sea and table-land are metalliferous. In the north of Sonora are extensive gold-fields, richer, perhaps, than those of California. Silver, copper, lead, and iron have been found everywhere; but the rich veins can scarcely be said to have been opened, for want of hands to prosecute such undertakings with advantage. When, in the course of time, the Germanic population penetrates further south, and the Hispano-Indian race is replaced by one more energetic and enterprising, the extraordinary wealth of this country will be duly appreciated.

These mountains have also a remarkable number of hot salt springs, giving off much gas. Subterranean fires are not everywhere extinct, and occasionally burst forth here or there, committing the most extensive ravages, or convulsing the earth with terrific spasms. In the south, a succession of volcanoes passing from Oajaca through Chiapas are connected with the burning mountains of Guatemala. Cempoaltepec, one of the loftiest points of the Cordilleras of Oajaca, is a volcanic cone, and the frequent earthquakes in the plateaus of Oajaca always appear at the same time as those of Guatemala. The chief range of the Mexican volcanoes lies, however, between the 19th and 20th degrees of north latitude, and may be traced from the Atlantic to the South Sea across the whole country. The last eruption of the Tustla, only sixty miles from Vera Cruz, took place in 1789, when the ashes lay several inches deep in towns situated twenty miles' distance. The last eruption of Orizava, the highest point of the Mexican Andes, being 17,819 feet in elevation, occurred in 1569, and lasted twenty years; but the internal fires are not extinct, and the lurking monster may, like Etna, again terrify those dwelling on or near it, even after the lapse of three centuries. The base of the giant is also surrounded for a considerable distance with smaller volcanoes. Two rivers, which rise on the east side of Orizava, suddenly disappear. The perpendicular rocky walls, from 1000 to 2000 feet high, of the profound chasms which are met with for some miles in the volcanic soil, give the best idea, with the height of the mountains themselves, of the might of volcanic ravages in this country in former times.

Popocatepetl (from the Aztec "popoca," to smoke, and "teptl," mountain), 17,773 feet high, is not extinct, and the neighbouring snow mountain Iztaccihuatl bears the same relation to it as the Coffin of Perote does to Orizava; it is "a ruined flue of the same hearth." From Toluca to the South Sea two more volcanoes are still active, Jorullo and Colima; the latter since the earliest known periods, the other a recent production of the mighty subterranean fires, which in the middle of the last century called forth terror and dismay on all sides. The whole succession of volcanic mountains in Mexico, according to Sartorius, from Tustla on the gulf to Colima, traverses the mountain range at right angles, and all seem to stand on a great rent or cleft in the firm crust of the earth; even Jorullo, the most recent in its origin, exhibits a cleft far down in the crater, at a right angle with the mountains. Frequent observations have shown that for the last twenty years the earthquakes were most severely felt in the volcanic line, and that the shocks were more from east to west, or *vice versa*.

The deep, almost perpendicular, rents—barrancas, as they are called, those wonderful chasms which are so frequent in all parts of the country—are amongst the most striking peculiarities of Mexico. The greater part are met with between the mountains and the sea; but they are not uncommon on the table-land. In many parts the country is so rent by chasms that one cannot travel a league from north to south without finding the road interrupted by these perpendicular abysses. They are frequently narrow clefts, with bare perpendicular rocky walls, more than 1000 feet in height; but often they are of immense width, the sides having by falling in formed different stories or terraces. Sometimes several chasms communicate, the result being highly picturesque. Foaming torrents almost invariably hurry through these ravines, plunging from rock to rock, sometimes as a noisy cascade, sometimes as a roaring cataract. There are an incredible number of these waterfalls in the country, vying with one another in sublimity. The humidity also brings forth a most luxuriant vegetation in the shady dells.

These chasms naturally interfere a great deal with the communication in the interior, being frequently inaccessible for a distance of many leagues; and even when a passage can be effected, long use and confidence in the sure-footedness of the mules and horses are requisite to enable one to ride down the senec-breaking, winding, rocky paths. In some places they are spanned by natural bridges of rock, as at the "Puente de Dios," near Puebla; at others by a fallen tree; or they are crossed by the Maromas or hanging bridges of the Indians, as also by means of a basket suspended to a rope.

The little plantations of the Indians are frequently found in the depths of these chasms, with their bananas and kitchen gardens in the midst of a dense growth of forest trees, in spots apparently quite inaccessible. The Indian likes the dangers and the solitude of the chasms; a cave affords him shelter, and he fears neither the jaguar prowling about in the night, nor the swarms of monkeys that plunder his fruit.

We wish we had space to add something concerning the zoology of Mexico, in connexion with which interesting subject much that is fabulous has been printed—as, for example, by Tümmel, in his "*Mexico and the Mexicans*," where he speaks of apes of such monstrous dimensions as fear or drunkenness could alone have imparted to the reality. The learned professor, Lichenstein, of Berlin, also considers many of the animals described by old Hernandez as fabulous, but Sartorius tells us that the old author was right, and that the animals exist. The consideration of such a subject, as well as that of the geology and mineralogy of the country would, however, carry us beyond all moderate limits.

Turn we, then, to the Mexicans and their social and political relations. According to the people themselves, they are of two kinds, "*gente de razon y gente sin razon*," or, the reasoning and the unreasoning—that is to say, the whites, and the red and black races—the mixed races not only asserting their claim to some modicum of reason, but being at the same time more pertinaciously opposed to the Indians than the whitest of the whites. The law happily knows no distinctions; the constitution has placed all the citizens of the country, whatever their colour, on an equal footing, all privileges of birth are annihilated, and

slavery has been long since eradicated. Customs, however, which have taken root amongst the people, and are perpetuated by the language, cannot be easily obliterated by law, and we consequently find in Mexico an aristocracy of colour, as in Europe we find an aristocracy of birth.

The Mexican population presents the most striking contrasts. On one side, splendour and luxury, elegant carriages, and Parisian fashions; on the other, dirt and indigence, an exclusive life with a separate national type in its outward appearance, in language, and manners. The different figures that pass before us comprise a leaf of the history of the country—a sad one, as with so many nations. The dusky Indian ruled here, and boasted a mighty empire; the superior intelligence of the Europeans conquered it, and rendered the freemen slaves. The severe tasks imposed on them carried off thousands, and to save them from extirpation the black African was introduced. When Cortes with his daring band conquered Mexico, the dominant race was that of the Aztecs, who, coming as invaders from the north, had subjected the peaceful agricultural nation of the Toltecs, and, enriched with immense booty, had adopted the customs of those they had overthrown. The noblest of the Aztecs fell in the struggle with the Spaniards; their property passed into the hands of the victors, who at the same time became possessed of the families of those who had fallen; the rude warriors were pleased with their acquisition, and married the dusky daughters of the country, who were rendered their equals by baptism. Cortes himself married the beautiful Marina, or Matintzin. At the time no one considered this a misalliance, the expression *Mestizo*, or *Mestín*, was unknown, and the noble families of the Aztecs were regarded as nobles of Spain. Besides these noble alliances there have been others of a less distinguished and often of a less legitimate character, and, during three centuries, “the priest and the monk, the soldier and the young Creole, have continued to graft the Caucasian stock on the wild trunk.”

Thus arose the numerous *Mestizo* population, which has inherited in part the brown hue of the mother, but also the greater energy and more vigorous mind of the father. The gradations of colour are naturally determined by the degree of relationship, the union of the *Mestíns* with the whites giving rise to a lighter, that with the Indians to a darker, hue. The African race, which is but slightly represented in Mexico, has such very marked characteristics, that it may be recognised, in spite of every intermarriage, by the woolly hair, thick lips, and broad, compressed nose. From the union of a negro with an Indian female, or of a mulatto with a negress, arise those dark-brown *Mestíns*, known on the west coast by the appellation *Zambos*; in general, however, the different degrees of colour are not taken into consideration, as was the case when slavery still existed, and as it still is in the West Indies and North America. Mexico, in fact, never had many slaves, and these only in the torrid regions on the coast. In the higher districts, where there was no want of hands, the conviction had long since been arrived at that the labour of free men was cheaper than that of slaves. When, in 1810, the Creole population rose against the Spanish rule, abolition of slavery was proclaimed in one of the first paragraphs, and as soon as they had attained complete independence, it was determined by the constitution that slavery should not be permitted within the bounds of the republic,

and that every slave should be free as soon as he touched Mexican ground.

The varied groups of the Mexican population have something highly original, and form an excellent relief to the landscape, particularly the Creole in the country, and the *Mestizos*, who, as horsemen, are quite equal to the Arabs, and gallop about the far-extending plateaus. In the towns, the younger Creole belonging to the educated classes is dressed in the European style. The desire to play the dandy is unmistakable in the young people, whilst the old Creole, as well as the Spaniard, never quits his dwelling without his long dark cloak, even though the sun be in the zenith.

The Creoles constitute a seventh part of the population, or about 1,200,000. In outward appearance they approach the Spaniards; and yet a peculiar type is unmistakable. The Creole is, above all, passionately attached to every kind of festive amusement, is a great admirer of the fair sex, and most pertinaciously addicted to gambling. The morality of the women is upon a par with that of the men. The Creoles constitute the chief part of the population of the cities; they are government officials, physicians, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, mining proprietors, and artificers. The great landed proprietors, the country traders, and the higher orders of the clergy, also belong to this class. The wealthy Creole is a friend to luxury; he has showy equipages, beautiful saddle-horses, numerous servants, but no comfort in his house. Domestic life is very different from that of the Germanic races. The life led by the ladies in their boudoirs savours somewhat of the Oriental; they work beautifully with the needle, weave and embroider, play, sing, and smoke, the latter from early youth, but the intellectual element is wanting, the understanding and the feelings are uncultivated, and sensuality therefore easily obtains the upper hand. Yet they are said to be amiable and animated, and their society, as well as their persons, to be very attractive. The respect paid by the children to their parents is a redeeming feature in the character of the Creoles, who are also generally humane, compassionate, kind, and indulgent. The Creole has retained the liveliness, the excitability, and the romantic sentiments of the Spaniard, but while the latter is conservative, the Mexican Creole is for progress; he is also liberal and tolerant even in religious matters, whilst the Spaniard never quits the established forms in Church and State. "The Spaniard labours perseveringly, seeks also to profit in detail, and saves what he has earned for old age; the Mexican earns with facility, but just as easily lets it slip through his fingers; he seeks to enjoy the fleeting moment, and leaves Providence to care for the future."

The aborigines of America, from Canada to the mountains of *Aranca*, have fundamentally the same type of features, greatly modified of course by position and climate, mode of life, and peculiar customs. The aborigines of Mexico, too, though divided into many tribes, and separated by totally different languages, exhibit at the first glance the peculiarities of a race. They are naturally close, distrustful, and calculating. This among themselves as well as in their intercourse with strangers. It lies in their language, their manners, and their history. Their expressions are always ambiguous, and they are refined diplomatists in their negotiations. Even the priests cannot understand the confessions of

their converts, the penitent delivering himself in metaphors and riddles. An Indian can seldom prevail on himself to tell a stranger his name, and usually gives a false one, lest he should be compromised. They are submissive and servile, with the exception of the Apaches and Comanches, who still retain their independence in the northern country. The Indians have the advantage of numerical superiority, constituting about five-eighths of the population, and apprehensions might be entertained of their awakening to a sense of their being a conquered race. But this is unlikely; they have lost all history and all spirit, there is no union among them, and as they enjoy the same rights as the other inhabitants, they have no cause for discontent. Speaking some four-and-thirty different languages, they still live in communities, partly in villages, partly in towns, where they have their separate quarters. They choose their own municipal officers. All the subjected Indians are Roman Catholics, and most of their priests are of their own race. They have also elementary schools, but they are little cared to.

The *Mestizo*, or *Mestín*, is properly the offspring of a white father and an Indian mother. But the various relations of the *Mestizos* among themselves, and with the whites and Indians, have given to the name a much wider signification. There is this great peculiarity about the *Mestizo*, however, and which is almost general, that while the Creole has taken for pattern his progenitor the Spaniard, and sought as far as possible to reproduce him,¹ while the Indian was quietly preserving the usages of his forefathers without ever being able to assert a prominent position, the *Mestizo* has never been anything else than Mexican, and the Creole has adopted his peculiarities rather than the reverse.

The *Mestizo* is a hardy fellow, of lank, elastic form; his complexion is not white, neither is it copper-coloured, like that of the Indian, but a light brown, through which the flush of the cheek appears. The hair is thick and black, but softer than the Indian's, the forehead higher, the eyes brilliant, sometimes black, sometimes hazel. He has inherited the Roman nose and heavy black beard of his father, the white teeth and small foot of the mother. One might take him for an Arab, as, lance in hand, he rushes past upon his light steed. He is an excellent horseman, of a bold, excitable disposition, temperate and persevering, but levity itself; always prepared for the dance or game, undisturbed by any care for the future, if the present moment has anything to enjoy.

The *Mestizos* are distinguishable from the Creoles on the one side, and the Indians on the other, by dress, as well as by complexion and language. The Creole contests his equality, while the Indian hates him as the bastard of his daughter; hence the progress is continually towards the whites, and the nearer the *Mestizo* approaches the Creole in colour the more easy becomes the amalgamation. That which has once been torn away from the Indian race rarely returns to unite itself again. The Indian seeks his marriage alliances only among those of unmixed blood; the ambition of the *Mestizo* is only satisfied with a wife of a fairer colour than himself. Still the numerical superiority of the Indians would lend support to Dr. Knox's theory of the greater adaptability of the Indian races to their own climates; the *Mestizos* do not, indeed, reckon above two millions, or one-fourth of the entire population.

"As the kind of foliage determines the physiognomy of the landscape, so do the cities bear the characteristic impress of a people's life

and manners. The Mexican cities show, at the first glance, a common origin with the Romaic nations of Southern Europe: straight streets, open squares, stone houses with flat roofs, numerous churches with glistening cupolas, far-extending citadel-like cloisters, mounts of Calvary, magnificent aqueducts like those of ancient Rome—splendour and luxury on the one hand, filth and nakedness on the other.” The two Castiles have furnished the models; there, as well as here, we find the same lack of trees, the same absence of beautiful parks and gardens, of cleanly and pleasant environs. In Mexico the suburbs are mean and dirty, and inhabited by the lowest classes. Refuse and filth, carcasses of animals and rubbish of buildings, are found piled up at the entrances of the streets by the side of wretched hovels, the abode of ragged vagabonds or half-naked Indians. Lean, hungry dogs and flocks of carrion vultures beleaguere these loathsome, neglected precincts, and the traveller hastens his pace on passing to withdraw both nose and eyes from such unpleasant impressions. Although this picture applies almost universally to the towns on the table-lands, it is not so on the eastern coast, where at Jalapa, Orizava, and Cordova, for example, the suburbs are a labyrinth of fruit gardens, from among which the red-tiled roofs of the cottages look forth with remarkable cheerfulness.

The Mexican cities, it is to be observed, have their numerous and peculiar proletarians as well as Naples and Seville; and, indeed, while the well-known Lazzaroni have perhaps more skill in devouring macaroni, they scarcely represent their class so worthily as the Leperos—or, as they are also called, Pelados—of Mexico. In Europe, it is very hard to be obliged to belong to this class, in Mexico it is deliberately chosen; no pressure of circumstances can hinder the freedom of development, in which the peculiar talent of the Mexican can display itself to the greatest advantage. The Leperos are proletarians in the strictest sense of the word. Epicureans on principle, they avoid the annoyance of work as much as possible, and seek for enjoyment wherever it may be obtained.

The possession of house and farm produces cares, and it is inconvenient to lock up boxes and chests, therefore they decline troubling themselves about it. The whole individual, with all that he has about him, is not worth a groat, and yet he is in the best humour in the world, and ready to sing and dance. When evening comes, he rarely knows where to lay his head at night, nor how to fill his empty stomach in the morning. A shirt is an article of luxury, but agreeable as a reserve in order to pawn it, or stake it, according to circumstances. If he is in luck he buys one, and a pair of trousers of *manila* (cheap cotton stuff). His chief possession is the frazada, a coarse, striped cloth, protecting him against stabs or blows, his bed and counterpane for the night, his state-dress for church and market. This, his toga virilis, the Lepero throws over his shoulder with more pathos, he produces a greater effect with it, than formerly Cicero and Pompey, and should he eventually fall by the knife of an irritated foe, he does so with as much dignity as the great Cæsar on the ides of March. Sympathising friends then wrap him in his royal robe, passing a cord round him like a bale of goods, and thus he wanders to the grave simply as he lived.

The proletarians, it is to be observed, are exclusively Mestizos; the Indians, poor as they seem to be, as peasants, landowners, mechanics, and as members of a community, are never proletarians. The Indian supports himself and his family honestly; he pays his taxes, lives in wedlock, and does not leave his village to wander about like a Lepero vaga-

bond. Two men proved by their vigorous administration that this bad system could be a good deal controlled : these were Count Revilla-Gigedo, viceroy in Mexico from 1789 till 1794, and General Miguel Tassén, governor-general in Cuba some twenty years since. The position of the latter was uncommonly difficult, as in the Havannah he had to do with a most vile description of proletarians, consisting of negroes and mulattoes, and with a dissipated, unruly nobility.

It is strange to think that, with such a motley and immoral population, it was not till the beginning of this century that the idea of a separation from the mother country, and the assumption of an independent political existence, began to take root in the Spanish provinces in America. In Mexico, it was not till 1810 that the independent party, led by Hidalgo and Allende, took up arms against the Spaniards. In this sanguinary struggle, which lasted ten years, the leaders frequently changed, for the sword carried off many. The popular party gave evidence of much talent and bravery, as in the persons of the two ecclesiastics Morelos and Matamoros, but, defeated by superior tactics and discipline, they had to have recourse to that guerilla warfare to which the country is peculiarly adapted. The chiefs of these guerillas, Guerrero, Bravo, Cos, and Victoria, termed themselves generals, but their sphere of action was very limited.

The revolt of Augustin Iturbide, a Mexican by birth, but a soldier in the ranks of the Spaniards, ultimately secured to the country its independence, but superadded a military despotism. The sudden elevation of this adventurer to the throne rendered him giddy, and he was deposed by the same power by which he had been elevated. The people then chose the republican form of government, and, moreover, the federal constitution, after the precedent of the United States. At the same time, most civil offices and employments, as well as military commands, fell into the hands of the insurgents, many of them uneducated, and only calculated to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of their subalterns. The national guard was looked to as the chief defence of the country, but it was so badly organised that it became the tool and the butt of the line. Owing partly to this circumstance—the incapability of the individuals in power—the demoralisation of the patriots, and the incompetency of the national guard, there has been nothing but civil commotions ever since the institution of the republic : the standing army playing the pitiful part of assisting sometimes one partisan, sometimes another, to gain the upper hand.

The army itself became as demoralised as all the other institutions in the country by the revolt which carried Santanna into power. This rude and immoral egotist, to whom honour and conscience, fidelity and faith, were but as empty words, deprived the army of many excellent officers by dismissing the Spaniards and replacing them by an utterly worthless set—the willing instruments of his selfish plans. During Santanna's long dictatorship every branch of the administration fell into disorder. In the government expenditure immense sums—from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 pesos—figured every year for the war department, and yet there were no warlike stores ; the troops were badly clothed, the fortresses dismantled. The army, which ought to have been 36,000 strong, could scarcely number 10,000. Yet, fabulous as it may appear, the army

register counted 120 generals and 30,000 officers, all demanding their pay for doing nothing; and the country had to feed this flock of vampires. This superiority in the number of officers over that of soldiers had its origin in the guerilla times, when the chiefs elected peasants into officers at pleasure. The evil was increased at each civic disturbance, each successive pronunciamiento being followed by the creation of colonels and generals—satellites of the successful aspirant to administrative powers, whoever he might be. The description of the way in which a Mexican revolt is concocted and carried out is alike amusing and instructive:

It suddenly occurs to some former soldier, perhaps a captain, residing in a village three hundred leagues from the capital, that the government is good for nothing. He speaks about it with Jack and Peter of the same village, reads the newspaper to them, shows letters from friends of consequence, which also blame the minister, and harangues his gossips that it is for them to change matters. They are content, and beat up proletarians for their scheme—rascals who prefer spending money to working, and know well enough that little is to be risked in such matters. A discontented colonel is known; he is informed that the country looks up to him as her liberator, and he is requested to place himself at their head. If he be one of the right sort, he comes with some of his confidants, a consultation is immediately held, and the plan for reforming the world is concocted. The same night the town-hall is taken possession of, the aldermen are sent for, are made acquainted with the intentions of the revolutionists, and compelled to do homage. On this the tax-gatherer is obliged to hand over all he has in his strong-box, and should it be little, a forced loan is raised from the disaffected shopkeepers of the place, the alarm bell is rung, rockets are sent up, and when all the inhabitants are assembled in the marketplace they are informed of what has taken place. Now follow loud cheers for the patriots, especially for the general-in-chief, as he is dubbed. A proclamation is then put forth, addressed to the whole nation, which is, of course, read with applause, and as soon as a sufficiently animating quantity of spirits has been drunk, it is resolved to march upon the next market town. All hasten to fetch their arms and horses; the women howl and refuse to let their husbands depart; and, indeed, (but ?) with many of them no great amount of persuasion is requisite. They slip out of the back door to the forest till the tumult is over. At length, after midnight, the patriotic army is ready to march. Though few, they are full of courage; the bottle is passed round once more at the expense of the regiment, and the heroes vanish in darkness.

If all goes well, several villages are surprised and join the rebels. When the principal village of a district has given in its adherence, a provisional government is appointed, and the army (200 men, perhaps) organised, armed and drilled, the newspapers are full of it, a detachment of fifty soldiers is sent out against them by the prefect, but returns with all speed at sight of the superior numbers of the foe. The prefect packs up his archives and hastens off, whilst every one seeks to conceal his property of all kinds. Men who can be depended on are sent to treat with the insurgents, to sound them, and to promise to join them in order to gain time.

Meanwhile fleet messengers are sent off to the provincial government and to the federal government. The provincial authorities complain that they have neither money nor arms to put down the increasing movement, presume that the conspiracy has far-extending ramifications, talk of a certain party, who are waiting for the favourable moment only, and request speedy assistance from the capital. If the pronunciadados were energetic men, they might generally march half way across the country before meeting with any organised resistance; but they decline going far—merely look round to see where they can lay their hands on some public funds and guard against a surprise. They have great difficulty

in keeping their men together, who have all sorts of scruples ready when the excitement is at an end. I know of an instance where the whole quota of a village declared to their chief that they must now return home to have their shirts washed!

At length information is brought that the government troops have marched. A council of war is held; it is resolved to occupy a strong position, to withdraw to the mountains; nevertheless they remain for the present in the village. A well-combined attack would, in a general way, settle the whole affair, and place them all at the mercy of the government; but milder measures must be attempted. The blood of citizens must not be shed, and those who have strayed must be reclaimed. The rebels proudly reject all advances; some of the outposts fire on each other from a distance of a thousand yards; a dozen of the government soldiers desert; this is a bad omen, and prudence is the mother of wisdom. Some honest people of the neighbourhood offer their mediation, which is accepted, and the end of the story is, that after several bootless marches, after wasting a tolerable quantity of powder, an agreement is come to, according to the terms of which, the chiefs of pronunciados lay down their arms and acknowledge the authority of the government, retain the rank, dignity, and pay which they have conferred on themselves, keep what they have stolen from the state, dismiss their army, and are all completely amnestied.

This is the way in which civil commotions incessantly arise, and are as incessantly extinguished, and all real progress is impeded, the social condition deteriorated, commerce injured, and property rendered insecure, whilst the army continues to be supplied with incompetent colonels and generals. Santanna himself signed thirteen thousand commissions whilst he was at the head of affairs. Many of them were given to mere children and others to reward other services besides such as were of a political or military nature. Thus it is related:

A good German shoemaker made his excellency a wonderful boot for his club foot. The artist was rewarded according to his deserts with a captain's commission; for he had helped to put the first man in the republic on his legs. The cobbler now determined not to stick to his last, but to strut about with his plumed hat and sabre. The shoe-shop, however, was still carried on, although the *captain* had so much to do with his comrades in the coffee-houses and guard-rooms, and had such difficulty in quenching the thirst thereby given rise to, that the *master* had no time to cut out, or to look after his journeymen. The customers complained of corns, of bad workmanship, and gave their orders elsewhere; and ere long this respected thriving German shoemaker had become a poor vagabondising Mexican captain.

No wonder, then, if in the Mexican army of officers as thus constituted, amateur robbers, bandits, and forgers are to be met with. Where there is such a total want of education and morality, there is just as little military honour. Yet with all this, Spaniard, Mestizo, or proletarian alike, believe themselves to be the cream of the earth in point of knowledge, activity, and courage. Their vanity, as with most uneducated nations, is unbounded. The war with the United States did them an infinite deal of good in this respect. They found that they were not precisely the invincible heroes that they deemed themselves—especially in the presence of their mistresses. But even on this occasion there was no popular or general rising in the country, or Scott's army would have been annihilated. He was allowed to penetrate from Vera Cruz into the interior, across the mountains, and through the most

difficult passes, without an arm being raised against him. And he was further permitted to occupy such a position, and to bring up his reserve and supplies, without a blow being struck. "The laurels which Scott gained," says Sartorius, "were owing less to his tactics and bravery than to the weakness and indolence of his opponent."

Such, then, is the present state of Mexico, a country presenting as great a variety and richness of resources in the vegetable and mineral world as perhaps any country on the face of the earth, possessing almost unequalled advantages in climate, soil, and configuration, and yet are three of its finest provinces, Sonora, Durango, and Cinaloa, overrun by wild Apaches and Comanches, whom a handful of men ought to drive any day from their forest and mountain lairs, while the more civilised portions of the country are subjected momentarily to the discomforts and abuses of revolutions, brought about by a needy, unprincipled, and demoralised set of officials and adventurers.

From what we can gather, the state of general anarchy, corruption, and demoralisation, had attained its acme before the British government was obliged to speak out in defence of our commercial interests in this rich but misgoverned country. There were almost as many parties as there were races in the country. There were the so-called Liberals, there were the Constitutionals, and there were the Reactionists. On the one hand, we were told that General Miramon would not accept the presidency, but had declined in favour of the restoration of Zuloaga and the Tacubaya constitution; on the other, we were told that the Constitutionals under General Trego were prosperous, and that the people were flocking to their standard, while their leaders *talked loud* of victory. The Reactionists were equally confident on their side, and were threatening a descent on Vera Cruz. Again, General Gaxa was marching to the assistance of the Liberals, and Robles had pronounced in favour of the same party. All that can really be deduced from such conflicting statements is, that the country is in a state of complete social and administrative disorganisation; and although it behoves us, in common with every other great commercial nation, to protect our interests at such a crisis, it is much to be feared that, as far as Mexico itself is concerned, there is no real future for that magnificent region till it falls into the hands of a higher-principled race of people.

POMMERROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

NEVER was there a more gloomy structure than that of the old Abbey of Pommeroy, with its grey walls, overgrown in places with lichen and other kinds of moss, its narrow Gothic casements, and its decaying towers. It was in keeping with the scenery that rose around. Situated on a wild part of the coast of England, it was flanked by bleak and bold rocks on the one side, and by a dark forest on the other. Not that the trees were in close proximity to the abbey: from the abbey gates descended a gentle hill, where a few houses, most of them very poor, were honoured with the title of village, taking its name from their site, "Abbeyland:" the hill wound round to the right, and there rose the dark and gloomy forest. In days long gone by, in the time of the Norman kings, this place had been the stronghold of the De Pommeroys; then they seemed to have dwindled away and disappeared, and the abbey was for a century or two the abode of monks. After that, it had been rebuilt, and of later years it had come again into the hands of the Pommeroys, who professed to be lineal descendants of the ancient family, and retained their form of religion, though they dropped the "de."

The lord of Pommeroy Abbey—though only Mr. Pommeroy, he was always styled "the lord"—had four sons, Guy, Rupert, George, and Leolin; Guy of course being the heir. The two younger we need not notice just now, for they were absent; George was with his regiment, though he had very recently been sojourning at home, and Leolin was abroad. Guy and Rupert were remarkably tall, nearly six feet three, but there the resemblance apparently ended. Guy was of a pale complexion, almost ghastly, his features, in themselves well formed, were rendered plain by their exceedingly stern expression, and by his possessing what is called a hare lip. In Rupert's features might be traced a great resemblance to Guy's, but only by a close observer, for his complexion was more fresh and beautiful than is often owned by man, the expression of his face was winning, though somewhat free and bold, and the form of his mouth was of surpassing sweetness. A stranger, looking at the two for the first time, would have said never were brothers more unlike; that the one was a model of beauty, the other almost of deformity; but as he became accustomed to their features, the likeness would have grown upon him.

The breakfast-table was spread in the abbey breakfast-room, and Miss Pommeroy waited for her father and brothers. She was tall, as they were; her complexion sallow, though not so white as Guy's: indeed, Guy imparted the idea of a man whose colour has been momentarily scared from him by fright: and her hair was darker than theirs. She was named Joan, after a Dame Joan de Pommeroy, who had been famous in the reign of King John, and was said to bear a strong resemblance to her, which probably was only one of those flights of fancy some people delight

to indulge in, since no portrait of Dame Joan was extant now, and it did not appear that one ever had been. Miss Pommeroy had returned but the night before from a six months' visit to a married sister, and now stood at the narrow window, looking out at the scene she had not seen so long. Rupert entered.

"Rupert!" she exclaimed, "I see the smoke of the White House chimneys, curling there. I suppose you have grown intimate with its new inmates; you were in the way for it when I left."

"Guy has."

"Guy!"

"He and the lord are there often. Indeed, I began to think that we were going to be presented gratis with a lady-in-law——"

"Rupert!" interrupted Miss Pommeroy, in a tone of rebuke.

"Until I found that the scent lay in a different direction," continued the unmoved Rupert. "I was mistaking the affair altogether: while I fancied the widower and the widow might be doing a little courting on their own account, it appears they were only courting for their children."

Miss Pommeroy turned her eyes full on her brother, asking an explanation as plainly as eyes could. But Rupert was silent. "Tell me what you mean," she said, impatiently.

"The son-and-heir is to settle," cried Rupert, "and——"

"Guy cannot afford it," again exclaimed Miss Pommeroy. "You have all been too extravagant for him to think of marrying: the lord has often told him so. Where is to be his separate establishment? and two households in the abbey will not answer."

"I should like to have a guinea for every useless word you drop in a day, Joan," laughed Rupert Pommeroy. "Guy will afford an establishment——if he gets her. She has five-and-twenty thousand pounds."

"Are you speaking of the mother or the daughter?"

"Well done, Joan! The mother is double Guy's age—or getting on for it."

"But—will—she, the daughter, have Guy?" slowly and doubtfully ejaculated Miss Pommeroy.

Rupert had opened one of the narrow casements, and put his head out. Whistling to one of his pointers, which was below, with the gamekeeper, Gaunt.

"Rupert! Rupert!" exclaimed his sister, petulantly stamping her foot, "you know when I want to hear a thing I must hear it. I say, will Alice Wylde have Guy?"

Rupert drew in his head. "You had better ask that of Guy himself."

"Is it true that she has so much? It was given out that they were rich, but twenty-five thousand is a great deal."

"That's true. Her father was in India: a nabob—or rajah—or merchant——something they make fortunes at, out there: and she inherits."

"She will never have Guy: she is too beautiful."

"Pretty women often marry ugly men, and——Hist, Joan!" broke off Rupert: "here he comes, the son-and-heir."

Guy Pommeroy entered the room. His temper had made him not loved by his brothers and sisters, but his father doted on him: in Guy he saw his son-and-heir; and his constant allusions to his being such, had caused it to be a by-word of ridicule, as attached to Guy. Haughty,

arrogant, and fearful spendthrifts, the Pommeroy's had outrun their income; but this was not known to the world; and Guy had reached the age of eight-and-twenty without thought of marrying, when the White House changed its tenants, and became inhabited by the widow and daughter of Mr. Wylde.

But not for the sake of her fortune did Guy Pommeroy think of sacrificing his liberty: the Pommeroy's were of that class who love the liberty and licence of single life: that the money may have added weight to the inducement was probable, but the fresh beauty of Alice had caught his eye and his heart. When those cold natures, such as was Guy's, do love, they love passionately: and with an impassioned fervour that is not often equalled, had Guy Pommeroy learnt to love Alice Wylde.

"Guy," began Miss Pommeroy, with little regard to his feelings or to her own good manners, "Rupert says you want to marry Miss Wylde. Will she have you?"

A hot scarlet flush illumined Guy's white cheek: proving, of itself, how very deep his love had gone. He drew himself up haughtily. "Let Rupert concern himself with his fishing and his shooting, and his other—more questionable—sports: but let him not concern himself with me."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and his father's personal attendant entered; Jerome, a faithful serving-man of fifty years. "The lord breakfasts in his room," said Guy.

"Yes, sir, I know it," replied Jerome. "He has slept badly."

Miss Pommeroy had turned to the breakfast-table. She could not domineer over Guy, as she sometimes did over Rupert: not that the latter heeded her domineering, for he was good-tempered and careless. Once, when Guy had declined to tell her something she wished to know, and she had teased him to anger, he struck her a blow, and her face retained the mark for days. She said no more to Guy now, but in the course of the day she questioned her father: was Guy to marry Alice Wylde?

Mr. Pommeroy looked up. "Who has made you so wise?"

"Rupert."

"It is no business of Rupert's: or of any one's. Nothing is settled."

"Neither will it be," exclaimed Miss Pommeroy, speaking what she thought. "I do not suppose she would have Guy."

"Not have Guy!" uttered Mr. Pommeroy. "I can tell you that an alliance with the future lord of Pommeroy is what many a young lady, far higher in position and lineage than she, would kneel for. She and Mrs. Wylde see it in the right light, and are eager for it."

So far as Mrs. Wylde went, Mr. Pommeroy judged rightly. She was an ambitious woman, dwelling too much upon the advantages accruing from "family," as those, not well-born, are apt to do. In Guy Pommeroy she saw all that was to be desired: and to make Alice the future "lady of Pommeroy," was the dream which fired her ambition.

But, if Guy was courted to the White House, Rupert was not. He had at one time gone thither as much as his brother, but a faint and very disagreeable suspicion had dawned suddenly upon Mrs. Wylde; and that was, that her daughter was getting to enjoy the society of the handsome Rupert, more than that of Guy. Never, from that hour, was Rupert

Pommeroy admitted within the doors: call when he would, there was an excuse ready: Mrs. Wylde was out, or Mrs. Wylde was engaged.

The day passed on to the evening, and the family dined alone, a somewhat notable circumstance, for the abbey was generally rich in guests. Rupert rose from table when his sister did, and strolled out: Guy remained with his father.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" demanded the lord. "At the White House?"

"I called in there," replied Guy.

"When do you mean to bring matters to a close? Speak to her off-hand, boy, and don't be afraid. I never knew that a Pommeroy could be scared by a woman."

Guy Pommeroy's livid face turned scarlet, a far deeper scarlet than that called up by Joan's bold question in the morning. If the proud old chief could but have known its cause!

"There is plenty of time," replied Guy, in a tone that concealed the evasiveness of the words. "Father, drink claret: so much port is not good for you."

"I hate the claret," said Mr. Pommeroy; "and not a drop should be on my table, but for fashion's sake: I never got used to it as a young man, and can't as an old one. In my day, Guy, the creed was to despise everything French."

"But think of the gout, sir. Jerome is fearing another attack, I know."

"Jerome would fear his own shadow, if you'd let him," said the lord of Pommeroy.

Rupert strolled leisurely along until he was beyond view of the abbey, and then he mended his pace, and went as if he were walking for a wager. It was a lovely summer's evening, and the setting sun threw its red and golden light across the heavy trees in the distance. Cutting across some fields, by a sheltered path, he emerged from them at the back of the White House, and entered its garden by a small door.

Not to the open part of it: no, Rupert Pommeroy dared not do that, lest he should encounter the lynx eyes of Mrs. Wylde. He kept safe amidst the stunted trees that skirted the wall, and peeped out beyond them to see what was to be seen.

He saw a bright looking girl of radiant mien, her dark brown hair shining in the slanting beams of the sun, and her cheeks damask with expectation. She was in an evening dress of white, and wore a small thin gold chain round her neck, and similar bracelets on her arms; and she was fitting from bed to bed, plucking a flower from one, stooping to inhale the scent of another, and—drawing further from the windows of the house: drawing, as if unconsciously, and without any apparent design.

A lady appeared at the dining-room window, which was open. "Alice."

"Well, mamma?"

"I wish you would put a scarf over your shoulders. You are sure to choose this hour to loiter in the garden, just when the sun is full upon it."

"Mamma, I shall not take cold."

"I don't suppose you will, but you'll tan your neck. The hot summer sun tans as much at its setting as at mid-day."

Alice Wylde folded her laced pocket-handkerchief, corner-wise, and threw it over her neck.

"You have not drunk your wine," pursued Mrs. Wylde.

"I don't want it, thank you."

Mrs. Wylde turned from the window, and, reaching over the dessert-table for the glass of wine which stood near Alice's plate, drank it herself. Mrs. Wylde was too fond of wine—of course in a lady-like way; nothing more is meant—to waste it, and she then filled her own glass again, and sat down.

Mrs. Wylde was one who enjoyed her dinner: it is a weakness obtaining amidst ladies who have approached, what *they* would call, the meridian of life; and Mrs. Wylde not unfrequently fell into a doze after it, and she enjoyed that as much as her dinner.

Alice Wylde had not been reared in a good school. A girl, who has, will not deceive her mother in word or deed, scarcely in thought: and, rely upon it, where deceit is practised to a mother, a day of retribution too surely comes: it may be soon, or it may be late, but come it will, and does. She flitted from flower to shrub, and from shrub to flower, gradually drawing round the wind of the lawn, beyond the sight of her mother's eyes, had her mother remained to look; which Alice did not fear, for she knew her mother's indolent and self-indulgent habits. In another moment, she was in the midst of the sheltering trees, and in the arms of Rupert Pommeroy.

"My dearest!"

"Oh, Rupert, I have been wishing for this evening to come! I have been longing to tell you some news. Guy called this afternoon and asked me to be his wife."

"Ah!"

"I told him I was very sorry, for I did not love him, and it was of no use his asking."

Rupert laughed, and held her closer. "What did he say?"

"I hardly knew what he said: I was confused, and only caught up the sense of his words. He said that he loved me as no other man had ever loved, for his passions were vehement within him: and then came something about his being Guy Pommeroy, of Pommeroy Abbey."

"You might have told him that *one* other, at any rate, loved you as passionately as he. How did it end, Alice?"

"He would not take my refusal: he did not seem to believe in it: he said young ladies did not know their own minds, and that he should never give me up while he had life. He said he should come to the White House as usual, and he hoped that in a few weeks I should grant him a different answer. I told him if he did continue to come, he must consider himself mamma's visitor, not mine."

Rupert drew her face to his, and kept it there while he whispered his sweet vows of love. She resisted not: for, passionately as Guy Pommeroy loved Alice, so did she, in her turn, love Rupert. Thus the time passed, all too swiftly for those, wrapt in the magic of the other's presence, in the melody of love's golden chords; and the light was fading, and the sun had set, and the evening star shone in the heavens, when Alice

Wylde stole into the house, and aroused her mother from her slumbers, her heart living over again the stolen interview, and her blushing cheeks crimson with the pressure of Rupert's lips.

Rupert did not go straight home, as it appeared, for it was late when he entered. Jerome met him. "All in bed?" asked Rupert.

"All but Mr. Guy, sir. He is in the oak room, walking about: I'm afraid something has vexed him. Just hark, Mr. Rupert."

Rupert listened. Guy's heavy tread sounded from the room, unceasing and monotonous.

"He has been pacing like this for two hours," continued Jerome: and Rupert laughed within himself as he went to his own chamber. "Alice for him, indeed!"

On the following day, Mrs. and Miss Wylde paid a formal visit to Miss Pommeroy: her return would bring ladies to the abbey again; and there were families within visiting distance. They invited her to go back with them and spend the day, and Joan agreed to do so, observing that the abbey had a gentlemen's dinner-party that evening, and she should not be wanted. So Mrs. Wylde dismissed her carriage, for they thought it would be pleasant to walk through the village together.

In going along they met Guy and Rupert, who were with Gaunt, the gamekeeper, the latter a fine specimen of humanity, tall and upright, with handsome features of a high cast, that would have done honour to a coronet. The Pommeroy's were fond of saying that he traced back his descent to the famed John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, noted in the days of the second Richard. Guy stopped, of course, and Rupert shook hands with the ladies in his gay way. Miss Pommeroy turned to Gaunt:

"How is Sybilla?"

"She's not well, Miss Pommeroy: I can't make her out. She seems to have lost her health and spirits, and her face is quite drawn and thin."

"What ails her?" questioned Joan.

"It's more than I can tell," returned Gaunt, shaking his head. "She thinks it is the summer heat that overcomes her, and won't have a doctor: but we have had many a summer as hot as this: and, in the teeth of her saying it, she is cold, and wraps herself up. Her mother went off in a waste," he added, dropping his voice, "and I remember she was cold always, after it began. If I should lose Sybilla—why, I'd rather go myself, for she is all I have got left to comfort me."

"I will call in and see her," said Joan. "I may spare a minute now, as we go by."

"I wish you would, Miss Pommeroy. And perhaps you'll give me your opinion of her afterwards. If you think advice is necessary, I'll have it, whether Sybilla will, or not."

Rupert, bold and undaunted, in spite of the eyes of Mrs. Wylde, and the presence of Guy, chose to monopolise the attention of Alice. Little loth was she: and Mrs. Wylde said adieu hastily, and the ladies walked on.

At the extremity of the straggling village, in what had been the lodge, centuries ago, before the village was built, lived Gaunt. Although ostensibly performing the duties of gamekeeper to the Pommeroy

estate, he was no paid servant: a small patrimony placed him beyond want, and it is probable that in his heart he considered himself almost equal to the Pommeroy's. Just as Mr. Pommeroy lorded it over his servants, so did Gaunt lord it over the two keepers under him. The cottage, a picturesque building, containing four or five rooms, stood back from the road and was sheltered by trees, and a bench was on the green in front. As they came near it, Mrs. Wylde complained of the heat.

"Then suppose you sit down here and rest for an instant," proposed Joan, pointing to the bench, "while I go in-doors to see Sybilla."

"Mrs. Wylde started back as if she had been struck. "To see Sybilla Gaunt! My dear Miss Pommeroy!"

"I will not keep you two minutes, Mrs. Wylde. I am anxious about her. Her father says she is ill."

"Miss Pommeroy!" repeated Mrs. Wylde, in a tone of strong remonstrance, "you must not go in *there*; to see *her*. You have no mother, my dear, therefore you must excuse my interposing, so far, in the light of one."

Joan Pommeroy, haughty and self-opinionated by nature and by education, drew herself up. "You do not yet know Sybilla Gaunt, I see, or you would scarcely speak of her disparagingly. She has been exceedingly well brought up, and her education has been almost—yes, I may say, almost that of a gentlewoman."

"So I have heard. But no good ever comes of educating girls in her sphere of life; and thus it has proved here. My dear Miss Pommeroy, since you left, the girl has turned out to be—to be—in short, not respectable."

The two ladies stood looking at one another, Joan asking the explanation with her eyes that her lips disdained to utter. Alice traced characters on the dusty road with the end of her parasol and listened, rather amused at the dispute.

"What did you say?" demanded Joan, whose fiery Pommeroy blood was rising.

"My dear, there's no cause for you to put yourself out," said Mrs. Wylde. "It is an every-day affair with village beauties; always has been, and always will be. Sybilla Gaunt is no longer respectable, and you must drop all communication with her."

Joan Pommeroy's eyes flashed: she could be as passionate as her eldest brother. "It is false, whoever says it," she uttered. "How dare my father and my brothers suffer tales to go about to the prejudice of Sybilla Gaunt? They are the lords of the soil, and they ought to have stopped them."

Mrs. Wylde gave vent to a short, friendly laugh. "My dear, you will have to abandon your favourable prejudices," she quietly said. "Sybilla Gaunt is not respectable."

"Am I respectable?" returned the angry Joan. "You may as well say that I am not. I pray you wait for me, for I shall go in to see her."

Allowing no further opposition, and prepared to fling it off, had it been offered, Miss Pommeroy walked to the lodge door, and entered without knocking: she was in no frame of mind to heed the decorums of life: indeed, they obtained short favour from her at the best of times. The room, it was the common sitting-room, the kitchen being at the back,

seemed in a litter, and Sybilla Gaunt sat in it, her head bent down and resting on the table. A shawl, that she appeared to have had on, had fallen on the ground.

She was exceedingly like her father, tall and stately, with the same noble features, and the same large dark eyes, and raven hair: like him, she looked born to adorn a coronet. With a faint exclamation of dismay, she sprang up when she saw Miss Pommeroy, her pale features—not naturally pale, but pale, as it appeared, from illness—grew flushed, and she picked up the shawl to throw it over her. In her haste and confusion, she defeated her own object, and the shawl somehow alighted in a heap on her head. In stretching up her arms to right it, Joan Pommeroy obtained full view of her figure: and Joan Pommeroy fell back against the wall, and her spirit turned faint within her.

Joan did not speak; she only looked at her: and Sybilla's trembling hands busied themselves in adjusting the shawl, and the transient crimson of her face faded to a death-like whiteness.

"What is this?" asked Joan, at length.

"What is—what?" returned Sybilla.

"I met your father, and he told me you were ill," harshly repeated Joan. "*What* is this illness, I ask?"

"Don't frighten me, Miss Pommeroy," gasped Sybilla, who looked ready to faint.

"Answer me, I say," repeated Joan Pommeroy, her face as stern, at that moment, as her brother Guy's.

Sybilla choked down a gasping breath before she could answer, and when she did speak, it was in a faint, nervous tone, and in jumping sentences. "The heat this summer—has been great—it has made me ill—it has overpowered me."

Joan Pommeroy heard her to an end, bending her stern, searching eyes upon her. "It is the heat that overpowers you?—the heat, you say? Then why do you wear a shawl to increase it?" And Sybilla Gaunt only laid her hand upon her throat, as if to still its beating, and made no reply, for she had none to make. Miss Pommeroy stepped close up to her.

"Do you think you can deceive me? No: though you have succeeded, it would appear, in blinding your father. You have been mad, Sybilla Gaunt; mad. You have degraded yourself to a level with the——"

"Do not say too much, Miss Pommeroy," interrupted Sybilla, in a low tone. "You don't know all."

"I know and see sufficient. I know that the truth is whispered outside, and that I was warned not to subject myself to contact with you. Shame upon you! you, who were the stay of your father! you, who have boasted of a descent from the Plantagenets! Sybilla Gaunt, I would as soon have believed ill of myself as of you."

Miss Pommeroy gathered up her petticoats, as if to guard them against contamination with the door-sill, and swept out. Mrs. Wyld was then sitting on the bench, and Alice was looking up the road. Mrs. Wyld rose when she saw Miss Pommeroy.

"Come, Alice, what are you looking at? Oh, I see; Mr. Guy Pommeroy is there."

Joan turned her head in the direction. "Guy and Rupert; and Gaunt also," she muttered. "Let us get on: I do not want to see him."

"Well, my dear Miss Pommeroy, are you satisfied?" asked Mrs. Wylde. "What does she look like?"

"Like what you said," returned Joan, harshly.

"Of course: there is no possibility of mistaking it. And her father is a—in fact, an idiot."

"Who is it that has led her to it?" interrupted Miss Pommeroy, in the same abrupt tone.

"There I cannot enlighten you: people are shy of talking. She has always, as I hear, held herself quite aloof from the village rustics."

"How very beautiful she is!" suddenly exclaimed Alice Wylde.

"Who, child?"

"Sybilla Gaunt, mamma."

"Oh," said Mrs. Wylde, scornfully. "'Handsome is as handsome does,' was a saying of my old mother's. Sybilla Gaunt had better have been born ugly enough to frighten the crows."

Late in the evening, Jerome came for Miss Pommeroy. He brought bad news. The lord had been taken ill, very ill, and Mr. Guy was with him.

"And Mr. Rupert?" returned Joan, "where is he, that he could not have come for me?"

"Mr. Rupert went out when the gentlemen left, Miss Pommeroy. The lord would not let it be known in the dining-room that he was ill."

But as they were passing through the village, they heard fast footsteps behind them. It was Rupert, and he gave his arm to his sister. Jerome told him of his father's illness.

"The gout again," remarked Rupert.

"And a bad attack it will be, I know," returned Jerome.

"So you always say, Jerome," said Mr. Rupert.

"Well, sir, we shall see, I fear."

"Alice will marry Guy," whispered Joan to her brother.

Rupert whistled. "Oh, you think so?"

"I judge from probabilities. Mrs. Wylde was talking about her affairs to-day. She has complete power over Alice, for if the latter marries without her consent, the money leaves her, and Mrs. Wylde can will it to whom she pleases, except to Alice. No girl in her senses would forfeit five-and-twenty thousand pounds. So what is she to do? Mrs. Wylde is bent upon Guy."

"She must wait until the old lady relents, or drops off."

"Then she may wait for years: Mrs. Wylde is not old. No: Alice will marry Guy."

"Not she," cried Rupert.

"That Alice is looking forward to the probability of being lady of Pommeroy, she let slip to-day. We had been talking about the abbey: what a gloomy, tumble-down old pile it is, except the portion that we inhabit, and Alice sank into thought. 'I shall have it so renovated that no one will know it to be the same,' she suddenly exclaimed: 'I shall make it the admiration of the county. I mean,' she corrected herself, blushing and laughing, 'that I should do that if I were its master.'"

Rupert still whistled softly to himself, smiling much. His sister inquired why he was laughing.

"To think of the changes that must take place, ere she could be the abbey's lady. The deaths, for instance."

"Only papa's, Rupert. Guy will be its lord then."

Rupert did not answer : but his smile wore the same curious expression.

As they approached the abbey, lights were gleaming from several of its front windows, and they seemed to be passing from room to room.

"What is it ? what can have happened ?" uttered Rupert.

"The lord's worse ! I know he is !" cried Jerome, apprehensively.

"You are always ready to prophesy evil, Jerome."

"I feel sure he is, sir," the old servant answered. "And," he added to Rupert, in his agitation, "if ever I saw coming death upon a face, I have seen it the last day or two upon my poor master's."

Jerome was right : Mr. Pommeroy was worse. It was a violent attack of gout in the stomach. In his room Rupert and Miss Pommeroy found Guy, a priest, and two medical men. He was giving directions to Guy, as well as his pain allowed him. "Jerome is getting old," he was saying as they entered ; "you, Guy, with a young wife, and probably a young family, will be wanting young servants, and, it may be, he will not suit you long. He has saved wages, and I have left him something more, and it is my desire that the keep shall be his, to reside in, after he leaves you, for so long as he shall live. Do you hear, Guy ?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Give him the keep for his own, to have exclusive control over, just as if it were his, by right : at his death it will lapse back to you. Give me your promise."

"I promise, father," said Guy. "Father, I also promise," added Rupert.

Guy looked at his brother, and his ugly lip curled up. "Where is the use of your promise ? You will not be the abbey's lord."

"In case it should lapse to me during Jerome's lifetime," returned Rupert : and at this suggested possibility, Guy's lip curled up the more.

The old man died. And Guy was the lord of Pommeroy.

II.

A LOVELY spring day. The hedges were clothed in their luxuriant green, the sky was darkly blue with an earnest of returning summer, and the grass, growing long, was intermixed with cowslips and blue-bells, and the long, deep-pink flowers that children call cuckoos. Alice Wyld sat on a low stile near her home, looking at the wild flowers, and thinking pensively of the happy years of her childhood, when her greatest delight had been to go into the fields and gather such, delights that never would return.

She was deeply unhappy. Loving Rupert Pommeroy with all the intensity of an impassioned and not well-disciplined heart, this long absence from him had seemed like a separation of years. About six weeks subsequent to Mr. Pommeroy's death, Rupert left the abbey. A very slender provision indeed was bequeathed to him, only a few thousands, but an appointment had long been promised him under government. Guy had graciously intimated that he was welcome to make the abbey his home until it should be given, but Rupert pleaded business, and left. Guy suspected his motives : that he had some debts, and that

at present it was convenient his place of residence should not be so decidedly known. Rupert's secret plea to Alice was, that unless he went to London to look after this promised appointment, it might never come, and in secret they took their leave. But that was last September; and now it was April, nearly May, and he had never come back again!

There had been another desertion from Abbeyland, and the deserter was Sybilla Gaunt. She also did not come back: and she had been gone nearly as long as Rupert. It was known that the gamekeeper received letters from her, and he seemed tolerably easy in mind: no one dared to speak to him of his loss, for he could put down impertinence, whether from rich or poor, with as high a hand as the old lord himself had done, in his haughtiest days. Captain Pommeroy had come down at his father's death, and had gone again when the funeral was over; and Leolin was abroad still. Miss Pommeroy lived at the abbey with Guy; and—Alice Wylde is sitting on the low field stile there, looking at the flowers, with eyes that see them not.

She steps off the stile and leans against it, for she hears footsteps approaching; and, though the hedge hides the intruder, she knows them to be the lord of Pommeroy's.

"Good morning, Alice."

"Good morning," she returned, preparing to move away.

"Stay," said Guy, putting his arm before her; "I cannot go on like this; I cannot be shunned for ever, as you are shunning me. If I come up with you out of doors, you walk away; if I call at the White House, you will not remain in the room. I have been there now, talking to your mother, and she, and I, say that matters should be brought to an issue."

"They were so brought long ago," replied Alice: "only you will not take my answer."

"No, I will never take that answer," returned Guy, with agitation. "Oh, Alice!" he added, changing his tone to one of deep tenderness, "have compassion upon me! my love for you is eating away my heart-strings."

"I cannot love you," she replied, in a low tone.

"So you have said: and so I have asked you, as I ask you now, Why?"

"It is not a thing that can be called up at will; or bought and sold, as you would barter a jewel."

"Sufficient of it will come at will; if there be no bar. I am ready to take you, and chance it. Is there a bar?" he continued, in a meaning tone.

Alice Wylde hesitated. The persecution—for so she looked upon it—of Guy Pommeroy had become intolerable to her: when she woke in the morning, the consciousness that she should meet him in the day, and possibly be forced to listen to his love-making, would rush over her mind with a feeling of despair; and now came the thought, What if she told him there was a bar? it might put an end to his hopes and his tormentings. So she spoke out; but, in the confusion and doubt of her ideas, did not weigh her words.

"If I were to impart to you that there is a bar, would it convince you that your wish is useless?"

"A bar?" he ejaculated. "Not that of love—of love for another? Alice! do not say it!"

"I must say it, if I am to speak the truth," she whispered. "I do love another."

The dark expression came over Guy's face. "Whom?"

"Rupert."

A minute elapsed before he took in the sense of the words. And then his passion broke forth.

"Rupert! the ill-doing spendthrift! Rupert, the disgrace to the name of Pommeroy! Who is now hiding himself, lest his reckless debts should be visited upon him: whose misconduct here would be a byword in men's mouths, but that he is a Pommeroy! who——But I do not believe you," added Guy in a different tone, as he ran over in his mind the probabilities of her avowal, and could not remember that Rupert and she had been sufficiently intimate for love to have supervened: or that they had met, if love had come. "It is false, Alice: you never saw much of Rupert, or he of you."

Alice leaned against the stile: she did not reply, but the rich flush of love, remembered love, mantled in her cheek, and her lips parted with a half smile.

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" stamped Guy. "Why don't you say that you never met him—to love—that you are asserting what is false, only to deceive me?"

"I have said what is true. And, as to not meeting, I should be sorry to meet you in secret, as I have met Rupert."

"You—a gentlewoman—and my promised wife—can stand there and avow to me that you have met Rupert Pommeroy in secret?"

"I am not your promised wife. And there was no other way in which we could meet, for you had gained the ear of my mother. If we did meet in secret, where was the harm? do you think Rupert would let it come near me?"

The lord of Pommeroy turned his face from Alice, bending it on the ground: it was well, perhaps, that she did not see it then. His love for her was indeed as a volcano raging within him: he could not give her up; far rather would he have given up life and all its benefits. His, she should, she must be.

"Alice, your love is worse than wasted, if it be given to Rupert Pommeroy. He had none to waste, or to give to you."

Again the rich red flush of remembrance dyed her cheeks, and her lips were parted with the same sweet smile. Guy kept down his temper.

"I say Rupert Pommeroy had no love to give to you. He deceived you: he was only amusing himself."

"You shall not traduce him to me," she interrupted, with spirit. "I will not listen to it. You know the motive which has obliged me to confide this to you—that you may fix your hopes elsewhere. Keep my secret, Guy, and be generous: I shall be your sister some time."

"Walk with me a little way, Alice," he suddenly exclaimed. And mechanically she obeyed, for his tone was imperative. Guy offered his arm; but she bowed a refusal.

"You would take Rupert's," chafed he.

"It is not the custom for young ladies to do so. And I am quite alive to the exactions of custom," she added, throwing back her head.

April—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLX.

"Custom!" retorted Guy, "between two who are to form the closest tie on earth."

"Did you speak of yourself, or of Rupert?" she returned, in a spirit of aggravation. And the lord of Pommeroy, after a look that must have betrayed the bitterness of his heart, walked by her side in silence.

They emerged from the fields; and a few steps along the road, towards the village, brought them in front of Gaunt, the gamekeeper's. The cottage appeared shut up: it frequently was so, now Sybilla had left. Guy Pommeroy stopped, and laid his forefinger on Alice's arm, and caused her to turn towards it.

"You see that place, Alice?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Look at it, my dear. Study it well."

"It is Gaunt's cottage," she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Why am I to look at it?"

"It was well that you should see it. Because there was where Rupert's love was given."

She was slow in understanding. No suspicion of the sort had ever dawned upon her. And Guy's words only called up thoughts of the gamekeeper and the cottage: not of Sybilla.

Guy turned back towards her home, walking by her side still. "There are certain topics, Alice, that we may not discuss openly; custom, which you avow yourself a disciple of, does not sanction it; the proprieties of life would not sanction it: nevertheless, some of this reserve must be forgotten, when circumstances imperatively compel it."

Alice Wylde turned her wondering eyes upon him.

"You know that Sybilla Gaunt has left the place," he resumed, in a low, deep tone: "you know, at least, it is probable you do, why she has been obliged to leave it. She is with Rupert."

Silence ensued. Guy glanced round. Alice was walking on, but he could not see her face, for it was held straight forwards, and bonnets—do listen, ladies fair!—were worn large then.

"The author of the evil that fell upon Sybilla Gaunt was Rupert Pommeroy," continued Guy: "he who ought to have guarded her from it, had he seen it approaching, no matter from what quarter, brought it upon her. He is a heartless man; and whilst he must have been pretending—as you now say—to live for you, his love was given to Sybilla. His real love, mind, Alice: and if he affirmed aught else to you, he was base and false."

As a blast of lightning falls upon a tree, and shatters it, so were these words falling upon Alice Wylde's brain. The scandal, touching Sybilla Gaunt, had been too popular a theme in the village to escape her knowledge; nay, her own mother had spoken openly of it, in her hearing, to Miss Pommeroy.

They came to the fields, and Guy held the gate open for her to pass through. He could have gnashed his teeth, as he thought how she must love Rupert—for her countenance was white with agony, and her steps tottered.

"Is it true?" she gasped.

"It is true as that you and I are here, living."

Remembrance was busy within her: events of the past were conjuring themselves up, trifles which had excited no reflection at the time. She

remembered once to have remarked to Rupert on the beauty of Sybilla Gaunt, and Rupert had replied with some gay words—what was Sybilla's beauty, compared to hers? but his tone was a constrained one, and he abruptly changed the theme. Again, she remembered, in driving home with her mother from a dinner-party, one moonlight night, at which they had met the lord and Guy, but not Rupert, who had sent an excuse, she saw Rupert standing just beyond the corner of the trees at Gaunt's cottage; and there was another shadow near him, an undefined one: the gamekeeper's, she had then concluded, and she had wondered why Rupert had gone down there so late. How was it, that she had been so blinded? Now she came to think of it, who but Rupert, with his fascinating manners and his handsome form, with his careless principles and indifference to consequences, was likely to have turned the head of Sybilla? The clothoppers of the village—she would have spurned them under foot. How could she, Alice, have been so innocently unsuspecting? The very fact of Sybilla's quitting the place with Rupert—but a few days elapsed between—might have told her.

The revulsion of feeling was terrible: all her love seemed to be thrown back upon herself; and she could have wept tears of agony at the thought of how he must have laughed at her credulity. At her, who had told him of her rejection of Guy, of her refusal to become the lady of the abbey, for his sake! But she could be its lady still.

"Alice," began Guy, as they neared her home, "when——"

"Say nothing to me now," she fiercely answered, "or I shall be visiting the hate upon you that I am beginning to feel for Rupert. If he has thus trifled with me——"

"He has," interrupted Guy. "If you think I am capable of deceiving you, ask the village." And, in good truth, the village would probably have said as Guy did, for their suspicions had pointed at the gay and attractive Rupert. But they held their peace, for was he not a Pommeroy? and, amongst the simple around, it was pretty generally held that the Pommeroy's, like kings, could do no wrong.

The lord of Pommeroy spoke his farewell and departed: Alice did not answer him, but went on, in. Not that she intended any particular discourtesy to him, but her mind was in a chaos of tumult. "To come to me with his false vows, from the company of that girl!" she muttered to herself, "to win my love; to play upon my credulity; to sport with my heart's most sacred feelings; and then return to whence he came—to her! Oh, mercy! how shall I support myself?"

A little voice came whispering to her, Is it true? or is Guy deceiving you? She thought it was true; the probabilities, looking back, seemed to say that it was. But she went to her mother, who was deep in the pages of a fashionable novel, and asked out a question boldly: little cared she, in her despair, for what Guy had called the proprieties of life.

"Mother, who was it turned Sybilla Gaunt to the wrong path?"

Now it happened that Mrs. Wylde was particularly alive to the proprieties at that moment; for the book before her, though calling itself a novel, was of the most orthodox school: holy little village children, young clergymen in long (and very unbecoming) black skirts, and right honourable ladies, all of whom talked in pious sentences of band-box perfection and far-fetched grammar, correct, but not easy, and who had

never heard of "wrong paths," much less come in contact with them therefore Mrs. Wylde bent a severe brow on Alice.

"Young lady! such topics are ignored in society. What are you thinking of?"

"I want to know who it was that led Sybilla Gaunt to sin," proceeded Alice, plunging deeper into the mire.

She stood before her mother with a pale face and eye of dark misery, and it brought down Mrs. Wylde from her stilts.

"Alice, what in the world is the matter? What is Sybilla Gaunt to you? It was not Guy Pommeroy, therefore——"

"Was it Rupert?"

"Child, I say, these subjects are better let alone. What has come to you that you should court them? Of course it was Rupert: everybody knows that."

But Alice spoke again, in the last faint effort to struggle with despair. "I heard you say to Miss Pommeroy, when you were telling her about it, that it was not known who——"

"To be sure I did," interrupted Mrs. Wylde. "She put the question to me, point blank, and I could not say to her, 'Your brother Rupert.'"

"Why did not the village shun him? He was popular, he was courted up to the very hour he left it."

"The village shun a Pommeroy!" derisively retorted Mrs. Wylde.

"If a Pommeroy chose to tell them they must sell their souls to him, they would only kneel and do it. Hush, Alice! here comes Joan."

Joan Pommeroy entered. She was left for a moment alone with Alice, and the latter approached her with an eager whisper.

"Joan, tell me: was it known who—who led Sybilla Gaunt from the right?"

Miss Pommeroy looked surprised. She disdained to equivocate, and therefore did not reply. "Are you ill, Alice?"

"I have heard that it was Rupert," resumed Alice, her eyes strained on Joan with a wild expectancy that it was not pleasant to look upon.

Joan Pommeroy bowed her head. "I believe it was. I ask, Alice, if you are ill?"

"Oh no," she answered, with a harsh laugh, "I am very well."

Guy Pommeroy had proceeded home. He opened his desk, and wrote a sharp brief note to his lawyers in town:

"The judgment you hold against Rupert Pommeroy proceed upon at once, and lock him up. Listen to no terms for a compromise, unless you have my orders to do so: but still remember that I do not appear as connected with the affair.

"POMEROY OF POMEROY ABBEY."

That was the signature of the lords of Pommeroy. And just two days after that was penned, was Mr. Rupert Pommeroy inside the walls of a debtors' prison, and likely to remain there.

III.

GAILY went on the preparations for the wedding, for Alice Wylde had at length consented to be Guy Pommeroy's wife. The villagers said how happy she would be with the lord; the gentry how lucky she was

to have obtained him, a prize, for which (though nobody would acknowledge it) many had striven; and the reader, who is in the secret, will say what misery she was carving out for herself. Misery indeed: but to be revenged on Rupert Pommeroy she would have grasped a far less desirable position than that of being the abbey's mistress. The only revenge she could take upon him was that of rushing in hot haste to be somebody's wife: at least, it appeared the only one likely to tell upon the false Rupert.

The day previous to the nuptials arrived, and Alice sat in her room, her heart braving out its anguish. Her maid was kneeling before a half-packed trunk.

"Are these flowers to go in, miss?"

"Flowers," was the abstracted answer—"what flowers?"

"These, miss, that were between the paper in the little drawer. Here's a rose, and a—what is it?—a white geranium I think, miss, but they are dried up beyond knowing."

Alice turned her head to see the flowers—she had overlooked them when casting away the rest—and the tide of memory came rushing over her. They were the last he had ever given her, and too well she remembered *how* they were given; his words and his looks of love. She buried her face in her hands, and gave vent to a groan of pain, not to be suppressed.

The maid heard footsteps outside, and stretched up her head. "Here's the lord of Pommeroy."

Alice knew she must go to him. And why should she not: was he not to be her husband ere many hours had passed? But the current of her thoughts had been turned to the events which she had latterly striven to bury, and an impulse arose—long afterwards she used to wonder why it should so have arisen—to speak of them to Guy.

She went down to him: she stopped his words of greeting and put away his hand. "Guy, did you deceive me when you told me that—that ill of Rupert?"

The lord of Pommeroy turned his eyes upon her. "Why do you ask that now?"

"Were I to find, later, that you had deceived me, it would be bad for us both; for you and for me," she dreamily said.

"The lords of Pommeroy disdain deceit," was his reply. "The fact of Rupert's remaining away so long might convince you that he is with *her*, without any other proof."

"True, true," she murmured; "forgive me, Guy."

Guy Pommeroy bent towards her, and would have sealed his forgiveness, but was met by a gesture of aversion. "Don't, please," she faintly said, as she drew away. A nasty scowl contracted Guy's face. When these little episodes peeped out, showing how utterly she disliked him, he felt at war with her, with Rupert, with the world, and with Heaven.

But the morrow came, like other days come, all in their turn, and the long train of bridal guests swept into the chapel, the bride the loveliest of them. And that same evening Alice Pommeroy entered upon her reign at the abbey, having promised to be to its lord a loving and faithful wife.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERSE ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XVII.—THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

THE Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton, has been narrated, long years ago, by his industrious countryman, Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, without, however, attracting any considerable throng of readers. The world is content to believe that Crichton was Admirable, and still to call him so; if there be a doubt as to his deserving the epithet, they are willing to give him (not in a jury-box sense) the benefit of the doubt, and let his *manes* make the most of it. His *manes*, meanwhile, may be almost accounted a vanishing quantity; threatening a case of no remainder. Rapidly, as Mr. Carlyle says, the Admirable Crichton "is grown a shadow."* Unbelievers, or misbelievers, there have been, who profess themselves to "shrewdly suspect" that he may never have been anything else. His reputation they regard as the shadow of a shade. *Stat nominis umbra*. But the cautious historian, feeling his way step by step, and sifting his authorities line upon line, has pretty satisfactorily shown that in the story of James Crichton's career there is a solid substratum of romantic fact, or matter-of-fact romance. It seems fairly established that the time of this young gentleman's birth was about the year of grace 1561, and the place somewhere in Scotland. That he was educated at St. Andrews, where George Buchanan was one of his masters, and possibly (some who know George well would say certainly) tickled him with the tawse besides instructing him in the humanities. That, like most other Scottish youths, his contemporaries, of gentle birth, James started on his travels when midway in his teens; and had scarcely arrived in Paris when he challenged its chiefest dons to discuss any conceivable topic in

* "... Now after five centuries . . . Wallace's birthplace is unknown even to the Scots; and the Admirable Crichton still more rapidly is grown a shadow; and Edward Longshanks sleeps unregarded save by a few antiquarian English," &c. (Carlyle's *Miscellaneous Essays*: "Early German Lit.")

almost any conceivable language—twelve languages being formally specified, any one of which they might choose and welcome—the stripping allowing their worships six weeks to cram in, which *he* spent in tilting, field sports, and revelling extraordinary.* That he in this fashion and at this rate came, saw, and conquered the sagest of the sage, and fairest of the fair. That he fought for Henri III., visited Rome and astonished the natives, repeating in presence of Pope and Cardinals the feats that had won him in Paris the title of Admirable. That nevertheless he was poor in purse, and dejected in spirits; that at Venice he was for months a pensioner on the patronage of Aldus Manutius the printer—at Padua displayed his accomplishments more brilliantly than ever—at various other university towns proved his readiness to meet all comers, and his ability to put them down—and at Mantua, especially, produced an “immense sensation,” by fighting, vanquishing, and slaying in single combat a certain Italian signor, “of a mighty, able, nimble, and vigorous body, but by nature fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and superlatively expert and dexterous in the use of his weapon,” who, we are told, was in the habit of going from city to city throughout Italy (then, as still, boasting the ablest masters of fence in Europe at large) “to challenge men to fight with cold steel, just as Crichton did to challenge them to scholastic combats.”† Here, too, this Young Mirabel himself “came to grief”—being cut off, whether in an accidental brawl, or by foul assassination, in the twenty-third year of his age, and while his renown was rather waxing than waning,—for the court of Mantua (where Crichton “coached” the Duke’s son, Vincenzo Gonzaga) was enraptured with the all-accomplished chevalier, whose Italian comedies were the rage there, and whose own acting in them charmed the congregated rank and fashion of the place. Whatever may have been the circumstances of his death, it is agreed that he fell by the hand of the Prince his master; and popular superstition has not scrupled to trace to this act the calamities which subsequently befel the house of Gonzaga.

A few Latin verses, printed in the types and at the risk of his Venetian friend, Aldus, appear to be the sole extant evidence of his literary powers. Certainly not by these is his title of the Admirable kept alive to our day. It is his by traditional right, on the strength of a renown in the legitimacy of which his most illustrious contemporaries were prompt to acquiesce. And thus it has come about that the world accepts

* His peripatetic polemics may remind the reader of Abelard, who, however, “altogether abandoned the court of Mars for the fostering care of Minerva . . . choosing rather the weapons of dialectical argument than the trophies of war. Accordingly,” says that scholastic philosopher, “I travelled through various provinces; and wheresoever I had heard this art [dialectics] to be thriving, presented myself in the field of *peripatetic emulation*.” (Abelard, *Hist. Calam.*)

† That these challenges on Crichton’s part created some amusement as well as much excitement, and gave occasion for wags to be waggish as well as for scholars to show off their scholarship, appears from what Boccacini reports of the sub-scription *à la Pasquin* affixed to one of his provocative placards; for, whereas the placard set forth that he, James Crichton, was arrived in such a town, and was prepared to dispute at once with any doctor and on any subject, a malicious reader wrote underneath: “And whosoever wishes to see him, let him go to the Faleon Inn, where he will be shown”—the formula in vogue with your vagabond showmen who invite attention to a newly-imported panther, or pink-eyed lady, or Hottentot Venus, or two-headed child.

the Admirable Crichton as a beau ideal of encyclopædic endowments—uses his name as a proverb, expressive of constellated gifts and graces, shining as with a light that never else was known on sea or shore. It would seem, by this conventional estimate of him, as though whatever passages descriptive of all-accomplished knighthood, universal culture, and gracious refinement, are to be met with up and down the poets, old and new, had their being's end and aim in the person of this unique chevalier. Whether it be, for example, an apostrophe from Catullus :

O qui flosculus es juveniorum,
Non horum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt,
Aut posthac aliis erunt in annis.

Or a portrait from Dan Chaucer :

So lyke a man of armys and a knight,
He was to sene, fulfild of high prowesse ;
For bothe he had a body, and a myght
To do that thyng, as wel as hardynesse ;
And eke to se hym in his gere hym dresse,
So fresshe, so yung, so weldy semed he,
Hit was an hevyn on him for to se ;—*

or, as in a later stanza, eulogistic of one

—that is the welle of worthinesse,
Of trouthe ground, mirroure of goodlyhede,
Of wit Apollo, ston of sikernesse,
Of vertu rote,

et cætera, et cætera, ejusdem generis. Or again, as regards person and manners, the lines of Butler,

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood—

while, as regards mental culture, the after lines are equally applicable, by a traditional prescriptive right,

Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.†

Or he might stand for the true original of Sir Valentine's false friend : one who had

Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe ;
And in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.‡

Or for Jemmy Thomson's Knight of Arts and Industry, who in the greenwood shade was bred,

* Chaucer: "Troilus and Cryseyde."

† Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto I.

‡ The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 4.

And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name*—

whom Minerva and the Sacred Nine having taken in hand,

Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,
In every science, and in every art
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart;
Ne were the goodly exercises spared
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:

Was never knight on ground mote be with him compared.†

Like La Fontaine's Ulysses,

Il joignait à la sagesse
La mine d'un héros et le doux entretien.‡

He is the accredited exemplar of Hood's panegyric,

Rare composition of a poet-knight,
Most chivalrous among chivalric men,
Distinguish'd for a polish'd lance and pen
In tune-fest contest and in tourney-fight;
Lustrous in scholarship, in honour bright,
Accomplish'd in all graces current then,
Humane as any in historic ken,
Brave, handsome, noble, affable, polite.§

Or of Tennyson's—

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect:||—

not forgetting a more direct application in the laureate's portraiture of
Edwin Morris:

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,
Long learned names, of agaric, moss and fern,
Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,
Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,
Who read me rhymes elaborately good
His own—I call'd him CRICHTON, for he seem'd
All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.¶

And yet it is not every one who accounts it an unequivocal compliment to be called Crichton. When, for example, Thomas de Quincey, then in his early teens, was a guest at Laxton, and his hostess, Lady Carberry, "insisted," he says, "upon calling me her 'Admirable Crichton,'"—he demurred to this honourable title upon two grounds: first, as being one towards which he had no natural aptitudes or predisposing advantages; and secondly (which made her stare), as carrying with it no real or enviable distinction. "How far that person really had the accom-

* Castle of Indolence, Canto II.

† Livre XII. Fable I.

‡ In Memoriam, LXXXIV.

† Ibid.

§ Hood's Poems: Sonnet III.

¶ Edwin Morris; or, The Lake.

plishments ascribed to him, I waived as a question not worth investigating. My objection commenced at an earlier point: real or not real, the accomplishments were, as I insisted, vulgar and trivial. Vulgar, that is, when put forward as exponents or adequate expressions of intellectual grandeur." As our objector views it, the whole rested on a misconception; the liminary idea of knowledge being confounded with the infinite idea of power. To have a quickness, he argues, in copying or mimicking other men, and in learning to do dexterously what *they* did clumsily, ostentatiously to keep glittering before men's eyes a *thamaturgic* versatility such as that of a rope-dancer, or of an Indian juggler, in petty accomplishments, was a mode of the very vulgarest ambition: one effort of productive power, a little book, for instance, which should impress or should agitate several successive generations of men, even though far below the higher efforts of human art—as, for example, the "*De Imitatione Christi*," or "*The Pilgrim's Progress*," or "*Robinson Crusoe*," or "*The Vicar of Wakefield*"—was worth any conceivable amount of attainments when rated as an evidence of anything that could justly denominate a man "admirable." Hence, and according to this view of the question, "one felicitous ballad of forty lines might have enthroned Crichton as really admirable, while the pretensions actually put forward on his behalf simply instal him as a cleverish or dexterous ape."* "We talk," says Mr. Hallam, "of the Admirable Crichton, who is little better than a shadow, and lives but in panegyric."† The Edinburgh Reviewer of Mitchell's *Aristophanes* compares the Athenian Sophists—venal and unprincipled, by his estimate—to "the admirable Crichton, and other *charlatans* of the middle ages, who were accustomed to set up challenges, offering to dispute *de omni scibili*."‡ By such censors, this Universal Genius is made to dwindle, in effect, into something little if at all superior to Pennyboy's barber, in Ben Jonson's comedy—"a pretty scholar," who "went out master of arts in a throng at the university," and managed to "get into a masque at court, by his wit, and the good means of his cittern"—

He's a nimble fellow,
And alike skill'd in every liberal science,
As having certain snaps of all.§

Alluding to the disposition of certain critics to shake the celebrity of Crichton, by assailing the few poetical pieces left by him, the popular author of the romance which bears the Admirable one's name protests against measuring the grasp of his intellect by so unfair a standard. "This is to judge of the fire of Sappho by her twin odes; of the comic humour of Menander by his fragments. The prejudices of Dr. Black, the learned biographer of Tasso, must, indeed, have been blinding, since he could see no beauties in the *Appulsus*, no inspiration, no verve, no classic taste or feeling in the odes to Massa and Donatus." But James Crichton's champion then goes on to insist, that it is not from what remains to us of that *preux chevalier's* writings, but from the effect produced upon his contemporaries (and *such* contemporaries), that we can form a just estimate of his powers. "By one who knew him well, he was styled

* Autobiographic Sketches, by Thomas de Quincey, vol. ii. ch. ii.

† Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. part i. ch. iii.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxiv. p. 296

§ *Staple of News*, Act I. Sc. 2

'*mostro di mostri*'—'*divinum plane juvenem*'—'*unicam et raram in terris avem*,' by another, '*mostro maraviglioso*,' by a third, '*seculi monetrum, orbis phœnix, dæmonium prorsus*,' by a fourth, '*ingenium prodigiosum*.' By all he was esteemed a miracle of learning. The idolised friend of Aldus Manutius, of Lorenzo Massa, Giovanni Donati, and Sperone Speroni, amongst the most accomplished scholars of their age; the antagonist of the redoubted Arcangelus Mercenarius and Giacomo Mazzoni . . . could not have been other than a most extraordinary person.*

True, the ascription of versatility is often construed into an indictment. A notion of the limited range of genius, it has been observed, and of the impossibility of its expansion without deterioration, springs, in a great degree, from the envy and jealousy of mankind, who do not like to admit that any single fellow-creature can eclipse them, and achieve eminence in more than one direction. "If unity of pursuit be the only road to pre-eminence, what shall we say to the admirable Crichton? His must have been the genius of universality—a plural singleness—an encyclopædic unity of mind."† What shall we say to him? the sceptic may here rejoin: why, simply that, in any high sense, and in any true, any real and abiding sense of the word, he was *not* admirable. His very versatility disposes of him. His universality condemns him.

In vain are remonstrants of this sort remonstrated with. "Les vues courtes," says La Bruyère, "je veux dire les esprits bornés et resserrés dans leur petite sphère, ne peuvent comprendre cette universalité de talents que l'on remarque quelquefois dans un même sujet: où ils voient l'agréable, ils en excluent le solide: où ils croient découvrir les grâces du corps, l'agilité, la souplesse, la dextérité, ils ne veulent plus y admettre les dons de l'âme, la profondeur, la réflexion, la sagesse: ils ôtent de l'histoire de Socrate qu'il ait dansé."‡ Sir Bulwer Lytton—himself an expert in "versatility"—admiringly appeals to Milton as an august example of the aspiration to the universal—to that "severe republican," who, though coming down to the vulgar gaze in colours so stern yet so sublime, had in his early tendencies all that most distinguishes our ideal of the knight and cavalier. "No man in these later days was ever by soul and nature so entirely the all-accomplished and consummate gentleman. Beautiful in person—courtly in address—skilled in the gallant exercise of arms—a master of each manlier as each softer art—versed in music, in song, in the language of Europe—the admired gallant of the dames and nobles of Italy, . . . he, the destined Dante of England, was the concentration of our dreams of the Troubadour—and the reality of the imaginary Crichton."§ And albeit the sceptical epithet "imaginary" is thus substituted for "admirable," in the particular instance of Crichton, Sir Edward stoutly maintains, as a general rule, that perhaps no men are more superficial in their views than those who cultivate one branch of learning, and only one branch—none less superficial than those who know the outlines of many. Machiavelli is referred to, who, besides writing the "Prince," wrote comedies and a novel—a treatise on the military art—and poetry without end; Bacon, who, with the same pen which demolished the scholastic system, wrote a treatise on the laws, a cure for

* Preface to "Crichton."

† Horace Smith.

‡ Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. ii. "Du mérite personnel."

§ The Student: "On the Passion for the Universal."

the gout, the translation of a psalm, and an essay on plantations; and Goethe, who was botanist as well as poet and philosopher. Let the argument, then, go for what it is worth in behalf of that Admirable Scot whom the French king's jester depicts (in fiction, indeed, but founded on fact) as one

Who talketh Greek with us
Like great Busbequius;
Knoweth the Cabala
Well as Mirandola;
Fate can reveal to us
Like wise Cornelius;
Reasoneth like Socrates,
Or old Xenocrates;
Whose system ethical,
Sound, dialectical,
Aristotelian,
Pantagruelian,
Like to chameleon,
Choppeth and changeth,
Everywhere rangeth!
Who rides like Centaur,
Preaches like Mentor,
Drinks like Lyceus,
Sings like Tyrtæus,
Reads like Budæus,
Vaulteth like Tuccaro,
Painteth like Zuccherò,
Diceth like Spaniard,
Danceth like galliard,
Tilts like Orlando,

in short,

Does all that man *can* do!*

The verdict, however, of not a few potent, grave, and reverend seniors, of a subsequent and critical age, is foreshadowed in the ironical queries put, in the same romance, by the disaffected collegians—such as, “Who may be this Phoenix, this Gargantua of intellect, who is to vanquish us all, as Panurge did Thaumast?” and, who is he that is more philosophic than Pythagoras—more studious than Carneades—more versatile than Alcibiades—more mystical than Plotinus—more subtle than Averroës—more visionary than Artemidorus—more infallible than the Pope—and who pretends to dispute *de omni scibili*!† There is justice, and injustice too, probably, on both sides of the question. Some exaggeration here, some underrating there. The one side multiply more than they ought, the other subtract. This critic deals too exclusively in *plus* signs, that in *minus*. The equation will only come out by duly setting *plus* and *minus* over against each other, and letting negative cancel positive to the extent of its power. *Non nobis*, we humbly profess, *tantas componere lites*.

Hence, for this Favourite—lavishly endowed
With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit,
While both, embellishing each other, stood
Yet further recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,
And skill in letters,‡

* “Crichton,” ch. ii.

† Ibid. ch. i.

‡ Wordsworth: The Excursion. Book VI.

we have every inclination to cherish a becoming respect,* and no kind of desire to subject the Admirable to a fatal process of Nil Admirari. On the other hand, we see much that is sound, and wholesome, and profitable for these and all times, in the cautions of the De Quinceys and Sydney Smiths against a spurious universality, whether they be right or wrong in making Crichton the text of their discourse, and holding him forth as a warning not an example, a sciolist rather than a scholar, a charlatan and not a sage. For there is a certain morbid affectation of the universal, which springs from the lower principles of our nature, and tends to no good, but the reverse. Helvetius might be a wonderfully clever fellow; but it made the judicious grieve rather than admire when they watched his restless endeavours after universal admiration;—now soliciting the plaudits of the theatre, as a dancer on the stage in the mask of Javiller—anon setting up for a profound mathematician, in emulation of the then petted Maupertuis, whom tip-top Paris was so delighted to honour, and so eager to show it—then again entering the dramatic lists against Voltaire himself, with an ambitious tragedy on the conspiracy of Fiesco—and at another time intent on dividing honours with Montesquieu, by the composition of a cognate and not inferior treatise to *L'Esprit des Lois*. And although we may allow, with Mr. Henry Rogers, that there have been men in every age, who, gifted with gigantic powers, prodigious memory, and peculiar modes of arranging and retaining knowledge, have aspired to a comprehensive acquaintance with all the chief productions of the human intellect in all time; who have made extensive incursions into every branch of human learning; and whose knowledge has borne something like an appreciable ratio to the sum total of literature and science; who, as Fontenelle expressively says of Leibnitz, have managed “to drive all the sciences abreast;”† we at the same time recognise, as worthy of all acception, in the full height and depth of its scope, in the full length and breadth of its meaning, the caveat once issued by Sydney Smith, in the character of Lecturer on the Conduct of the Understanding: “Then there is another piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against—the foppery of *universality*,—of knowing all sciences, and excelling in all arts,—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, natural philosophy, and enough Spanish to talk about Lope de Vega: in short, the modern precept of education very often is, ‘Take the Admirable Crichton for your model; I would have you ignorant of nothing!’ Now *my* advice, on the contrary, is, to have the *courage* to be ignorant of a great number of things,

* Crichton, by the way, was one of the names suggested, of Persons one would wish to have seen,—at that memorable evening *chez* Charles Lamb, recorded by Hazlitt in the second of his Winterslow Essays.

† “Such minds have always been rare; but, as we just now observed, they must soon become extinct. For what is to become of them in after ages, as the domain of human knowledge indefinitely widens, and the creations of human genius indefinitely multiply? Not that there will not be men who will then know *absolutely* more, and with far greater accuracy, than their less favoured predecessors; nevertheless, their knowledge must bear a continually diminishing ratio to the sum of human science and literature; they must traverse a smaller and smaller segment of the ever dilating circle.” (H. Rogers’s *Essays*, vol. ii. “On the Vanity and Glory of Literature.”)

in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything. I would exact of a young man a pledge that he would never read Lope de Vega; he should pawn to me his honour to abstain from Bettinelli, and his thirty-five original sonneteers; and I would exact from him the most rigid securities that I was never to hear anything about that race of penny poets who lived in the reign of Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici.”*

A man of Universal Genius? The phrase is but a left-handed compliment, after all. It savours rather of satire than of admiration—of irony than of good faith. In affecting it, great men are twitted with littleness. Of Cardinal Richelieu it is said by the Abbé d’Olivet,† *Ce grand homme* had the vastest ambition that ever was: not content with the glory of governing France with almost absolute sway, of depressing the formidable house of Austria, and of agitating all Europe at pleasure, he further aspired to write comedies. Nor did he stop there. At the same time that he was writing comedies, he piqued himself on composing beautiful books of devotion; nor did books of devotion hinder his essaying to please the ladies by the *agrémens* of his person; and again, despite his gallantry, he set up to be a savant in Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic, and indeed resorted to mean shifts to enforce these polyglot pretensions.

Molière’s Aristotelian babbler, *le docteur Pancrace*, is a trim-built model of universal scholarship. “*Homme de suffisance*,” as he self-assertingly assures *Sganarelle*, “*homme de capacité*. Homme consommé dans toutes les sciences, naturelles, morales, et politiques. Homme savant savantissime, *per omnes modos et casus*. Homme qui possède, *superlativè*, fable, mythologie et histoire, grammaire, poésie, rhétorique, dialectique et sophistique, mathématiques, arithmétique, optique, onirocritique, physique et métaphysique, cosmométrie, géométrie, architecture, spéculoire et spéculatoire,‡ médecine, astronomie, astrologie, physionomie, météoposcopie,§ chiromancie, géomancie,|| etc.”¶ To a less pedantic, but still more frivolous class, belong your all-accomplished Admirables of the *Bob Handy* sort. “Wonderful! My Bob, you must know,” exclaims *Sir Abel*, “is an astonishing fellow!—you have heard of the Admirable Crichton, maybe? Bob’s of the same kidney”—and is made to assert his kindred in more than one scene, and at more than one disadvantage, in Morton’s now unreadable though occasionally still acted comedy,** over which our grandfathers laughed their heartiest and our grandmothers wept their best, in the good old times.

* Sketches of Moral Philosophy. Lecture IX.

† Hist. de l’Acad. Française, § XVIII.

‡ *La spéculoire* is the art of interpreting thunder and lightning, comets, meteors, and other such phenomena. *La spéculoire* is that part of the art of divination which consists in a power of showing in a mirror whatever persons or things are asked for. Doctor Pancrace was a Cornelius Agrippa, as well as a Galen, a Priscian, a Vitruvius, an Archimedes, a Daniel come to judgment, and ever or never so many more.

§ Art of telling a person’s fortune by scrutinising his features. Upon which chimerical science Cardan has left the world a very curious folio volume.

|| *Chiromancie* is equivalent to palmistry. *Géomancie* is the art of divining by means either of the lines traced at hazard on the earth, or of the natural cracks observable on its surface.

¶ Le Mariage Forcé, Scène VI.

** Speed the Plough, Act I. Sc. 2.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

III.—COWPER AT OLNEY.

A SLIP-SHOD dreamer robed in grey,
 His head with linen crowned,
 Where winds the garden's gravelly way
 'Mid mossy turf and flowery spray,
 Slow pausing, looks around.

Eve dying in the ruddy west,
 High in the east appears—
 A silver arc—the moon's young crest,
 That floods with joy the gazer's breast,
 And brims his eyes with tears.

Earth's fragrance fills the twilight air,
 Now fresh with early dews;
 Here delicate sweet-peas' perfume—there
 The clove-like scabens' scent more rare
 Their mingling breath diffuse.

Clear, bell-like silence, o'er the scene
 Suspended, soothes the ear;
 While, echoing o'er the landscape green,
 Faint tinklings from some fold unseen
 Sound musically near.

Beside the path, beyond the lawn,
 A trellised porch sustains
 A yellow clambering woodbine, drawn
 In pendant loops, that autumn's dawn
 Streaks red with ripening veins.

Within the open door descried,
 An old familiar chair—
 The littered table at its side
 Half hid by books with fame allied—
 Decoys the loiterer there.

When, lo! from leafy covert soon
 Three mystic forms gleam out,
 And—where, 'mid laurelled shade, the moon
 Across the sward her shimmering boon
 Sueds—circling glide about.

Strange errant shapes, wee four-foot fays,
 That fitful whirl and twine,
 Half court, half mock the musing gaze
 That while it marks their sportive ways
 Can all their joy divine.

Note well that pensive, brooding smile
 That shines those lips apart!
 It speaks the soul no sins defile,
 The mind without one touch of guile,
 The chaste but saddened heart.

While yet the leverets, wheeling round
 Those slippered feet, fast trace
 Upon the green and dewy ground
 Faint rings of slow contracting bound,
 Tears tremble down that face—

That face all thrilled with nerves of pain!
 Those eyes, ah, wild and sad!
 Where gleams of genius strive in vain
 To light the chaos of a brain
 Inspired—despairing—mad!

Vague, restless, bright, protruding eyes,
 That more than genius fires,
 Within whose depth of gloom oft dies
 What joy in lovely dreams arise
 From Hope's sublime desires.

Through twelve dread years' oblivion now
 Serenest thoughts emerge,
 That with fresh charms that life endow—
 As Spring blooms on a wintry bough,
 Or pæans drown a dirge.

Responsive to blind prayers of pain
 Long raised through starless night
 (The midnight of that tortured brain),
 Through storm and darkness heard again—
 God saith, "Let there be light!"

And Paradise sweet Earth appears
 To poet gaze once more,
 And rapture trembles in the tears
 That own the God that soul reveres,
 The God those dreams adore.

So eve in tremulous glory dies
 Yon shadowy form above,
 Celestial calm its hush supplies,
 While near his heart Earth's beauty lies
 With Heaven's divinest love.

AUNT FRANCISCA.

FROM THE DANISH OF CARL BERNHARD.

BY MRS. BUSHEY.

PART I.

ON a lovely summer evening, in the month of July, an old lady was to be seen walking alone by the row of small houses which forms one side of St. Anne's-place, and stretches down towards the harbour. This part of Copenhagen contains the domiciles of the fashionable world; it is what the Faubourg Saint-Germain used to be to the Parisians; palace succeeds to palace, the court is situated in this neighbourhood, and the foreign diplomatists—a class more important in Copenhagen than perhaps in any other place on earth—honour this portion of the city by making it their abode. But, as it were, to remind the world that great people cannot do without the poorer sort, certain small houses have here and there thrust themselves into good society, and the many signboards hanging out plainly evince that their inhabitants do not wear laurels so easily won, or enjoy such luxurious repose as their neighbours do. At any rate, such certainly is the case with the dwellers in the row of houses above mentioned, which, from one end to the other, is occupied by mechanics, seafaring men, and other common people.

The old lady walked so slowly that you could easily perceive she was already on the shady side of life; her carriage was stiff, and her steps measured, as if she moved with some difficulty; yet it was evident that she had some determined object earnestly in view. Her features were sharp, and denoted firmness; indeed, they might have been thought harsh and forbidding, had not her mild blue eyes imparted an expression of tenderness and goodness to her otherwise stern countenance. I know not if my description is clear enough to convey to my readers any idea of the face that now stands before my mind's eye, but Aunt Francisca's countenance was always somewhat of a difficult problem, and this must be my excuse if I have failed in the delineation of it. Her dress was in keeping with her general appearance; it was in the fashion of a bygone period, at least twenty years old in make and materials, and yet one might in vain have sought for a single spot or crease in it. There were such fastidious cleanliness, and such a degree of scrupulous neatness visible over her whole person, that the beholder at once felt assured an old maid was before him. Be this said without any disrespect to other ladies, whose *nicety* I am far from calling in question.

With an extensive parasol in her hand, and a large, and apparently heavy silken bag over her arm, the old lady advanced towards a house whose exterior denoted that it was occupied by people belonging to the lower classes. She did not scan the number of the houses, and her feet seemed mechanically to have found its threshold, as if she had often passed over it. And so she had, in truth. A young woman, with a child in her arms, opened the door to her, and exclaimed,

"Is it really you, my dear lady? Our Lord himself must send you here to us, poor miserable creatures!"

The speaker, and the infant she held in her arms, were both clad in absolute tatters. The child looked like a monster in a magic glass, shrivelled up, yellow-skinned, with sunken but staring eyes, and wrinkled, though scarcely yet two years of age. It would have been difficult to have determined which bore the palm for dirt and disorder, the room or its inhabitants.

The elderly lady looked about in vain for a place where she might seat herself.

"You do not deserve that I should come more frequently to visit you," the lady said; "all hope of assisting you is at an end when you yourself will do nothing to improve your condition. In what state is this that I find you? You promised me that when next I came I should see everything tidy about you."

The woman cast down her eyes at this reproachful greeting, and remained silent. She placed the child on the floor while she dusted with the shreds of an old garment a wooden stool, the only seat in the room. The lady looked compassionately at the child, and said, in a less stern voice,

"What you will not do for your own comfort's sake, you will surely not refuse to do for the sake of your poor children. The unfortunate little creatures will perish amidst all this dirt; it must engender disease. Where are the other children? Has the eldest gone to school yet?"

The poor woman looked much embarrassed, and stammered a few words which it was impossible to comprehend. The lady continued her interrogations:

"And your husband—has he got any work? Why did he never go to the place where I told him he could obtain employment? Because he prefers remaining in idleness to attempting any useful occupation—he would rather spend in rioting the few pence he can scrape together, than work to place himself beyond want and wretchedness. What will be the end of these courses?"

"Ah, my good lady, you are quite right," replied the woman; "my husband, the good-for-nothing that he is, is the cause of all our misery. He will not let spirits alone, and every penny we have goes down his throat in strong drink. I beg pardon for mentioning this to you, madam, who no doubt have a fine, good gentleman for a husband, but men-folks in *our* rank are dreadful creatures; I often wish I had never married."

"Very likely your husband has the same improper feeling towards you, and upon as good grounds," replied the old lady. "Married people should bear with each other, and share their burdens between them as well as their pleasures. A disorderly wife has no right to complain of a disorderly husband. It is a woman's duty to make home comfortable; *that* can be done at little cost, but it cannot be done without order and cleanliness. All that I have seen here proves that you are quite as much in fault as your husband. Where is the yarn for which I gave you money? Have you bought the flax?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and began to protest that she was

not to blame. Had she known the lady's name, or where she resided, she would have come to her in her trouble. But she was ignorant of both; the landlord had threatened to turn them out into the street if they did not pay their rent; and she had nothing to give him, no means of keeping a roof over their heads except by handing him the money entrusted to her, which she was assured by her husband there was no sin in disposing of in this way, as it had been a gift. The old lady inquired more minutely into the state of their affairs, remonstrated with the young woman, scolded her, and threatened to withdraw the assistance she gave them if they would not make some exertion for the future to help themselves, and finished by drawing forth from the large silk bag sundry articles of food and clothing, which she laid on the table before the unfortunate mother. She then took the infant up from the floor, kissed it, and gave it some nice wheaten bread and a new dress, and promised the mother that she would give the child an entire suit of new clothes if, on her next visit, she found everything clean and in order. Bestowing upon her once more some earnest injunctions, the lady left the house without waiting to listen to the poor woman's thanks and blessings.

When she went up the street it was with the same measured steps, and the same prim air as before; the large silk bag hung from her left arm, but it was empty now, while she held daintily with two fingers of her right hand the old-fashioned parasol. Thus she walked on until she reached a house in Bredegade, where resided a relation of hers named Werner, the widow of a councillor of state,* who had two daughters, of whom the elder was called Louise, the younger Flora. Louise was a very quiet girl and of a retiring disposition; she was betrothed and soon to be married to Rudolph Horn, a young lawyer, who had a great deal of business, and was possessed of a good private fortune besides. Flora was secretly engaged to Lieutenant Arnold—secretly, that is to say, the engagement had not been declared, though everybody was aware of it. It might be a tolerable match when he became a captain, but it would probably be a dozen years or more before he obtained his company. They were both young, however, and time flies rapidly, as everybody knows, so they consoled themselves with hope.

The family were sitting in an arbour in the garden, as they often did in summer; Arnold had brought a new novel which he had just commenced reading aloud to them. The ladies—their number increased by the addition of two cousins, who frequently visited them—sat round the table with their work, exceedingly interested in the novel, which began "so charmingly," and promised to be "so interesting," when Arnold happened to look up, and glancing along the garden-walk, exclaimed,

"May I be shot, if stalking towards us yonder is not—yes, it is herself! I have the honour to announce Aunt Francisca's august arrival."

The girls all cast looks of annoyance at the old lady, who was slowly approaching the arbour where they were assembled. "How very tiresome!" exclaimed the little party as with one voice, while Arnold threw his book angrily on the table, and said,

* Councillor of state. *Etatsraad* is a Danish title, and an *etatsraad's* wife is styled *Etatsraadinde*.

"Now we must give up knowing the rest of this new story, for I have to return the volume to its owner early to-morrow morning. What unlucky chance can have brought that wearisome old spectre here this evening, I wonder?"

Louise rose and went to meet the old lady. Aunt Francisca curtseyed, and then kissed her on both cheeks. Mrs. Werner and Flora underwent the same species of greeting. A heavy, forced conversation was then carried on about the weather and the pleasure of having a garden in Copenhagen. Arnold took no part in it, although Aunt Francisca frequently addressed herself to him; Mrs. Werner was the only one who maintained it with decent civility, for people advanced in years can bear disappointments better than young persons.

"Will Rudolph soon return from Holstein?" asked the old lady of Louise; "it is surprising that he has not written to me. You can tell him, my dear, that I have been expecting a letter from him on both the last post days."

"That is devilish cool! A nice piece of pretension on the part of such an antiquated virago," observed Arnold, in a half-whisper.

Cousin Ida could not refrain from giggling.

"You seem to be quite in a laughing humour, my child," said Miss Francisca.

"Have you been to the German plays yet?" asked Flora of the old lady, with a furtive smile to the rest of the party.

"No, my head can't stand theatres now," replied Aunt Francisca. "They do not suit my age, and, indeed, I see so badly that I could not enjoy acting. Have you been there?"

Mrs. Werner answered her, and plunged into a disquisition on some of the plays, and on the parts of the performers, but Aunt Francisca heard them without any apparent interest. She afterwards entered on the subject of the Bible Society and its great usefulness, but was listened to in return with apathy and suppressed yawns; nobody *there* cared about Bible societies. Flora proposed that they should drink tea a little earlier than usual, and Louise went to order it. The conversation came to a dead stand; at length Aunt Francisca said, "I am afraid my visit is inconvenient to you this evening; you might have been going out—perhaps to the German play?"

"We were only going to have read aloud a book which I brought with me," said Arnold. "There is no German play to-night; but they are performing at Price's, and if the ladies are inclined to go, we shall be quite in time."

"So speaks youth—distances are nothing for them," said the old lady, with a smile, under which she attempted to hide the unpleasant feeling she experienced at finding herself unwelcome. "You must not mind me, my dear cousins; I should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience, and am going presently."

But Mrs. Werner begged her to stay, assuring her that the tale could be read some other time, and that nobody had dreamed of going to Price's; Arnold was only joking.

"That other time must be during the night, then," said Arnold, in no very dulcet tone, "for I have promised to return the book to-morrow morning, without fail."

Aunt Francisca did not hear his civil speech, for she was talking to Mrs. Werner. The young people put their heads together, and whispered to each other; judging by their glances, it was evident that the old maiden visitor was the subject of their remarks. One criticised her arms, another her bonnet, a third her parasol.

"But what do you say to that huge foraging-sack hanging from her arm? Can any one inform me for what she carries it?" said Arnold. "It would hold at least half a bushel of corn. Perhaps the stingy old animal goes to the market to buy all her own provisions, for fear that her servant-girl should make a penny or two out of them now and then."

"Nonsense; she is too prim to venture among the market folks," said Ida. "But she fancies it is fashionable. Dare you attack her about it, Flora?"

Flora wished to show her courage, but could scarcely speak for laughing, as she took up Aunt Francisca's bag, and said,

"This is a very pretty bag; the embroidery is à la Grecque, is it not?"

Miss Francisca replied, gravely, "*Pretty?* You cannot possibly mean that, my child; it is as ugly as a bag can be, but it holds a good deal, and therefore I use it sometimes. Living so much alone as I do, I must occasionally go my own errands."

Flora looked foolish, and stammered a few words in defence of the bag, while she coloured deeply; but the old lady pretended not to observe her embarrassment, and she continued: "I think it *really* very pretty, but it should not be seen near this lovely shawl, which certainly puts it to shame." So saying, she took up a little muslin shawl, beautifully embroidered in gold and coloured flowers, which was lying on the table.

"I am glad you admire it, my dear," said the old lady, "for I have often intended to beg your acceptance of it. I have another at home exactly like it, which I intend for Louise; they are too gay for my time of life."

Flora was much pleased with the gift, and had just thanked her cousin—for the old lady, though generally called among her young connexions "Aunt Francisca," was by no means so nearly related to them—when Ida whispered, "Why, it is real East Indian! Well, it was lucky for you that I persuaded you to go into raptures about the hideous bag—set to now and praise her high-heeled shoes. Who knows what they may yield?"

"Shame on you, Ida. Do you think I am going to be rude to her again?" said Flora.

Aunt Francisca found the evening air rather chilly, and hinted that it would be as well to repair to the more comfortable drawing-room within doors. Many were the glances of anger and annoyance which passed among the young people when Mrs. Werner thereupon desired the servant to carry the tea-things back to the house, and they had all to rise in order to leave the garden. Arnold, of course, gallantly assisted the young ladies in putting up their work and carrying their work-boxes, while he exercised his witty propensities at the expense of Miss Francisca. Flora, meanwhile, offered her arm to the old lady, who, however, did not proceed

immediately to the house, but expressed a wish to look first at some of the flower-beds.

When they were alone, she turned suddenly towards Flora, and said, "Tell me, my dear girl, are you engaged to Lieutenant Arnold? Perhaps you will think that it is no business of mine whether you are or not; but whatever is of consequence to you is interesting to me, and it is not from mere curiosity that I ask you. Ah! I saw how he pressed your hand. . . . Come, you must not deny it, for I saw it distinctly. Though I am old, I have sharper eyes and ears than people may fancy. But you know, my dear, girls should not allow gentlemen to squeeze their hands unless they are actually engaged to them. It would be quite improper, otherwise."

Flora cast down her eyes, but made no reply.

"I know that you are a very good, sensible girl, and that is why I like you so much; but truth must be told and listened to, although it is not always palatable. What are the prospects now-a-days of a lieutenant in the army? Poor indeed, my child: it would be almost an eternity before you could marry. In the mean time there might be a hundred flirtations, and the first love might be left in the lurch. Arnold is very flighty, and I fear also very imprudent. I know that he is in debt, and that leads to beggary."

"But all young men get into debt, Aunt Francisca," replied Flora, in a low, subdued voice.

"Bless you, child! how can you say so? Correct and respectable persons do *not* run into debt. Rudolph does not owe a shilling to any one—I could take my oath to that."

"But there is no necessity for Rudolph to fall into debt. Seeing that he has a good private fortune, he has no great merit in keeping out of it. But what can a poor young officer do who has nothing but his pay to live on?"

"He has no business by his flattery and fair words to entice a girl into an engagement which he cannot carry out," said Miss Francisca; "that is altogether indefensible. The age of miracles is past; no bird will come flying into your window with gold on its bill, and in our days people don't live on air. Do you really imagine that love is so durable a feeling that it can withstand adversity, privations, and time itself, which conquers all things? Love and inconstancy are half-sisters, dear Flora. Ten years hence you will be called an old maid, though, if married, you would be still considered at that age a young woman. In twenty years from this time it would be positively ridiculous on your part to think of marrying, yet Arnold could scarcely venture to take a wife before then."

Flora played with her sash, and her eyes filled with tears, whilst the gloom that overspread her countenance showed how disagreeable the conversation was to her. Aunt Francisca looked earnestly at her, and putting her arm gently round her waist, asked, in a low voice,

"Are you betrothed to Arnold, my child? Answer me truly, Flora—are you or are you not?"

The girl tried to speak, but her lips closed again. She looked at the pretty East India handkerchief, and in her embarrassment crushed it between her fingers. The old lady withdrew her arm and stooped to pick a flower.

"Come, my dear," she said, "let us go in; it is getting quite chill, and the evening air is not for old people like me. Your roses are beautiful; permit me to take one or two home for my flower-vase."

Flora hastened to gather a bouquet of flowers, and then accompanied Miss Francisca to the house, the latter talking on indifferent subjects.

"What did she want with you?" asked one of the cousins. "Did she give you anything besides the little shawl?"

"Oh, I wish she had kept her shawl," said Flora, sharply. "When presents have to be paid for by listening to stupid prosy lectures, I, for one, would rather dispense with the gifts. She is a tiresome old maid as ever lived."

Louise was presiding at the tea-table, so Aunt Francisca sat down near her, and did not again approach Flora, who seemed out of spirits, and spoke neither to the old lady nor to Arnold. When the latter attempted to whisper something to her, she drew back pointedly without listening to him, and with a toss of her head which plainly showed Arnold that she was out of humour. Arnold looked at Miss Francisca as if he could have murdered her, and muttered: "This is that old wretch's fault, I'll be bound. A starched old maid like her would infect a whole regiment of young girls with her prudery. I suppose I shall be expected to see that ancient piece of goods home—and if I am compelled to undertake this pleasing office, she shall come to grief, for I swear I will contrive to make her fall and break one of her old legs."

If Louise had not spoken from time to time, not a word would have been uttered the whole evening; she was the only one who took any trouble to keep up a little conversation. Arnold placed himself by the window, and drummed listlessly with his fingers on the panes of glass: Flora sewed diligently, as if her daily bread depended on her getting through a certain quantity of work. Madame Werner knitted with equal perseverance, and only occasionally contributed a "yes" or a "no" to the conversation; the cousins cast sidelong glances towards Arnold, and tittered. At length nine o'clock struck, and it was announced that Miss Francisca's servant had come for her. Everybody seemed relieved—and the old lady rose instantly, as if she felt that her company was unwelcome, and that the sooner she took her departure the better. Madame Werner squeezed out an invitation for her to stay a little longer, but it was not accepted.

When Arnold found that she was really going, he strode up to her, and asked if he might have the pleasure of escorting her home; at which request the cousins could not restrain their laughter, and Flora had to bite her lips to prevent herself from following their example, while Louise did her utmost to prevent the old lady from observing the rudeness of her relations. Her back was scarcely turned before every tongue in the drawing-room she had just quitted became loosened, and the sounds of mirth and laughter could be distinctly heard by her before she had even left the house. When Louise, who had quitted the room with Aunt Francisca, to see her well wrapped up, returned to it, she attacked them for their rudeness in laughing, and talking so loud as soon as she had left the room, when they had been sitting in solemn silence the whole evening previously. Madame Werner sided with Louise, but Arnold was not to be checked in his rejoicings at having got rid of the stupid, tiresome old maid.

Poor Miss Francisca, meanwhile, heard the shouts of laughter as she walked up the street, and looking up sadly at the windows, she thought: "They are rejoicing at my departure; even there I am *de trop*." But on her servant remarking how uncommonly gay they were at Madame Werner's, she only replied, "They are a very lively, happy family, and long may they remain so."

When the "happy family" were relieved of her presence, the novel reading was resumed—and it was late before the tale was finished, and the party separated. After the young ladies had retired to the room which they shared together, Flora exclaimed, as she put away the pretty Indian shawl, "Aunt Francisca is a very good soul, but she is abominably tiresome—it is hardly possible to put up with her."

"I should think that where there is much real worth, a little peculiarity of manner might easily be borne with," replied Louise; but Flora laughed as she said,

"Nothing is so bad as to be wearisome, dear Louise. I can't endure any one who bores me."

Six weeks had elapsed since Miss Francisca's visit above recorded; autumn was approaching, the evenings were becoming longer, and the leaves of the trees assuming a yellow tint. It was on a grey afternoon in September that a young man passed slowly along Halmtorv, in Copenhagen, and stopped before a small house which looked as if it were the abode of death, for the blinds were all down, although there were no lights inside. The street door was locked, and it was not till long after he had rung that it was opened by an elderly woman, who had on a black dress and black ribbons in her cap. They recognised each other gravely, and then the young man, who seemed familiar with the house, ascended the stairs, and entered a room on the first floor, whilst the servant carefully locked the outer door. The apartment which he entered was empty, not an article of furniture relieved the bareness of the walls, and before the windows hung long white curtains, closely drawn; in the centre of the room there was a square space, where the uncovered boards looked white and shining, but the rest of the floor was thickly strewn with fine sand, and on that again lay flowers and green leaves taken from trees, which in the four corners of the room were formed into elaborate patterns.

The young man stopped on the threshold of the floor, and gazed sadly at the empty desolation before him. He was speedily joined by the old servant, who placed herself by his side, and also contemplated sorrowfully the square space, as if she recalled in thought what had so lately occupied it. Then, turning her eyes towards the young man, and perceiving by the expression of his countenance what was passing in his mind, she held out her hand to him in silence, which he took and pressed warmly. She was a trustworthy, affectionate creature, a servant of the olden time, such as are scarcely ever to be met with now in families of our modern days.

Presently the young man crossed the room, stepping lightly, as if he were afraid to crush the already fading flowers, and opened the door to another apartment, where, as in the first, long white curtains, drawn across the half-closed windows, gave a dim sad tone to the tasteful furniture and gay-coloured carpet. He was followed by the old servant, who

told him that he would find the keys belonging to her late mistress in her own little daily sitting-room, and that all her keeping places were in perfect order. "Alas! sir," she added, "how miserable it is for me to be left behind. I had always hoped and prayed that our Lord would graciously call me first."

"It is the course of nature in this world, Inger," he replied, "that the eldest should go first. Your mistress was almost ten years older than you."

"Very true, sir. Had my dear mistress lived till next Candlemas, she would have completed her sixty-seventh year, and I shall be fifty-seven come next March. Three-and-twenty years have I lived with her, and I can testify to her goodness in every respect; she was such a benefactress to the poor. Oh! how many of them will miss her!"

And Inger began to weep bitterly; her tears were of genuine sorrow for the loss of her kind mistress, for Rudolph, who was the nearest of kin to the deceased lady, had already told the faithful servant that a comfortable provision should be made for her, so as to secure to her independence for the rest of her life.

Rudolph Horn was the legal heir of the Miss Francisca Garlov who had that day been buried. She had been his mother's first cousin and dearest friend, they had been almost brought up together, and their intimacy had subsisted without any diminution, until death had separated them, thirteen years before, by removing Rudolph's mother from this world. The old maid had transferred her friendship for the mother to the son; when he came to Copenhagen, as a student, her house had always been open to him, and she gave him to understand that he should inherit whatever she might leave. She had died after a very few days' illness, and Rudolph, who was at that time in the country, though he hastened to Copenhagen the moment he heard of her mere indisposition, had not arrived in time to see his old friend alive.

As he sat in her now deserted parlour, his memory retraced the days of his childhood when he used to visit her along with his mother, and when he used to admire the Chinese pagodas and mandarins which ornamented her sitting-room, her old china teacups, her pretty inlaid tea-table, her large well-stuffed easy-chair, her chiffoniers with mirrors and gilding in the doors, and, above all, a certain japanned cabinet, that had always to be opened to let "the dear boy" see the pretty things in it, and some one or other of which was generally bestowed on him, for "Aunt Francisca" never let him go empty-handed from her house. Ah! how different were the desires which filled his soul *then* and *now*; a whole lifetime almost seemed to lie between these two periods of his existence; he was then only eight years old, and now he was thirty!

Old Inger brought in candles, and offered to go through an inventory of the furniture and effects with him, but Rudolph told her that was quite unnecessary, as he had entire confidence in her; however, he took the key of Miss Francisca's bureau, as Inger informed him that it was the last injunction of her beloved mistress that he should be requested to open that depository of her papers immediately after her funeral.

Rudolph looked at his watch, as if he would fain have found that it was too late that evening to examine the papers of the deceased; but it was only six o'clock, and he had no excuse for putting off his painful task.

It was some little time, however, after he had opened the bureau, before he could bring himself to disturb the neat packets of letters, and other little articles, arranged with so much order in this depository of the good old lady's treasures. He felt that it was almost a sin to touch these relics of the past, and merely half-opened the various drawers, more to obey the wishes of the dead than to search into their contents; but when he came to a hidden compartment, and unlocked its little door, he beheld what riveted his attention, for in it were two miniatures, a few papers, and two or three manuscript books. One of the miniatures was the likeness of a very handsome young man, dressed according to the fashion of a bygone period. The complexion was florid, rather than pale; the dark blue eyes expressed at once thoughtfulness and mirth, and round the mouth played a gay smile, while the smooth forehead gave no evidence of care or sorrow; the cravat was carelessly tied, imparting an idea of negligence in attire, which contrasted rather oddly with the elaborate ruffles that appeared below the brown coat-sleeves, and coquettishly shaded a hand of delicate whiteness.

Close to this miniature lay another, which evidently portrayed "*Aunt Francisca*" in her earlier years. She was pale, but with pretty features, finely-arched eyebrows, and a face altogether pleasing, from its expression of goodness and cheerfulness. Her hair, which fell in rich curls over her slender throat, was confined by a light blue ribbon, and her dress had the peaked stomacher worn in those days.

Here, then, was a clue to the history of Aunt Francisca's youth; after so many silent years, these portraits, hidden away together, told a tale of the past—a tale, doubtless, of sorrow and disappointment. How little do the friends and acquaintances, made in after life, know of the feelings, the hopes, the dreams, and the incidents of earlier years, many of which are hushed into deep mystery until the grave has received its prey, when some cherished token, some treasured reminiscence may unfold the secrets of days gone by.

When Rudolph had gazed for a time on these interesting faces he replaced the miniatures where he had found them, and proceeded to examine the papers. Among them were memoranda and account-books, which showed how well regulated the affairs of the deceased had been, and how her economy had afforded her ample means to do good to those around her. He continued to read the documents before him until he became quite absorbed in them; and he was sitting at the old bureau, forgetful of the flight of time, until the clock struck nine. Its unwearied tongue, which amidst life and death ceased not to give forth its warning tones, aroused him from his dreamy mood, and, snatching one more glance at Aunt Francisca's likeness, he closed the bureau, and calling Inger, he prepared to depart. The old woman lighted him to the door, and attempted to draw him into conversation, but he shook his head and hurried out, with tears in his eyes.

"Ah!" said Inger, to herself, as she returned to her solitary chamber, "how kind-hearted Herr Rudolph is—so different from most young men now-a-days, who are ashamed to let people see that they have any feelings at all!"

LOUIS XVI. AND HIS TIMES.*

It is not without reason that historians, philosophers, and romancists alike linger round the days of the last Bourbons. Not only they themselves, and their ministers and queens, but their very favourites—called to the highest honours, and often swaying the policy of the hour—acquire unwonted importance by the extraordinary exhibition presented of a proud court given up amidst all the traditional vanities of its most glorious days, to misrule, dissipation, and decay—power, prosperity, and pride, hurrying headlong down the incline of a great revolutionary catastrophe. The catastrophe over, we can now quietly contemplate every step in the downward movement, balance the comparative amount of impulse given by each acting influence with the greatest nicety, and give to every incident in the careers of the chief personages concerned, their just value. Those who were their contemporaries did not enjoy so favourable a position.

The liberal and philosophic continuator of the "History of Sismondi" (M. Renée) takes up the subject in his recently published monogram on Louis XVI. and his court—a fragment of the above-mentioned continuation—mainly in the sense of ministerial and financial influences. They were no doubt all-important. Marie Antoinette would never have been so unpopular as she became, were it not for the want and suffering entailed by errors committed by the political economists of the day, and which the wisdom of the petty bourgeoisie absurdly associated with the extravagances of Trianon; and Louis XVI. would probably never have perished on a scaffold, had not the deficit in finances, which neither Turgot nor Necker could retrieve, and which Calonne came to augment, been rancorously associated in the popular mind with his predecessors' bounties to a Pompadour and a Du Barry. This was a feeling which had indeed become traditional against the Bourbons; Louis XIV. had set the example, Louis XV. had followed, and the more correct conduct of Louis XVI.—unsupported by more brilliant or striking qualities—came too late to save the monarchy. Not that these financial questions, all-important as they were, stood alone in the impulse downwards. The great interest which attaches itself to the whole epoch in question lies in the fact that they were not so—that there was not only a sudden movement of the intellect towards scepticism alike in religion, politics, and philosophy; that this was the era of the encyclopedists; that even poetry winged itself only in the atmosphere of subversion; that Beaumarchais on the stage, J. J. Rousseau in exile, and Voltaire everywhere, were busy in sapping all respect for those who were in power; that the old and new parliaments were in antagonism, and the triumph of either was alike ruinous to the monarchical principle, and that the United States had set the example of a successful revolt; but every smallest incident, from the "émeute des farines" to the "procès du collier" came to play its part—and that, too, a most significant one—in the great

* Louis XVI. et sa Cour. Par Amédée Renée. Deuxième édition, revue et enrichie de nouveaux documents. Paris.

drama, the last act of which was to be performed in the Place de la Concorde.

The old monarchy ended with Louis XV. He is recorded to have himself boasted that monarchy had lasted as long as himself, but that it could not last longer. "France," to use the expression of M. Renée, "accepted the saying as a truth which bore comfort with it;" hence it was that the death of Louis XV. was accompanied, we are further told, "by a sense of joy and deliverance which ensured an ardent reception to his successor." Logic would say, Why?—because monarchy was on its last legs, and it could no longer be? No; the philosophical historian does not trouble himself with logical sequences. He says, not that Louis XVI. had given any promises of great qualities, but from the contrast which he presented to Louis XV., the contrast of private life and manners. The inference is just when left to itself, but when associated with the previous sentence, as it so emphatically is, it is not only illogical, it is absurd.

But it was not that royalty, as established by Louis XI. and Richelieu on the ruins of feudalism, was no longer possible; it was not that all authority was lost and dispersed; that royalty, nobility, clergy, and parliament remained in presence of one another without any principle of fusion; there was also another influence at work.*

The part which English institutions permitted to the aristocracy tempted the high nobility of France; besides, the whole age was much occupied with England; it was the tendency of all enlightened policy, as they would say in our days. Voltaire and Montesquieu had brought the constitution of that country into fashion. It only required to see the progress that England had made, all that it had conquered, and all that France had lost, to conceive the highest idea of the British government. The pride and interest of the great lords naturally attracted the most capable and the most vain towards such a description of government; the attitude of the English lords and the influence they possessed might well prove more seductive to a Montmorency or to a Rochefoucault than the domesticity of Versailles or the "régime des lettres de cachet." Writers, lawyers, all studious men, saw in the rumours that reached them of the great parliamentary debates a reminiscence of ancient liberties and a perspective of future triumphs. And what emotion must not these men have experienced when even a woman living in the midst of them, and nurtured in their opinions, could exclaim, with enthusiasm, "I would rather be the last member of the House of Commons in England than King Frederick himself; there is only the glory of Voltaire that can comfort me for the misfortune of not being English."

It is not altogether impossible that more Demoiselles de Lespinasse may arise, if they do not already exist, in France in our own times.

Here is a family picture, borrowed, it is true, but very impressive:†

The new dauphin, married at sixteen years of age, lived at Versailles after the fashion of the other dauphin, his father. The representative of the family of domestic intimacy was once more seen in his person. It was a salutary contrast opposed to the habits of Louis XV. His private life, his simple manners, his walks with the dauphine, unattended by any one, and the opportunities that presented themselves on such occasions of performing little acts of charity and kindness, were in every one's mouth. Public opinion gave them credit for everything that distinguished them from the egotistical and immoral Louis XV.

The archduchess, daughter of Maria Theresa, whom the system of alliance in

* *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's Lettres*, éd. in-12, t. i. p. 302.

† *Souvenirs et Portraits*, par le Duc de Levis, au mot Louis XVI.

vogue since 1756 had united to the dauphin, added to this popularity, founded on esteem, all that could be won by beauty and grace. The contrast was great in this respect between the husband and wife: there was nothing royal in Louis XVI. He had no majesty, says a man of the old court; none of that dignity of look and bearing that Louis XV. always upheld; he had neither the grace that seduces, nor the brilliancy that imposes, nor the firmness that restrains. The observer adds, with reason, however, that his manners, rather than his appearance, were wanting in nobility, for he had the characteristic features of the Bourbons.

Marie Antoinette, on the contrary, had all the outward aspect of a queen; she was at once attractive and imposing. One of the best judges that have observed her has thus depicted her: "She was tall, admirably well made, and with superb arms. She walked better than any woman in France, carrying her head upright on a beautiful Grecian neck." (Alas! that was the neck called *col de grue* by the wretched panegyrists of the guillotine.) "Her skin was so transparent," adds the painter, "that it admitted of no shading."*

M. Amédée Renée attributes the origin of the party which formed itself at the onset against Marie Antoinette to the disfavour in which her friend and tutor, the Abbé de Vermond, was held. But this is absurd. What had it to do with the first misunderstanding that took place, as admitted by M. Renée and all chroniclers, on the question of the precedence of the princesses of Lorraine? From that moment Marie Antoinette was to the nobility of France what she afterwards became to the populace, *l'Autrichienne*. In a similar spirit M. Renée rejoices in the failure to re-establish a Choiseul ministry and the success of the frivolous Maurepas, who had been banished for his epigrams on Louis XV.'s mistresses, and with him of the financier Turgot, in whose favour he quotes Anglo-Teutonic Carlyle. "Instead of a profligate bankrupt, Abbé Terray, we have now for comptroller-general virtuous, philosophic Turgot, with a whole reformed France in his head." This virtuous philosopher had been a priest before he became an encyclopædist; he had been a writer of theses on theology before he became a free thinker; he had been a Fénelon before he became a Turgot. "Turgot, bon théologien, se jouait parfois de la Sorbonne," says Marmontel. This was at a time when the frivolous abbés of the Vermond type had been succeeded by a philosophic priesthood. Of Loménie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, it is said: "Il était public qu'il ne croyait pas en Dieu;" and as to l'Abbé de Talleyrand Périgord, he did not even give himself the trouble to practise the external duties of his position. Whatever may have been the virtues and abilities of Turgot, so exalted by all economists, he certainly was not felicitous as a minister. He favoured the restoration of the old parliaments, which, instead of being grateful and resigned, as had been promised to Louis XVI., resumed at once their old career of noisy opposition. He restored free trade in corn, in as far as the provinces were concerned; and this liberal measure was followed by the tumult known as the "émeute des farines." He brought the "philosopher" Malesherbes into the ministry, and the still more philosophic priesthood attested their appreciation of the liberal and reformed movement that was expected from such a union by demanding the persecution of the Protestants. He set to work seriously and energetically to reform taxation and abuses, and he earned the enmity of all parties. He was

* *Mémoires de Madame Vigée-Lebrun, peintre de la reine, t. i. p. 64.*

told that his absence was more desirable than his presence; he only replied by taxing his master with vacillation. "A weak prince," he said to Louis XVI., "has no choice but the musket of Charles IX. or the scaffold of Charles I.!" No doubt Turgot was a great reformer, but he was also a great theorist; he was well intentioned, but not equally well informed. Above all, he was perverse and obstinate. His very admirer, M. Renée, says, had he carried his head less high, he might have been useful to his age; it requires to know how to relax and not to aspire to too much perfection.

Clugny, an obscure intendant of Bordeaux, came in for a moment to repair the mischief done by Turgot, but without success; and Necker was appealed to as the only man in France who could remedy the sad position of the national exchequer. This distinguished Genevese banker had always been opposed to the doctrines of the economists. His motto was, that an unassailable loyalty should control all political relations. Clugny had sought to relieve the financial deficits by lotteries; the Genevese banker sought to obtain the same ends by means of loans. The clergy objected to the new chancellor that he was a Protestant. "I will give him up," retorted Maurepas, "if you will pay the debts of the state." At an after period Calonne accused him with having borrowed four hundred and forty millions; Necker gloried in having effected loans up to five hundred and thirty millions! But Necker was less successful as a politician than as a financier. He failed in his measures relating to the provincial assemblies and feudal rights. On these points, it has been justly observed that both Turgot and Necker were Girondists by anticipation. The fact is, as expressed by M. Renée, "Louis XIV. said of Fénelon that he was un bel esprit chimérique; in the same noble sense there was much of Fénelon in Turgot and in Necker—minds more elevated than powerful, and whose hour seems to be gone by when one is on the eve of revolutions." Too true as things then were; not even a Richelieu could have re-established affairs in France. Marie Antoinette is said to have wept when Necker was borne down by the torrent of opposition; and the proud Protestant declared, that had he seen those tears, he would have sacrificed alike his reputation and his happiness. "Necker," says M. Renée, "like Turgot, was a minister of a very different stamp to the ministers of his day, but those were the times of the Terrays, the Maurepas, and the Calonnes." It was the time, M. Renée could have added, when France had fallen so low in political morality as to secretly lend her aid, by money, by weapons of war, and otherwise, to the enemies of her ally, England, and to the colonies that were in rebellion against her, and thus abet the Americans in establishing their independence. La Fayette repaid the debt incurred by the United States, and washed out the obligations of his Transatlantic friends in the blood of his countrymen.

France reassumed for a moment the position due to her as an honourable political power when she received a treaty at the hands of Franklin, and notified its acceptance to the Court of St. James. Better an open enemy than a treacherous friend. This was equivalent to a declaration of war; yet, as is usual under such circumstances, the language of diplomats was polished and courteous, nothing but peace was spoken of, and the very opposite to what was meant and understood was expressed.

An episode of a very different character was, however, being enacted at Paris at the same moment. This was the visit of the eccentric Joseph II. of Austria, brother to Marie Antoinette. It was a visit made in what the French term a *débotté philosophique*. Joseph was, in fact, a kind of imperial Diogenes; he could not find words sufficiently biting, nor actions too insulting, by which to express the profound disgust with which he contemplated the luxuries and the vanities, the corruptions and ambitions, of France and its court. In his cynicism he devoted his attentions to Madame du Barry, and he pretended a visit to Ferney, apparently with the mere object of fretting the vainglorious hopes of the old tergiversating post-philosopher. "It was," says M. Renée, "to insult all France, to refuse his homage to this old idol of opinion!"

If France, when she openly declared in favour of the United States, had it not in her power to terrify England by the rapidity of her blows, she had, as she always has had, the power to cause anxiety by the magnitude of her preparations. A fleet of thirty-two ships of the line and fifteen frigates was assembled at Brest, and nothing else was spoken of than an immediate descent on England. "L'Amiral Keppel," we are told, "à Plymouth, regardait d'en face cette flotte superbe." Hostilities began with a skirmish between two frigates, the *Arethusa* and the *Belle Poule*, and the latter having been enabled to regain her port after the engagement, popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The "choc," as the Duke of Chartres called it, off Ouessant, between the two fleets, calmed down this enthusiasm several degrees. M. Renée himself admits, speaking of the French admiral's haste to regain the shelter of the friendly forts at Brest, that "little is gained by such acts of modesty, (!) and he (the admiral) contented himself with little, if he was satisfied with a success which consisted in not being a defeat." French commerce, in the mean time, avowedly lost some forty-five millions by this modest withdrawal of its fleet. D'Estaing, "half officer and half pirate," but with whom the *forbans* predominated, for he robbed and ravaged with fury, was a trifle more successful in the Delaware and at New York. Obligated, however, to seek refuge in Boston, the French admiral became the butt of nothing but insults from his quondam allies. Carrying his arms to the Antilles, the movement was only followed by the loss of 1500 French at St. Lucia. The result of all this was, that the enthusiasm for America fell below zero in France. "In France," says M. Renée, "more than anywhere else, enthusiasm requires to be sustained by success, and it must also be said, serious brilliant success, of which there was none in this campaign of 1778."

The French government sought for peace, but this was refused to them by outraged England. Nothing could have been more unprincipled or more exasperating than the conduct of France in abetting an ally's colonies in revolt. France then united herself with Spain to curb the pride of the haughty insulars. Their ships were away across the Atlantic, and a descent could now be effected with impunity. Once more the grand invading fleet sailed from Brest. United with that of Spain, it numbered sixty-two ships of the line, besides numerous frigates. Three hundred transports were to carry over the troops from Havre and Saint Malo when the Channel had been swept of the English. Admiral Hardy had only thirty-eight sail under his command. Vergennes proclaimed that England

was lost. But after sundry encounters, in which the French were invariably worsted, Admiral D'Orvilliers returned to Brest *vaincu par le scorbut!*

D'Estaing, reinforced in the West Indies, had been more successful, but his successes were more than counterbalanced at Savannah, where, after losing eleven hundred men, he retired "l'épée au poing," an expression appertaining to the chronicles of romance rather than to sober history. To Guicher, who succeeded, is accorded the honour of beating Rodney at St. Lucia, but, somehow or other, his success was so little fruitful, that he deemed it discreet to make the best of his way back to France. Louis XVI. was prepared, however, to make one effort more in favour of American independence, and Rochambeau was sent at the head of an army of succour. A diversion was effected at the same time by aid given to Spain in her long-prosecuted siege of Gibraltar, and by obtaining the co-operation of Holland in carrying out the still more longly delayed descent upon the coasts of England. The camps of Normandy and of Picardy were still there.

The war was destined, however, to have nothing grand but the preparations. The ball opened with an attack on Jersey, in which the assailants and their leader, Rulecourt, were most rudely and incontinently tumbled back into the sea. Count de Grasse was less unfortunate in the West Indies, and having relieved Rochambeau, blockaded in Rhode Island, the French and American armies united were enabled to commence that series of successful operations which ended in establishing the independence of the United States. Hood, with an infinitely inferior force, subsequently baffled the French admiral at St. Christopher. "Il n'avait pas été battu, il avait été dupé; c'était bien pis aux yeux d'officiers français." De Grasse was, indeed, according to M. Renée, always victorious; meeting Rodney off St. Lucia (9th of April, 1782), "plusieurs de ses vaisseaux firent une belle défense, et il eut l'honneur de cette rencontre." It was not till the English admiral came up with his slippery antagonist again, and, "dominating the winds," forced him to the combat, that the oft-repeated "victorious escapes" were converted into a most decisive defeat, and the gallant De Grasse was conveyed in his own ship, *La Ville de Paris*, to England. The reception given to the really brave but unfortunate admiral by the islanders, who respect courage so much, even in an enemy, was gall and wormwood to the French. "Il y fut reçu," writes M. Renée, "avec une générosité dont le faste outrageait la France. Personne ne se méprit à ces magnanimités hypocrites, et l'opinion en France les fit payer cher au Comte de Grasse." It is curious that the legitimist writers in France, albeit the inheritors of a traditional and religious hostility, do not sully the pages of their historical works with these ignoble references to bygone animosities so much as the so-called liberal, economical, and philosophical school of which M. Renée is an exponent, and whose delight in the humiliation of all that is English is only exceeded by their romantic exaltation of all that is French. In the mean time, the third of the descents on England, prepared with such arrogant display, had to be postponed for some other and brighter day.

Suffren, however, had performed prodigies in the East Indian seas, but still chiefly of a negative character. "Jamais dans leurs plus né-

fastes campagnes les marins anglais n'avaient tant refusé de combats." If the floating batteries at Gibraltar had been fired or sunk, Lamotte-Picquet had arrived, "toutes voiles au vent et mèches allumées, sur l'escadre anglaise de Howe, qui soutint le choc et se retira fièrement." Unfortunately for France, the "monstrous coalition" of North and Fox came to put a stop to these acts of gallantry, and to the victorious progress of the French arms. Peace was declared on the 3rd of September, 1783. M. Renée asks, what would Vergennes have done had he been Pitt? It might be asked, in a similar vein of irony, what would Pitt have done had he been at the helm of the British state instead of Fox and the recalcitrant North?

Let us turn then, with the restoration of peace, to ideas of another order. Maurepas was dead, and Marie Antoinette was a mother. As a mother she became in reality what she had before been only in name—Queen of France—and M. Renée would have us believe that, disgraced and humiliated as she had been before, she took advantage of the change which the doctors, rather than nature, had wrought in her favour, to commence a career of hostilities, and the "mistrust and dislike which she experienced for the nobility extended itself even to the nation." We suspect the reverse was the case, and that it was the mistrust and dislike of the nobility to their queen that extended itself to the nation. M. Renée himself says immediately afterwards: "Devoted to Choiseul, who was recommended to her by Austrian interests, she laid herself open to the blows aimed at her by the Richelieus, the D'Aiguillons, and the Chancellor Maupeou, who combated the old ministry in the person of the queen. In the manner in which these blows were dealt, the action of a powerful cabal was to be recognised, who were resolved upon her ruin, and upon dishonouring her. They were not content with those slanderous hints, those malignant innuendoes, which secretly sap a reputation. The queen was openly torn to pieces, delivered over to the most atrocious attacks, from the first day that she began her reign. There were actually manufactories for calumnies from which more disgraceful stories, more songs, verses, and abominable prose issued forth to the public, than had ever previously been directed against any one person. This cabal hoped to make her fall so low as to get her sent back to Vienna."

And who were the base calumniators of an innocent young queen? The secret chronicle of the Abbé Baudeau, and the memoirs of Madame de Campan, adopted by M. Renée, come to corroborate what we have before denounced from the pages of the brothers De Goncourt. The chancellor and his *prêtraille*; D'Aiguillon and his valets; the four aunts of Louis XVI., who criticised and condemned every act in her life, her walk, her dress, her conversation, her every movement; her sisters-in-law, the Comtesses de Provence and d'Artois, and all the courtiers not in her own immediate employ: "Cabale jésuitique du chancelier et des vieilles tantes," says the writer. No wonder that Marie Antoinette fell a victim to such an abominable state of things, and that her early popularity was soon sacrificed at the shrine of the unprincipled and malevolent calumnies of a corrupt, profligate, and envious court. No doubt Marie Antoinette was not perfect; she had some faults, she was young and lively, and disposed to enjoy life, and not to permit it to be overclouded by the malignancy of rancorous old women, or the biting hostility of political partisanship. Above all, she not only hated and despised courtly etiquette,

but she was gifted with the dangerous power of being exceedingly sarcastic upon those who entertained different opinions, and was, as we have before seen, excessively fond of giving pointed nicknames. To her, the court ladies belonged all to one of three classes—*les siècles*, *les collets montés*, or *les paquets*.

M. Renée treats the scandals and calumnies so cruelly propagated, and unfortunately held by many as historical facts, in a spirit, however, that claims our approbation. He does not precisely decide upon the delicate question as to whether Marie Antoinette ever forgot her duties as a wife, but he shows in detail that the proofs to the contrary are not only unsatisfactory, but, in many instances, positively false. "It was," he remarks, "in the destiny of this queen not to indulge in even the most frivolous fancies of a woman with impunity. Even the apron that she loved to wear (at Trianon), even the stuff of which her dress was made, she had to account for to her enemies; she had to give an account of them to France." And he subsequently adds, "Marie Antoinette, cast in the midst of a family rival of her own, cruelly observed, prematurely denounced, gave such dangerous arms to be used against herself, that people finished by believing in the mere word of her most miserable detractors."

And then, again, what was Louis XVI. himself in the presence of this young, beautiful, proud, clever, persecuted woman? He was as much embarrassed by his wife as by his crown. His whole time was occupied in field sports, in manual labours, or in recording his private expenses. His private journal, referred to by the brothers Goncourt, and which is preserved in the archives of the empire, sufficiently attests that his chief enjoyment lay in sports of the field. Every day that he did not go out hunting or shooting the entry of "*rien*" is made. Thus, Tuesday, July 14th, 1789, "*rien*." This was the day of the capture of the Bastille! "Oct. 5th. Shooting at the Porte de Châtillon; killed 81 head. Interrupted by events.—Oct. 6th. Left for Paris at half-past twelve. Visit to the Hôtel de Ville. Supped and slept at the Tuileries." This was the day when l'Autrichienne had to prompt a few words uttered to soothe the populace! He summed up all the game killed each month, and the grand total at the end of the year. When not in the fields or forests, he passed his time in the workshop with the smith Gamin, and hence the queen called him her Vulcan. Rarely was he known to study. Turgot found him one day meditating a projected act of legislation. When he came to peruse it, it had reference to rabbits. He used regularly to put into the lottery, and was sometimes a winner.

Meantime, Calonne was hastening the grand catastrophe by his extravagance and follies as a financial minister. It was to him that the Parisians were indebted for those petty fortresses where the *octroi* is raised, and which are now to be carried out to the extent of the outer fortifications. Literary men were at the same time busy sapping the foundations of a corrupt society. Montesquieu had opened the ball with the "*Lettres Persanes*," and Beaumarchais followed up with the "*Mariage de Figaro*," "*une comédie encyclopédique*," as it was called at the time, "*et d'une terrible portée*," as M. Renée can now retrospectively remark. It was at the very time that the theatre was

aiming a mortal blow at the abuses of the aristocracy and the old forms of society that royalty also had its drama, which was not less disastrous to it, and this was the "*procès du collier*." "A prince, a prelate allied to the royal blood, was dragged to the bar of a criminal court, among courtesans and thieves. What a spectacle! and at what a time!"

Albeit we do not agree with M. Renée in his political economy, or on many other points, we are ready to admit that he treats this celebrated trial, as he does the character of Marie Antoinette, in a reasonable and impartial manner. He denounces Cardinal de Rohan as a scandal to the Church. "In the whole age there was not," he says, "a prelate *de mœurs plus effrontées*;" but in this instance he makes him the victim of a designing woman, the Comtesse de Lamotte-Valois, who traced her descent to a base son of Henri II. A courtesan who resembled the queen was hired to play her part, and deceive the cardinal. "He would," says M. Renée, "have no doubt been less easily duped if he had been less corrupt." He, the cardinal, who had been an ambassador, was, strange to say, according to the same version of the story, equally easily duped by the forged signature of "Marie Antoinette de France." A woman's anger, legitimate, no doubt, but ill-judged and dangerous, dictated a prosecution the result of which was that the public made common cause with a man whom it despised and detested, but who became a hero from the day that he was persecuted by the court. Nay, even a portion of the royal family, the highest nobility, and the whole of the clergy, took the part of the cardinal against the queen. Marie Antoinette's evil star was always in the ascendant. This was also an epoch when the marvellous was greedily devoured. Everybody was ready to believe that there was more in the intrigue than saw light on the trial. Romancers in our own days have judged so likewise. No wonder, then, at an epoch when the crowd so besieged the doors of Cagliostro, who could procure *des tête-à-tête* for Cardinal de Rohan with Cleopatra and Semiramis, that the police had to interfere; and when Mesmer's mysterious banquets were flocked to by all who could afford to pay, that the "*procès du collier*" should have attained an unwonted significance and a little-merited importance.

So it was also in other matters. Religious belief had been sapped by the philosophers, encyclopædists, and poets; something was wanted in its stead. People looked up to science and to the mystic and marvellous. It is impossible to conceive in the present day the excitement that attended upon the first balloon ascent of Charles and Robert. It was under the same excitement that La Pérouse was sent to discover new continents. And it was under the same excitement that the port of Cherbourg was begun: "C'était parler résolument à l'Angleterre," says M. Renée; "c'était relever en vue de ses rivages les ruines qu'elle avait faites à Dunkerque." The Egyptian enigma, as it has been termed in our days by kindly-disposed and well-intentioned quidnuncs, was no enigma in the days of Louis XVI. and his minister Vergennes.

The downfall of the monarchy kept pace with this progress of events with a slow but steady step. Louis XVI. had his convocation of Notables—a last resource of a loyal and munificent minister—but which only hastened his fall. The masculine spirit of the queen asserted its supremacy over the king in the complications that then arose. She selected

Cardinal de Brienne, but he proved unequal to the task, and Necker was recalled. Once more the assembly of Notables was summoned, coups d'état were attempted against parliament, popular effervescence still kept assuming a more formidable character, and it was in the midst of all these difficulties that the States-General—a great national representation, which had been obsolete for now two centuries, the qualifications for a seat in which were unknown, and the powers of which were ill defined—was summoned. The States-General, in the existing state of the public mind, was only a further engine of destruction—possibly it would have been the case with any other assembly of whatever kind. France was panting for Girondists and Conventionalists, to be succeeded by Terrorists. M. Renée has not followed out the monarch's history beyond the meeting of the States-General. From the day, he says, when the Revolution began, the history of Louis XVI. is in reality only that of the Revolution; and this does not stop at the death of a man: that epoch does not belong to Louis XVI., it is rather Louis XVI. that belongs to it. This is a disloyal mode of viewing the relations of parties. Is it because the Revolution was in the ascendancy, and a king sacrificed, that the king belonged to the epoch and was no longer himself—virtually, if not politically so? M. Renée, however, concludes otherwise, and admitting the reign of Louis XVI. to have ended with the convocation of the States-General, and the history of the Revolution to have commenced at the same epoch, that history, he says, has been already written, and it is a task that he has not the presumption to undertake.

MY FRIEND PICKLES;

AND SOME SOCIAL GRIEVANCES OF WHICH HE DESIRES TO COMPLAIN.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

XI.

SERVANTS OUT OF PLACE.

MRS. PICKLES had been absent on urgent domestic affairs some two hours, and I was engrossed with a most pungent article of the *Saturday Review*, when she re-entered the room, rather thoughtful, as I fancied, and seating herself at the fire, looked into it for some minutes with that earnest, distraught look of Cowper's which saw dreadful faces and read long and strange stories in the coals. As I know this is not her usual mood, I begin to wonder what is amiss now. At last she says,

"Do you know, Mr. Pickles, I don't like the look of that Mary."

I haven't liked the look of her for these four days, and so I have told Mrs. Pickles, but first she said the girl had been shamming, then she had been picking, but now she says she is shivering, and we had better send for the doctor. The doctor is fetched, finds the girl's tongue the colour of this paper, and her pulse going a hundred and twenty-six to the minute. He comes in with a face *almost* as long as his last year's bill,

hopes there's nothing wrong, but is *afraid*—don't alarm yourselves, he may be wrong, he hopes he is, but there appears to him no doubt,—it's typhus fever. Has she been out lately mixing with any one, for typhus is about a good deal? Are the drains all right? Really, the best thing—the most prudent, with your little family, you know, Mrs. Pickles—poor girl, I don't say it is, but you know it *may* be—is to remove her.

Remove her! Yes, it's very easily said, but whither are we to remove this poor fever-stricken girl at eleven o'clock at night? Stay: she has a cousin in the High-street—a married cousin. I think of my children,—does it cross my mind to inquire whether that married cousin has any?—and rush off for a cab. Poor creature! we help her in, give the address to the cabman, and send her off to her married cousin's.

"What an escape!" says Mrs. Pickles, drawing a long breath; and with the next she adds, "Poor thing, what will she do?"

She must "pause for a reply," for I have rammed some very coarse and strong tobacco, laid in for driving the green fly from the rose-trees, into a very dirty pipe left by the workmen, and am smoking it with might and main, for who knows but that typhus is in the house already. Presently I feel very sick—the room is going round—great goodness! these are the first symptoms of infection! or—the last symptoms of tobacco.

"There, I feel better now, thank you, dear—and I think a *little* drop of brandy—hark, what's that?"

A sound of wheels in the new gravel of Turtledove-road—the cab comes back.

"They won't take her in," says the cabman—not our proprietor, but a "return" I had found on the road. "There's a pretty go! you've put a fever patient in my cab!"

A half-crown falls out of my hand into his.

"Take her off to the union. Quick! Poor thing!"

"Poor thing!" echoes Mrs. Pickles, as the cab drives off. "Are we doing right, Pickles?"

"The children!" is all I can say, for I mustn't think.

An hour of anxious waiting—the same sound of wheels on the new gravel.

"The porter says he won't take no fever cases in," cries the cabman; "and ain't you ashamed of yourselves, calling yourselves respectable, to send a poor girl about at this hour, after getting all her work out of her" (she had been with us a week); "pretty gentlefolks you are, I don't think!"

Can I argue with him? Isn't he right? But he doesn't know I have five precious children in the house. I respect that husky cabman.

But there is no time to be lost in deliberating; that poor girl, away from her home and friends, must not be left shivering in the cab. *She* was a baby once, as engaging, no doubt, as any of ours, and as babies always are to fond parents, rich or poor; what if celestial little Agnes should come, when we are dead, to be banded about at eleven o'clock at night with fever on her?

"Where," I ask distractedly—"where is the home for sick servants? There must be one among the great charities of London—the place to which thousands of girls resort to service, leaving behind all who take an

interest in them, hundreds of miles away, unable, in many cases, to write and tell their parents of their utmost need when they, poor things, are among strangers?"

Oh, of course, there are St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, and the Middlesex, and the London, and Guy's, and the Fever Hospital, only eight miles off; but will they, on my simple requisition, send a proper vehicle, at this unseemly hour, to fetch her to their excellent and tender care? Can I expect it? No. Can I carry this poor, contagious, friendless thing on my back? What have I done already? Infected an honest man's cab, and to-morrow morning a happy father will hire it to carry his little prattling ones for their holidays to the sea. Peradventure, I am a murderer—morally, if not legally! Oh, I wish I had taken the number of that cab before it went away! I would send to Somerset House, and get its plates suspended for a fortnight—remunerating the honest cabman, of course, the while; I would—Well, to be sure, one is never safe with cabs for the matter of that; for how often do I see baby-funerals brought to our new cemetery in cabs?—infection in many cases, no doubt, hanging about the little coffins. It ought not to be allowed, and, with the strict and direct control which the police can exercise over the cabs, could easily be prevented, were the axiom yet understood and appreciated that "prevention is better than cure." But, about the girl—

But Mrs. Pickles, with her woman's heart, has come to a decision quicker. She knows what a mother's feelings are, and the girl is tucked up snugly in a lofty bedroom, and Mrs. Pickles in the kitchen making condiments.

For three weeks we live with Death unallied to us, yet a guest. I feel savage—not with the poor girl, Heaven knows, although she *would* go gossiping where she knew fever was raging, and brushed her, perchance, in the shop where she stood chattering as she bought the candles. We sent our ambassador to King Typhus, as he held his court in "the poor neighbourhood;" but I feel savage that, with all our big talk of charity and philanthropy, we have no home—no practical home for sick servants. The workhouse is not a home fit for the decent, virtuous-minded girl overtaken with sickness, far, far away from her friends. I won't hear with patience of Mrs. Pickles's philosophy, "Where the girl falls sick, there she must be tended." It is true enough, and right enough, but what is this girl, who came to us only a week ago, predisposed by poor living and poor habits to infection—what is she to me, compared with my own flesh and blood up-stairs? Turn her out? No, not if they all died! But why do I pay four shillings in the pound for poor-rates if the porter at the Union "won't have no fever cases there?" If I apply to the guardians, I know he will have acted "under a misconception of orders," or the sick ward will have been full, or there will have been no casual ward, or there will be some lying or lame excuse, but in the mean time the mischief is done. We all know where the poor-rates go. What with fraudulent trustees, absconding collectors, high-paid commissioners, architectural jobs of Union houses, corrupt contractors, law costs of settlements, how little is left for the purposes of practical relief in proportion to the amount raised! Let charity, then, step in, as it is always obliged to do, and supply the deficiencies of a halting and faltering system, not to build its foundation upon the rotten and frail plan of

our poor-laws, but to found a home for servants, as it has founded—shame to the orthodox institutions!—asylums for the maimed, the starving, the mad, the houseless—ay! houseless, with millions of money raised in London by act of parliament for roofs to cover them in the several parishes! and, above all, for those who cannot brook the insolence—the worst of insolence, because the most brutal and the most heartless—of the yellow-collared despot who guards the workhouse gate—the irresponsible, ignorant, unsympathising wretch, who has once felt the pangs of hunger but now feels only the pride of office.

Well, the girl got well, and—let me pass over the sequel quickly—proved miserably ungrateful. Our little Julia took the fever—the household was upset—midnight watchings had to be taken by turns, and, in the midst of them, this wayward girl went off and left us without assistance. But we did not repent doing what appeared to us to be our duty.

A poor, good, simple girl came in the hour of need, well recommended as a faithful creature, honest, industrious, and in all respects the orthodox “valuable servant,” only “rather forgetful.” Forgetful! she was indeed! She would go out of the room, sent express for a cup of barley-water when fever was clamouring for it, and come back next minute to ask what it was we wanted. But so faithful—so persevering—so eagerly trying to help! Watching—always watching at the bedside. Poor girl! the watching made her only more and more forgetful.

In one of those long and weary night-watches, she confided to my wife the secret of her faithful, humble, hopeless love. She loved the poor young plasterer, whom we had seen hovering about, nervous, timid, but faithful as herself, and with a love such as is seldom known in the saloons of fashion. Her poor heart was breaking—her faithful swain was subject to epileptic fits. This was her great grief—and great it was to her, poor, fond and loving heart!

It was a sad and mournful love: she could not find courage to break it off—she had not courage to go on with it. And he, poor, soft, steady fellow, how he waited for her going out to church, and talked to her as they went along, as she innocently revealed to my wife, how his wages were increasing, and what magnificent hopes he had. And he brought her once a warm pair of gloves, then a strong pair of boots, then a Prayer-book—always something—and one day a geranium of his own rearing “for her mistress, if she would accept it.” It was quite ridiculous to see how my wife tended that stunted geranium, that Susan might see and tell him that she valued it. And we found out that the great silly fellow was fond of sweets, and Susan would save such as the children gave her, or any stray pieces of cake sent out into the kitchen on anniversaries (of which there were a great many in our household), for “her Jenn.” I tell you it was downright brimful love! Even the children, with ready instinct, never laughed at it.

It was some time after the confession that poor Susan got ill, and my wife nursed her as she had the ungrateful girl who had gone, and allowed the poor plasterer to inquire daily after the faithful creature's health. She was not exactly ill: only more forgetful—lost—walking about as in a dream. We sent her to our medical man, who kindly saw her. But shall I ever forget the low, faint, sad words in which she told us his opinion on her return—so calm yet so plaintive!

"Oh, ma'am, he says I am suffering from confusion of the brain, and your little children are not safe with me. It's long trouble, long grief, ma'am!"

Oh, what years of trouble—what ages of grief in her tone!

We afterwards found out that her friends—her father even—took away her earnings for drink, and then ill-treated her. She dreaded going home; she dared not stay "for fear"—she did not say of what, but our parental ears knew too well her meaning; and poor plasterer Jem was epileptic. She would go into an asylum, where they would let her work and do her good—that was all her cry.

What could we do towards clearing away this heap of misery from that fond, loving, humble heart? We thought—we inquired. No! no door was open to the poor girl; the doctor could not certify that she was mad (it was "effusion" on the brain that he had said)—she was not an idiot—and she was not safe. No one could say how near or how remote an attack of mania was. And her father's home could only extinguish the light of reason.

"The doctors are so fanciful," says my wife. "I don't believe she's dangerous—so good, so kind as she is to the children! Are we to hand her over to her brute of a father to make her mad?"

"No!" I cry, resolutely, flying to Mrs. Pickles's half suggestion, "let her stay, but watch her symptoms."

That night, I confess, I was morbidly nervous after the children had gone to bed, and would hold my breath to listen when she went upstairs, and, when she came down again, was troubled with a vision of her appearance at the door of the drawing-room with a bloody knife, exclaiming, "There, I've done it!"

I wheeled sharply round as she opened it, but she only said,

"Please, ma'am, may I kiss the children as usual when I go to bed?"

"Certainly," says Mrs. Pickles, "but mind your light."

"There, she's done it!" I cry, starting up in a climax of my troubled thoughts, as I hear her descending the stairs again.

"Oh, goodness gracious! done what?" exclaims my wife, springing to her feet. "Has she waked the children?"

Ah! her thoughts were running in the same direction!

"God bless their little hearts," says poor Susan, opening the door gently, "they're sleeping so prettily! But" (and her whole voice and manner changed), "pray lock their door, or DON'T LET ME GO NEAR 'EM AGAIN!"

Of course we didn't—that was quite enough! Next day she left, anxiously, as if glad to get away.

Now what is to become of this poor lovelorn, woe-stricken girl, with the whole of her ingenuous heart fixed upon that steady, faithful, epileptic plasterer, who would marry her if his mother, the prosperous laundress, would let him? Where—where is the home for sick servants? Must she wait till she is mad?

Yes, I know, ladies and gentlemen—I thank you for the suggestion, but it does *not* just meet her case—there is the Union: God knows it, sure enough! where such a girl as this may be maddened or pauperised for ever. But it is one private charity I am looking for, among the thousand our noble country is always forming—I want the Home for Sick Servants. Or go a step further, and say the Home for Servants

out of Place. We should hear, oh, how much less of social evils, great and small, if charity would bear in mind in this case that prevention is ever so much easier than cure!

XII.

SOLOMON, MY NEPHEW.

I DON'T think I have ever so much as mentioned Solomon, my nephew; but he is a source of some anxiety to me just now. Poor fellow! he is as clever as an owl—and not unlike one in the face—but I cannot see clearly what is to become of him. Hang it! he keeps all his learning locked up in that impenetrable brain of his. He is not impulsive enough to write novels—he is too indolent to write treatises—he is too clever by half to write history at present prices. And so here he is, a great middle-aged fellow, nearly as old as myself, always turning up after lapses of five years, looking out for something to start upon. He is the only son of my poor brother Peter—my eldest brother (I am the youngest of the family)—who has been dead these twenty years, and whom I only remember as the pattern and the model everlastingly held up and preached up to a large family by my revered father, when he used to come down among us, a grown man, to spend his holidays at Kremlin Coombe. That village used, in the good old days before the Reform Bill, to return two members to represent two people (rival landlords, who represented two hundred tenants) in parliament, and my father, being a voter and a maltster (not a farmer), was a man to be coaxed, caressed, and canvassed. Well, by never promising his vote nor recording it till the final struggle came, both candidates being equal on the poll, he got five of his sons into government situations—pity I was the seventh, unless I had had a seventh son, and I never got beyond a third—and Peter was a clerk in Chelsea Hospital when I was a boy at school. What he did at Chelsea Hospital I never knew, nor did my father, nor, I believe, did he himself exactly; but I have heard them say he had a room to himself, and was generally found at one o'clock with a rumpsteak and a pint of porter before him. So the late Duke of Wellington found him and many others on one occasion, and made a clean sweep of them—they were pensioned off at eighty pounds a year. Poor brother Peter grumbled and worried the Treasury, and got an appointment at last in the country as surveyor of taxes, and died in the act of counting windows at a house where some surreptitious lights had been introduced at the back. He was considered a good surveyor on the whole—he had an artful knack of extracting facts, and was very clever at surcharging. He would go to a house on the plea of examining for window-lights, and, as the unsuspecting housewife, in the absence of the husband, would lead him through the dark passage, he would blandly say, "I hope, ma'am, your dog won't bite me."

"Oh dear, no, sir, he's very quiet," would be the unguarded reply; and down would go, "Dog, 8s."

But he died—I hope he didn't go where tax-collectors and excisemen are proverbially said to go—and left a great tall pillar of knowledge behind him, his son Solomon, who had been brought up for the medical profession, and who had cut up, boiled down, simmered, and analysed more human bodies than I should like to say, and knew all about the human economy.

But all his knowledge availed him not in practice. He tried it twice; his hands were too large—his manners too uncouth—his figure too ungainly—his costume too ungraceful. He certainly did get appointed to a country Union once, where he had a district of twenty miles in diameter, with a forest in the centre, where the gipsies used to encamp, and had a salary of eighty pounds a year for night and day work, but, although the poor liked him, he got into disfavour with the guardians. He once reported against the beer supplied to the Union as being unwholesome—the contracting brewer was brother to a guardian—the guardian was thenceforward his enemy, and poor Solomon's manners were never his friends, so the whole board took to thinking him disrespectful, and dismissed him.

He then began his wonderful career of dunning the government. He was well known at the Treasury—always representing his father's long services and his own wants. He was even affably received at the Colonial Office, and the demi-semi-ministers would say, "Ah, Mr. Solomon, come again? How are you? The colonial secretary's engaged this morning. I know he received your letter, and I dare say you will get a reply."

At last he gained the desired audience, and the colonial secretary told him he might call again; he would always be glad to see him. Oh dear me! where was the official conscience then? But Solomon took him at his word, and did call again, and again, and again. At last the minister, no doubt wearied beyond endurance, threw a gnawed bone to the hungry dog.

"There is an appointment vacant now, but I dare say, Mr. Pickles—I'm afraid you will hardly accept it—the colonial surgeoncy of Sierra Leone. It's a fearful climate, of course, we all know; I have appointed twelve surgeons in half as many years; but still it's the only one open just now, and, of course, if you like to take the risk—ahem!—I hope you are not married, because, of course, to take a lady, or leave a family—ahem!—I suppose you will not accept it?"

Wouldn't he! For, as he said, "That's just what they want. If I had declined it, they could have said, 'Well, we offered you an appointment which you refused.' But now, you see, uncle, I'm on the first round of the ladder!"

Well, he went, had the fever thrice, served his time, and came back again—"looking out" for government employment.

Again he was the nightmare of Treasury dreams—the gaunt ghost who haunted the Colonial Office. In the course of two years came another splendid opening; a consul was wanted for a Central American republic. The pay was so small and the danger so great that the minister felt ashamed to mention it; but away went gaunt nephew Solomon, her Britannic Majesty's consul at Squariaqua. Here two generals of Spanish origin took to fighting and trying to tear the flag of the republic to pieces; two hordes of banditti, headed by two military gentlemen unattached, took to mortal combat for the possession of the chief city of the republic; the inhabitants lay silently looking on with perfect indifference, for they could but be robbed, and it mattered not to them whether they were robbed by General A. or General B.; but, in the *mêlée*, her Britannic Majesty's flagstaff was broken, and her Britannic Majesty's consul ejected. Of course it was not worth while to send a frigate to know what it was all about, so Solomon was presumed to have

given some offence by his undiplomatic manners, and came home to be meekly rebuked and thenceforth shelved, his consular career at an end.

His manners, certainly, are at times far from pleasant. One day, soon after his return, I had had febrile symptoms, and asked him to look at my tongue.

"Your tongue's right enough," replied he, gruffly.

"But feel my pulse, Solomon."

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with you. Unless I've infected you with the yellow fever! Haw! haw! haw!"

I didn't see much to laugh at in the idea. But I was reduced to the necessity of watching my pulse myself, and was feeling it under cover of my coat-sleeve in the evening, when suddenly—it ceased!

"There!" I cried, bounding in the air, "it's all up now! My pulse has stopped!"

Still he sat like a statue—a very ungainly one.

"Solomon," I exclaimed, in my agony, the cold perspiration on my brow, "I've lost my pulse!"

"Of course you have," replied he, "your fingers slipped off. Haw! haw! haw!" he guffawed, looking over at Mrs. Pickles.

I suppose he was right, for it is nearly twelve months since the event occurred; but it tends to show what an uncooth fellow he is.

Soon afterwards he took it into his head to be an agent. Not a land agent, nor agent to the Sun Fire Office, nor agent for Holloway's pills, but a commission agent. Neither he nor I knew exactly what it was, nor did any one of whom we inquired; but he had heard of a man who had made a good bit of money in the line, so he took an office in the City, and mounted a brass-plate with the inscription, "Solomon Pickles, Commission Agent." And for weeks and weeks he sat patiently in that little office, waiting for business to come; but he only had two applications—one from a gentleman, without security, soliciting the loan of a hundred pounds, the other, an inquiry whether he could get for the applicant the odds upon Flying Jenny, the favourite for the Derby. So he sold his brass-plate, wrote a forlorn letter to the colonial secretary, and came down again to Turtledove Villa.

And now, what is to become of him I don't know. He is not a medical student of the modern school, who can be companionable in any society; he cannot smoke nor play at skittles; he abhors half-and-half; he doesn't borrow money or annoy the servant-girls. Even Mrs. Pickles admits that she cannot make him useful about the house. She only gave him the baby to hold for a few minutes while she ran down stairs, when, bump!—she knew it was the innocent's head on the floor; he had been off in one of his reveries again, but he cried more than the baby did when he thought he had hurt it.

And there he sits, poor old fellow! reading—or strides out to botanise—and I can't amuse him, for what do I know about medicine, and what does he know about anything else? What a thing it is to have a nephew as old as oneself, and much more clever! Perhaps if the right honourable the colonial secretary, who once edited this Magazine, should see these pages, he would try him again, and send him in charge of the next batch of convicts to Western Australia.

FRESH ARRIVALS FROM PARIS:

BONNECHOSE—BARANTE—LÉON FEUGÈRE.

GOODLY octavos from those exemplary *libraires-éditeurs*, Messieurs Didier et Compagnie, are coming in upon us thick and threefold. On the principle of first come first served, we begin with M. Emile de Bonnechose. A notice of the first two volumes of this HISTORY OF ENGLAND* appeared in our pages at the time of their publication. The concluding volumes of the work being now given to the world, we proceed to bestow on them such attention and space as are at our command—an amount by no means in proportion to the merits of the author.

His original plan, it appears, had extended to six volumes. The revolution of 1848, however, upset his calculations. At least his publisher was of opinion that, in the unsettled state of feeling caused by that event—involving so entire a change in the literary dispositions of the public—it would be difficult to fix the attention of the French reader on a History of England in more than four volumes. M. de Bonnechose was not convinced. But he was compelled to acquiesce. The author's six-volume theory might be the best. But the publisher's four-volume plan must be submitted to, if publication was to take place. The historian has nevertheless adhered pretty closely, in all but form and arrangement, to his larger design, by the simple contrivance of adding bulk to his volumes, and in this way condensing into the licensed four almost the same number of pages that would else have been subdivided into the forbidden six.

His complete work he now offers to the world as an *exposé général* of the History of England, and by no means one of those books which are becoming so common under the name of *résumés*, in which the writers make a point of omitting nothing, but touch hastily on everything, without going below the surface of a single one. As opposed to this system of summary process, it is our author's aim, far less to tell all that can be told, than to make what he does tell intelligible: to effect which, in a limited space (for even four bulky volumes are scanty in this respect), he has to multiply what he calls *les aperçus généraux*, to make a pause whenever he comes upon the grand figures and epochs of the story, and to restrain or expand his narrative as the case may demand—the expansion being considerably less frequent than the restraint, for, says he, mixed-metaphorically, "I have felt, I confess, the constraints of my picture frame, and more than once has the tide overflowed the dyke and washed the bank."

Modestly he avows his increasing mistrust of his powers, as the work went on, to deal with so large a theme, and master its high argument as he could wish. The encouraging reception his previous volumes met with in England itself, he thankfully commemorates—coming as he says

* Histoire d'Angleterre jusqu'à l'époque de la Révolution Française, etc. Par M. Emile de Bonnechose. Tomes III., IV. Paris: Didier et C^o. (London: W. Jeffs.) 1859.

it did from some "des hommes les plus compétents en Angleterre," among whom he is happy to be able to cite Lord Macaulay. The difficulty of his task increased, however, as he came lower down the stream of time. The nearer that events are to our own day, the more multiplied and diverse are the aspects they assume. Our interest in them increases, and together with it, and because of it, our "passion" as readers—*la passion du lecteur* being always prompt, if ever so little crossed, to burst forth against the historian; which peril, for the latter, is one that is often increased by the very equity of his judgments, and from which M. de Bonnechose admits himself to have been, despite all his endeavours, to some extent a sufferer.

Thus, he refers in his Preface (t. iii., pp. iii. sq.) to two sets of strictures to which his work has been subjected. The first he meets with in certain organs of exclusive religious opinions, differing sharply enough, though, *inter se*. By these censors he is accused of occupying too general a ground—of not sufficiently inclining the scale to this side or that—of being (in effect) indifferent where (in intention) he was impartial. "With my whole soul I repel a reproach like this, which, preferred against me by two opposed parties, at any rate assures me that, in a theological point of view, I have faithfully adhered to my programme as regards the abstaining from all controversy. It is desirable, as I think, to have the history of modern peoples written in a Christian spirit, without being, for that matter, either Catholic or Protestant exclusively." M. de Bonnechose justly claims to have shown deep sympathy with the *si respectable* class of English Catholics who, for ages, were the victims of guilty intolerance—with Ireland, too, *si long-temps opprimée*. He reminds his censors of the legitimate tribute of admiring respect paid by him to the civilising labours of Catholicism in Europe: "indeed I know of no Christians of greater excellence than a Saint Francis of Sales, a Fenelon, a Cheverus; but it is also my belief that God has had able servitors in deeds and words in all the great families into which Christendom is divided; in every hindrance offered to the spreading of the Gospel, I descry peril for society at large, and in the *raffermissement* of souls by the vivifying principles common to all Christian churches, I see the very conditions of prosperity, freedom and safety to modern states: is this indifference?"

One objection thus disposed of, or reduced to a query, M. de Bonnechose then tackles a second one. He has been charged with over-indulgence, if not to criminal acts, at least to guilty persons. "Astonishment is expressed at the care I take to put virtues as well as vices in the balance. What then! is not the historian called upon as a judge to weigh the good as well as the bad? does not the heart of man present, almost invariably, a certain mixture of good and bad principles of which he must take equal account? No doubt there are exceptions, and when I see before me one of those men in whom the moral life seems utterly extinct, a Richard III., a Henry VIII., a Jeffreys—in one word, a monster—I am not aware of having been deficient either in colour to paint him, or in vigour to denounce him to the execration of all times." But such exceptions, he goes on to remark, are extremely rare; while, even for the clearest and most penetrating intellect, there ever remains a certain "unknown quantity" in earthly events, just as in the *mobiles* of

human actions : true repentance and hearty self-sacrifice may, in the sight of God, cover a multitude of sins ; and shall the historian, who, in any and every case, can see but in part and know but in part, be more severe in his sentence than the Sovereign Judge from whom no secrets are hid ?

It is not, therefore, within the ambition of M. de Bonnechose to over-colour for passion and party purposes the complexion of his characters—to disfigure and defeature them at discretion, or in defiance thereof—to distort and exaggerate events, so as to suit the palate of partisanship, or square with the preconceived theory of sectarian prejudice. He would eschew this method of premeditated praise and prepossession. He would keep aloof from the easily popular historians who travel this well-trodden *à priori* road—*ce chemin battu*—by keeping to which a “high literary fortune” may be swiftly attained : he prefers a slower though *not* surer success in tracking the “rude path” he has chosen : *mon sillon est tracé*, he declares, and there is no time now to look back, and pick out another, when approaching that term at which every man must ask himself what he has to offer, for his part in the sacrifice, to the eternal Author of all goodness and all truth.

As a reflecting well-wisher to the alliance between his own country and ours, M. de Bonnechose has a word to say on the interest, passion, ignorance, and indolence even, which render the majority of men blind and absolute in their judgments—“disposition redoutable, facile à exploiter surtout entre peuples rivaux”—and against those writers the effect of whose system is, not only to spread abroad false ideas, abuse the public mind, and incapacitate it for anything like attentive, thoughtful, impartial examination, but to render indestructible the prejudices which separate parties, classes, nations—to rekindle the ashes of ancient enmities—and sow for future generations those “pestilent harvests” which shall be reaped “in tears, and blood, and ruin.” With a widely different purpose has our author composed this book. He believes, he is profoundly convinced, that the happiness and progress of the human race are interested in the maintenance of good feeling between “the two great peoples whom Providence has made to increase in power and knowledge, standing as they do face to face, not for mutual destruction, but for the rivalry of intelligent and generous emulation. Too often, alas ! during long years consecrated to this work, have mischievous passions, on either side, misled public opinion : I have heard ill-boding rumours, I have seen the horizon darkened with clouds, and at signs that betokened a tempest at hand my mind has been troubled within me, and I have felt my heart sink. With returning calm my confidence has been restored, and I have so far presumed well of my country as to believe she would not forbid my being sympathetic and just towards a neighbouring great people.

“What I love, what I honour in that people, is their respect for tradition combined with a demand for progress without which the worship of the past would lead Europe to the petrified condition of the peoples of the *immobile* East ; it is the permanent alliance of order with freedom ; it is that prudent wisdom which, in political transformations, casts down only in the act of building up ; it is, alongside of all the glory that wealth and the arts can add to an advanced civilisation, the ever increasing share of the many in social advantages ; in fine, it is the remarkable agree-

ment, the common endeavour, though under varied forms, to spread the Christian faith, to give free course to the divine word among the souls of men. For all these causes it is, as I apprehend, and despite many a shade in the picture, that a great providential mission has been entrusted to England. My sympathies do not blind me; I see her greatness and her strength, I see also her wounds and weaknesses; here a noble pride, incomparable activity, patriotism and public spirit in their highest power, moral grandeur and practical wisdom: there, haughtiness, selfishness, cruel sufferings, fatal *entrainements*, gloomy and ardent passions revealing themselves in sudden explosions like lava from a volcano."

M. de Bonnehose adds, that the most formidable enemies of England, as of almost every other modern society, are not from without; *elle les porte dans ses flancs*. Will she escape from the dangers that menace her? Will she be seen strengthening herself in her own glorious pathway, or, in her turn, declining to the depths below? "Great questions, which it behoves France, in her own interest, to study with a mind free from narrow prejudices, above vulgar jealousy. Other times have come, imposing other laws on the world: all the members of the great human family, peoples as well as individuals, are become *solidaires*; new and multiplied relations are daily creating common interests for them both, powerful ties, unknown of old; the time is gone when—as it seemed to sages and statesmen—Carthage must be destroyed that Rome might be saved; the weakest nation could not, at this time of day, disappear from the map of Europe without leaving a large void, and producing a deep perturbation: how then would it be in the case of England, that giant nation, France's rival in the route of civilisation and genius, but without one rival in that of wise and prolific freedom? Let us not desire to see her either blinded or in ruins: another Samson, she would fall; but she would drag down the world with her, in her fall!" What will the world say—across the water? What will M. Louis Veuillot think of 'the Hebrew parallel—or M. Emile de Girardin of the contingent collapse?

The same general character that marked the former volumes, is maintained throughout these closing ones; the same clearness of arrangement, industry in research, and moderation in summing up. M. de Bonnehose resumes his narrative at the accession of James I., to whose pedantic peculiarities and personal foibles he shows himself keenly alive; and carries it on to the very eve of the French Revolution. Of the events which occurred between that period and the death of William IV., he gives a chronological summary by way of supplement. Faithfully he has adhered, in the main, to his plan of composition, which was, from the beginning, to trace the history of England's political institutions simultaneously with that of remarkable events—to take them as they rise, to study them as they operate, to demonstrate their actual results. In following out their successive developments, his particular aim has been to fix attention on what he calls the distinctive character of the English Constitution—that which distinguishes it so essentially from the constitutions of other free, or would-be free, peoples; to show that it has not been produced at a moment's notice, after some known model, nor founded *à priori* on rational general principles, but that its formation has been slow and gradual, established on usage, subordinated to times and circumstances, "semblable aux digues opposées sur des terrains mou-

vanta, selon les périls et les besoins de chaque jour, à l'océan ou à ses fleuves."

The amount of good sense and good feeling in this really painstaking work, is infinitely creditable to the author's head and heart. Were this *Histoire d'Angleterre* adopted as a text-book in France, in university, public school, and private education, we might augur well for the alliance, so much sound information and honest, intelligent exposition does it contain. There are worse text-books on the subject, current in our own schools, and written in our own language. M. de Bonnechose shows himself unusually conversant with *minutiae* which foreigners, Frenchmen at least, find it so hard to master. In the one matter of proper names, for example, he is—for a Frenchman—quite exceptionally correct. Hundreds of (to him) outlandish names have to be spelt in our island manner, and, wonderful to relate, most of them he spells right. If he spelt them *all* right, or very nearly all, could he be a Frenchman? Let us here, in perfect good-nature, and with every desire to be respectful, pause to comment, in passing, on the seemingly congenital incapacity, under which every Frenchman labours, of tackling British patronymics. He cannot for the life of him attain accuracy when dealing with the firm and dabbling with the names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. He cannot mind his *p*'s and *q*'s, when our nomenclature is in question. Is it possible that we English, unwittingly—when tampering with French titles—commit anything like the same proportion of perverse ingenuities?

M. de Bonnechose, we repeat, is exceptionally correct in the majority of his proper names; very few indeed, of France's most cultivated scholars, who have made England and the English their particular study, would be nearly so accurate as he is in this respect. And yet observe some of the slips we have noted in his History, in illustration of our argument—heterographic peccadilloes, not worth noticing unless with some such view. Thus we have *Witgift* the archbishop, Sir Thomas *Oversbury*, Doctor *Hamond*, the river *Saverne*, Colonel *Huskinson*, *Fleetwood*, *Lillburne*, "the little port of Brightelmstone near *Soreham*," Colonel *Ingolsby*, Admiral *Black*, Lord *Somer*, the duke of *Abermale*, *Sherness*, Lord *Godulphin*, "the venerable *Kean*" (what, Edmund? by no means. Charles, then? certainly not. Bishop Ken is the man)—the town of *Tawnton*, the county of *Sommerset*, the heath of *Honslow*, the village of *Kingsington*, Sir William *Lockart*, Sir James *Montgomery*, the battle of *Killiecrankie*,* Lord *Schrewsbury*, the sieges of *Darry* and

* Irish and Scotch patronymics may well puzzle the historian sometimes. However, he tackles them bravely enough, and often quite successfully—though he fluctuates, for instance, between "le célèbre chef Owen Roe O'neil" and "O'neal." "MacLeod d'Assint" is a chieftain of the "High Lands"—a very natural, though Frenchified, division of the words (so again we have Black Heath, White Hall, Maiden Head, York Shire, &c.).

Even when done into unexceptionable French, one does not always recognise, at the first glance, the most familiar names and objects. These old friends look so different with their new faces. Thus, in the reign of Charles II., there catches our eye in the wide margin of p. 462 (t. iii.), the words,

"Bill Coventry,"

neither more nor less. One's first thought is, But who was Bill Coventry? How did Bill distinguish himself, to be put in the margin like this? M. de Bonnechose, however, is not writing for a nation of Bills and Toms and Jacks; and Bill

of *Limerik*, *Sarrah* (and elsewhere *Sara*) Jennings, the marquis of *Troysdale*, *Sir Robert Hartley* (Harley), *Sir Cloudeasley Showell*, *Addisson* the essayist, *Philip* and *Parnel* the poets, *Sir Watkin Willams*, the historian *Smolett*, Lord *Chersterfield*, Admiral *Pockoke*, *Sir Francis Dalshwood*, the "ancient abbey of *Medelsham*," *William Dowsdell*, Lord *Chatam*, Lord *Pagot*, *Sir Josuah Reynolds*, *Brandley* the engineer, *O'Connel*, Lord *John Russel*, Lord *Lacke* (Lake), *Sir James Makintosh*, *Mr. Huskinson*, Lord *Ellinborough*, and *M. Rabuck*.* The last name, by the way, is an insoluble problem to Frenchmen: the despairing efforts made to pronounce it by the Government prosecutor in the late Montalembert trial, are said to have been irresistibly comical. *M. Roëbuck*, *Roobuck*, *Reebuck*,—*chut, que voulez-vous!*

... That some of these and similar errors—venial and trivial as they are—may be chargeable on printer rather than author, we would readily allow. And yet, whether the author would gain much by a wholesale system of errata, we may be permitted to doubt. For which doubt we can show cause, by an amusing example to the purpose. In Charles the Second's reign we come (vol. iii. p. 475) across an odd-looking name, *Shap*. Who was *Shap*? The context explains it. Archbishop *Sharpe* is meant: *le primat Shap*. (Poor primate, doomed to be hacked and maimed by *Balfour of Burley*, living; and by a foreigner, dead.) Now it evidently struck *M. de Bonnechose*, when revising his proofs, that *Shap* was hardly the thing. The name wanted a letter more, or the letters had got transposed, or—at any rate there was a screw loose. So in the table of errata, a line is given to *Shap*. We produce that line as it stands:

P. 475. l. 31, au lieu de: SPHAP; lisez: SPHARP.

Whether the emendation be an improvement—and which of the three varieties is nearest the mark, *Shap*, *Sphap*, or *Spharp*,—we leave the reader to decide.

But we must really beg pardon of *M. de Bonnechose*, for the undue prominence we have given—quite out of all proportion—to petty slips of this description; reiterating at the same time our assertion that he is, by comparison with his countrymen generally, a model of correctness in Anglican onomatology, as the reader would see at once, were we to cite the hundreds of names spelt right, as a set-off against the dozen or two spelt wrong. In fine, *M. de Bonnechose* has done well by us in his *History of our country*, and *well done* is our parting word, of, and for, and to him.

Next on the list comes *M. le Baron de Barante's* new work, the *LIFE OF MATHIEU MOLÉ*.† His preface remarks upon the dying out, within the last thirty years, of several of the illustrious and noble families of the old magistracy in France. The names of *D'Aguesseau*, *Lamoignon*, *Molé*, belong now to history only, in which they hold so eminent a

Coventry turns out to be simply our old acquaintance the *Coventry Act*, passed in Parliament apropos of the mutilation to which *Sir John Coventry* had been subjected, for his satire on a rather too merry monarch.

* Vol. iii. pp. 19, 25, 125, 195, 201, 291, 314, 320, 415, 455, 513, 543, 569; vol. iv. 27, 28, 38, 48, 50, 53, 146, 152, 162, 216, 238, 323, 324, 370, 456, 474, 483, 498, 512, 636, 699, 700, 721, 733, 743, 744, 745, 732.

† Le Parlement et la Fronde. Le Vie de Mathieu Molé. Notices sur Edouard Molé et M. le Comte Molé. Par le Baron de Barante. Paris: Didier et C^{ie}. 1859.

place. The biography of these great men, he adds, is not merely the narrative of their life ; it is a chapter of the Annals of France. Their conduct, capacity, virtues, are intimately bound up with the institutions and government of the country ; nor can they be spoken of without showing them to have been the "depositories of the tradition and spirit of that judicial authority, which was appointed to conserve and defend the laws of the realm." Mathieu Molé was Premier Président of the Parliament of Paris, during the troubles of the Fronde. M. de Barante shows himself a good Parliamentarian, and waxes eloquent in his defence of that body against general charges of uselessness, or incapacity, or servility, or faction. To assent to such charges would be, he says, to abjure one of the glories of France, to repudiate the testimony of national tradition and the opinion of the wisest and most enlightened men, Boesuet and Montesquieu among others ; nay more, it would be to reject the praises of foreign publicists. Instead of accusing the Parliament of the imperfections in its institution, the juster course, he contends, would be to remark, that the spirit which animated it, the virtues and merits of its great magistrates, its combination of courageous independence with conscientious fidelity, its respect for traditions and maxims rendered sacred by time and almost always accepted by rulers and people, were no mean substitute for the privileges it was without. It acquitted itself with constancy of its chief duty ; it defended law against arbitrary rule. It maintained in effect the rights of the crown by making a stand against rebellion, and the rights of the people by resisting tyranny.

But what principally constitutes the glory of the Parliament, as its illustrious advocate argues, is the influence it exercised on the national mind. *Hic honor, hoc decus est* (if the parody be pardonable). Its independence, he says, its courage in the cause of right, the respect inspired by the austere morals of its magistrates, the dignity and firmness of their language, all served to keep up such a freedom and animation in public opinion, as preserved the nation from bowing patiently beneath the yoke of absolute power. And thus it comes to pass that an incomplete institution may, by maintaining mental freedom, possess a higher degree of actual effective power than institutions which, apparently and officially endowed with larger authority, are yet silent and stagnant as regards free thought. "We have the Parliament to thank for being able to say that royalty was never despotic in France. When royalty has been accepted as absolute, it is only that it was then governing in accordance with the national will, and procuring order, repose, prosperity, or glory." Pellissier even could say, as he came out of the Bastille, and while inditing the panegyric of Louis XIV., "Well I know that the minds of Frenchmen are not born for bondage."

The two *grands moments*, as M. de Barante expresses it, in the Parliament's history, are the League and the Fronde. Then above all it was that the Parliament had a political character. Amid the agitations and revolutions which put in question the dynasty, and, fifty years later, the royal power itself, the action, powers, good and bad qualities of the Parliament had large scope for display. At both these epochs the name of Molé shines forth lustrously. This name had already attained honour in the person of William Molé, who, when Charles VII. and Joan of Arc were marching towards Rheims, where the king's coronation was to take place, opened to them the gates of the town of Troyes, then occupied by the Burgundians.

"His grandson, Nicolas Molé, became a counsellor in Parliament, and died in 1545. He had one son, Charles Nicolas Molé, who succeeded him, and was afterwards made king's counsellor and surintendant général of finance. His son, Edouard Molé, was counsellor in Parliament in 1567. The narrative of his life will show under what circumstances he became procureur général." He it was who proposed the decree by which the Salic law was maintained, and Henry IV. acknowledged as King of France.

"Civil war, the anarchy which desolated France; Paris given over to the disorder of an infuriated populace and to the power of ambitious and revolted princes, left no great authority to the Parliament; it was decimated and oppressed; yet had it the courage to resist. In effect, it gave force to the law, and it was by right of birth, not by right of conquest or revolution, that Henry IV. ascended the throne. No very considerable place, however, is occupied by the Parliament in the history of the League, and the biography of Edouard Molé admits of few details."

Quite otherwise is it with the life of his son, Mathieu Molé,—to relate which, is to write the history of the Fronde. In fact, all the events and variations of the Fronde are connected with the deliberations and acts of the Parliament. It was always to that body that support and legal sanction were looked for, not only by the crown but by sedition and party cabal.

Now Mathieu Molé is proposed in this biography, and very justly, as the Parliament's veritable representative, its realised ideal. He had the Parliamentary character, tradition, virtues; with equal force of spirit he defended now the royal authority, now the interests of the people, *et* (in either case) *toujours dans une juste mesure*; he resisted the threats of a furious populace, the intrigues of the ambitious, and the seductions of the Court. "He had to debate the privileges of his order, to maintain the magistracy's freedom of opinion and of speech. His *grande et respectable* figure rises above the confusion of that drama, the dénouement of which was brought about by distress and fatigue, to which France had been reduced by the barren struggles of ambition and personal interests.

"But to offer yet another history of the Fronde, written so often before, and recently with deserved success by M. de Sainte-Aulaire and M. Bazin; to relate what may be read in the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz,—narratives that glitter with so much *esprit*, and even *un grand esprit*—in which the scenes are so vivid, the judgments so penetrating, while so many intrigues and *dessous des cartes* are brought to light,—is not this a rash and hazardous enterprise?"

M. de Barante's answer is, that the history of the Fronde—often and ably as it may have been written—has not yet been written from the Parliamentary point of view, to which nevertheless all the vexed questions eventually refer. This he held to be a desideratum. And this is what he has now produced in the form of a monograph on Mathieu Molé.

He represents that distinguished magistrate as "not only a great man, but one who was of use to his country, and who left an example that statesmen too seldom follow." For not only was Molé a statesman himself, but "a great magistrate nurtured in the love of duty and justice." His imposing figure rises in the civil history of France as the type and exemplar of that parliamentary spirit, which, for two centuries and more, defended France against the despotism of absolute sway, was devoted to the

cause of law and the maintenance of public order, and frequently supplied the place of those guarantees that free institutions might have afforded.

"The political life of Molé so absorbs his entire existence that one hardly thinks of his private life ; in the latter he enjoyed the sole relaxation from his duties, conscientiously fulfilled ; he loved to take rest in the bosom of his numerous family.* For friends he had men of seriousness and piety : the cardinal de Berulle, Saint Vincent de Paul, the abbé de Saint-Cyran, the advocate Lemaitre, Antoine Arnauld and his brothers. It was less an intimacy, than an intercourse of confidence and conformity. He did not seek to shine in conversation, nor did he depart from his imposing gravity, even when indulging himself in some refined piece of railery. His figure was manly, the expression of his face severe ; he wore the magistrate's long beard of the preceding generation, and his habitual gesture was to lift his hand to it, whenever engaged in thought. The people of Paris had nicknamed him Big-Beard [*la grand' barbe*], and that austere countenance of his imposed respect on the crowd, even in the tumult of seditions.

"He was not wealthy, yet his charity was not hampered by the smallness of his income. His character was mild and affable, and his politeness considerable. His house was open to every one that had business with him : this he regarded as a matter of duty. His only luxury was a very fine library, which he took pleasure in showing."

The closing years of his "simple, modest, serious" life were more and more devoted to religion. As no valet attended him either at his rising up or lying down, it was believed that he practised great austerities. Towards the end of the year 1655, he fell sick, and systematically prepared for death. He took no thought, however, of domestic concerns, and made no will. It was his opinion that testamentary charities were a mark of avarice. What money he had saved up for the poor, during his lifetime, was sent to them, as already their own. On the 8th of January, 1656, he received the sacraments, responded to all the prayers, lifted his eyes to heaven, and shut them for ever.

"After his death, there was not a church in Paris which did not celebrate a funeral service, though no command from those in authority, nor any demand on the part of his family, had dictated this homage to his memory. Similar celebrations took place in many of the provinces.—Godeau, bishop of Grasse, delivered his funeral oration."

A life of the Premier Président was written by his descendant and namesake, the late Comte Molé, of whose character and career, warmly appreciated, an interesting memoir is given in the last sixty pages of this volume. As in all other works by M. de Barante, care, gravity, calm judgment, and good taste, are manifest throughout.

We are taken back to the century in which the great Molé was born, and mingle with his father's contemporaries and elders, in the two attractive volumes of *LITERARY PORTRAITS* by M. Léon Feugère,† which are to be followed shortly by a third one, entitled "*Etude sur les femmes*

* He married, in 1608, Renée de Nicolai, who died in 1641, and by whom he had ten children—six of them girls; and of these, five took the veil, one alone took a husband.

† *Caractères et Portraits littéraires du XVI^e Siècle.* Par M. Léon Feugère. Paris : Didier et C^o. 1859.

poètes du seizième siècle." The work now before us comprises various of its author's scattered essays, some of them from time to time "crowned" by the Academy, all more or less illustrative of the sixteenth century in France, literary and historical. It opens with Etienne de la Boétie, "chez qui se refléchit sous plusieurs faces la physionomie de son époque"—for he had its enthusiasm and its ardour, and exercised himself in such thoughts and labours as, in cultivating individual minds, would tend to civilise society. At the same time he abstained from those infractions of the moral law which he witnessed in so many of his coevals, and retained an unsleeping sense of the sacredness of duty, and a practical regard for her paramount claims; while amid the fanaticism and extravagances for which religion was then a pretext, La Boétie continued to "draw from an enlightened Christianity the rule and inspiration of his conduct through life." The horrors he witnessed, in his eighteenth year (1548), at Montmorency's "exemplary chastisement" of disorderly Bordeaux, "les vengeances d'un pouvoir sans pitié," were the occasional cause of his writing *Le Contr'un*, or, Discourse on Voluntary Servitude—by which, coupled with his intimacy with Montaigne, this remarkable young man is best known to posterity. Villemain has said the *Discours* reads like some ancient manuscript you might have picked up in the ruins of Rome, from under the shattered statue of the younger Gracchus. It is the indignant outburst of a youthful admirer of Greece and Rome, who is all at once hurried away from the imaginary society he has been living in—the society of Pericles and Epaminondas, of Regulus and the Catos—into the revolting realities endured by *cette misérable cité*, "inundated with blood, full of preparations for punishment, and dumb before the implacable ministers of royal vengeance." La Boétie—who was not yet nineteen (Montaigne in the *Essays* calls him only sixteen, *ce garçon de seize ans*, though elsewhere eighteen)—was vexed to the heart by "ce triomphe sanglant d'un roi sur ses sujets," and not less so by the passive attitude of the people, bending beneath the hand that smote them. He was led to meditate on the general question of despot masters and unquestioning bondsmen. Accordingly his *Discours* treats of tyranny in all times and in all places, and becomes "a pleading for humanity against all who oppress it." M. Feugère insists on the heavy obligations under which France lies "to the sixteenth century and to La Boétie, for having taken in hand the cause of our imperilled institutions, and claimed the privileges of our forefathers from a dynasty forgetful of the past. Was there not a necessity, under such princes as the last of the Valois, imitators of Henry VIII. and Philip II., to do battle for all the rights, for all the achievements, of civilisation? It is the bold pen of our writers by which these have been defended and saved."

The merits of the *Discours* are very highly rated by M. Feugère, who describes in it a large amount of good sense as well as enthusiasm, and praises the "argumentation" as close, austere, and urgent,—the spirit of observation it manifests is quite beyond the age of the writer, as are also "that penetrating sagacity which sums up so many things in a few leading traits, and that rare variety of instructive details." The secret is, "that a pure and profound sentiment had exalted him above his age and himself. Hence the strong thoughts that sparkle throughout; hence the reflections and ripened views that intermingle with the movement suggested by passion." In this alliance, according to our

critic, resides the originality of La Boétie as a writer: the nobleness and sincerity of his opinions invest his language with a charm which takes hold of his readers; his style, vigorous and precise, seems formed on a study of the ancients and of Machiavel.

It was in reading the *Contr'un* that Montaigne learnt to know and love La Boétie; it was in publishing the works which the latter bequeathed to his care, that the Essayist entered the career of literature—his object in that entrance being, to commend to posterity the name of his most dear friend. There is great feeling and eloquence in M. Feugère's description of their fast friendship—especially in the details of its disruption by death.

Another Stephen occupies the chief portion of our author's first volume (pp. 137-372), the renowned Etienne Pasquier, this study of whose life and works was "crowned" by the French Academy in 1849 (as that on La Boétie had been in 1846). Pasquier's prolonged existence is a sort of link, that may be said to have connected old with modern France. He was born about the time that the treaty of Cambray terminated the Italian struggles of Francis I. and Charles V. When he died, Henry IV. had already been some five years in his grave. From the outset of his career he was noted, by the observing, for his "sincere and enlightened piety, incisive and nervous *esprit*, familiarity with political and religious history, a pronounced hatred of irregular or underhand power, and above all, a loyal attachment to our Gallican liberties." What called him out, and made him a name, and secured him a starting-point for a brilliant future, was the share he took in the famous *procès* of the University *versus* the Jesuits, tried before the Parliament. "By dint of transforming a mere judicial debate into a State question, and rising to the highest considerations of public right, he gave the measure of his powers." No previous cause had given anything like the same scope for displaying his dialectic vivacity and his breadth of thought; accordingly, in the closing years of his life, he liked to recal, with an old man's complacency, "that speech which he delivered in the sight of ten thousand, and which had acquired the character of a *chef-d'œuvre* in foreign parts." The University sent him "a velvet purse containing a number of crown-pieces,"* which he respectfully declined—saying that he was the University's grateful son, and as such, entirely at her service.

From that moment, every day brought him new battles and new victories at the bar. He was not spoiled by success, but warily and laboriously strove to maintain his position. Of one of his triumphs he was especially proud. It was the case of the Seigneur d'Arcenville, who was dragged to the feet of his judges in a common cart, escorted by a troop of archers, on a horrible charge, his guilt in which was taken for granted by the populace when they saw the ignominy of his arrival in court. Great, therefore, was the clamour of the outsiders to have the Seigneur punished forthwith. Blind in their hate, they were impatient in their vindictiveness. The tribunal and the king's advocate, Augustin de Thou, inclined to the same view of the case. Such was the client whose defence Pasquier had accepted. "In spite of sinister suspicions,

* One *écu* was the ordinary fee for a *plaidoyer* in Henry the Third's reign, and for some time after.

the advocate's practised eye had scrutinised the face of the accused, whose tranquil front, *sondé au vif*, and whose steady gaze assured his innocence. Strong in conviction, Pasquier did not fear, in these formidable circumstances, to struggle against prejudice and error. The Hall of Saint Louis, where criminal causes were tried, was crammed with a prodigious crowd, drawn thither by the excitement of the drama: by Pasquier's side was his eldest son, whose young mind he wished to impress by a great example; at his feet were the nobleman himself, his wife, and his two children bathed in tears; before him his accusers, also in tears, and demanding vengeance for an outrage which had shed the blood of an entire family: their counsel was Brisson. When the defendant's counsel rose, a murmur of disapprobation was heard; four times he tried to begin, four times this hostile clamour drowned his words,—till at last, the colour mounting to his face, and his voice bursting forth with accents of just indignation, he forced the chafing assemblage to be silent, made them see the truth in their own despite, astounded them, subdued them by the ascendancy of close and luminous argument, brought them over to his side by the sympathetic power of glowing emotion, and, as he described it (with legitimate pride), renewed the triumph of Cicero, when he made the decree got up against Ligarius to fall from the hands of Cæsar." M. Feugère says that a perusal of this harangue will account for its success—the introduction being pathetic and imposing, while, at the same time, full of tact and address; the narrative portion, clear, easy, and rapid; many passages combining the cleverness of the lawyer with the vehemence of the orator. It was delivered in the year 1571, when the orator was in his forty-second or forty-third year.

That was about midway in his protracted life. For the notable events of its second (and more illustrious) half, during the stormful sorrows of the St. Bartholomew and the League, we must refer the reader to M. Léon Feugère, whose memoir of this great magistrate will fully sustain the attention his name should attract.

Another Stephen (for surname, this time) takes up a chief part of the second volume—Henri Estienne, known and honoured on these shores as Henry Stephens. He was of the same age (to begin with) as Etienne Pasquier, but did not outlive the allotted threescore and ten. M. Feugère's aim in this elaborate essay is, to disengage the French writer from the classical scholar—in which latter character the former one has been *trop enveloppé*; to consider Henry Stephens as a national *prosatteur*, to mark his powers and classify his influence in this capacity, "en déployant ses qualités pleines de saillie et d'avenir." What constitutes his special excellence is affirmed to be his easy mastery and adroit management of that light and lively diction, out of which was generated, after two centuries of *perfectionnement*, the facile prose of Voltaire.

Agrippa d'Aubigné—that hardy old soldier of Henri Quatre and Reform, who ever went to his work with a will, were it battle or breakfast, a skirmish or a sonnet—monopolises (and welcome) more than a third of the same volume. There are also shorter studies on Rabelais and Montaigne, on Jean Bodin and Gui de Fibrac, which, with a full-length portrait of Scévole de Sainte-Marthe, and those we have briefly noticed, make up the sum of M. Léon Feugère's *Caractères*.

J. C. X.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

IV.

POOR MARGARET.

AND the west wind blew. I saw the leaves turn towards the east, and the boughs bend to greet the rising sun. How the sun rose that morning! A bright streak of red announced to us that it was setting to half the world ere it rose to bless the remaining half with day. Then the great globe of distant fire, magnified as it were to a prodigious size, peered at us to see if we were ready and awake, and the leaves nodded merrily, as if to say, "Why, we've been waiting for you many a long hour. Be quick, we want you to warm us again." But the sun could not be quick; it rose by degrees, and with the solemnity that became its grandeur. The world was bathed with red light, and the distant country rejoiced in a glorious hue. Often when a child have I longed to run to that part where all was so bright, and from whence the sun's rays seemed to radiate. I little knew that the very spot on which I stood was as brilliant to some other little boy, and that he would be envious of me if he only knew that I was there. The outer edge of the sun's rim seemed to touch the horizon; then it rose. I could see a flood of golden light between it and earth, and I said to myself, "The under half of the world is in night now." Why do we always speak of our antipodes as being under us? It is very presumptuous, for who knows but that they are up above? And then again, which is the upper or under side of an object that floats in space?

A dull expanse of grey cloud covered the sky, and save at the point nearest the sun, it was sombre and dark. I watched the bright orb glide behind this impenetrable background, felt the first rain-drop fall, and then turned away. Brightness had vanished from the earth, and was not rain a fit accompaniment to this, perhaps the saddest day of my life? The heart of man is as changeable as the atmosphere in autumn: when I saw the sun rise I was happy, when I felt the rain patter against my face I was sad. Such are the ups and downs of the inner life. Who could count the numberless changes of the heart, all its fluctuations between gay and sad, and all the intermediate shades of feeling which we call repose, soft melancholy, dulness, and grief? They are as countless as the sand of the desert, and we need not pick up a handful to number the grains, but let us rather be content to sift them.

It was very early when I entered the doctor's room, but the house was already in commotion. I heard footsteps hurrying overhead and a confused sound of voices; then the old doctor's voice rose above all, and fearing from its tone that something was the matter, I went to the foot of the stairs to listen. My first impression was that Margaret had been taken ill, but then they would not speak so loud in a sick-chamber, and

I was about to turn away with the consoling idea that it was only the doctor in a more than usually excitable temper, when I was arrested by hearing a quick, nervous footfall upon the stairs, and the next instant the doctor's wife stood before me. She was extremely pale, her lips even were blanched. "I am glad you are come," she murmured. "Go to my husband."

I saw that she trembled violently, so gave her my arm and led her into the sitting-room, where she sank upon a chair as if completely exhausted, and her only reply to my earnest request for an explanation was the word "Go," which she repeated in a low, terrified manner. Thoughts and conjectures of all kinds flashed through my brain. "Could the doctor have fallen into the hands of creditors? Had all his splendid china been unpaid for? If so, I could not help him, and my consolations would be almost mockery." I reached the upper floor and stood in the passage leading to the bedrooms. Here the old man met me. Great tears stood in his eyes as he grasped my arm, and pointing to an open door, led me towards it. I knew it was Margaret's room, and I concluded that my first supposition was the right one. "She must be ill, and her uncle wishes for my additional advice; but why should this agitate him so much? Can she be dead?"

I looked at my companion, half fearing the explanation he might have to give.

Would that I had guessed the truth! Illness and natural death are sacred visitors sent from God. Margaret's room was empty,—it was not the abode of sickness. The bed lay white and smooth in its untouched purity; the chairs, the books and work upon the table were all in order, and looked as if they had never been moved. A few coloured prints hung on the wall, and a fuchsia stood in a neat red pot by the window, which was wide open. I felt the misty rain upon my face and hands, for the west wind drifted it into the room. How cold and rigidly impassive everything looked! The very pattern of the pins in the pincushion reminded me of the quiet occupant of the room. But where was she? I turned a questioning look upon the old man; he uttered a slight sob, and placed a letter in my hand which was unsealed: my eyes ran over the open sheet, but I could scarcely believe they saw aright:

"Dear uncle and aunt, adieu! A thousand, thousand thanks for all your care and kindness to me. It might have been my office to repay you in part for this, but it is not. I feel I ought not to reside any longer beneath your roof. Ask not why, but be assured that force alone would oblige me to this: I speak of the irresistible force of sorrow. I cannot endure life. I must seek another home and country. Farewell. I tremble when I think what a long farewell this may, nay, must be. It needs courage to enter on a new life, but I will nerve myself to the task; I will not shrink when it wants but one determined act to set me free. Once more then, a lingering farewell."

Not a shadow of a doubt rested on my mind as to what she intended doing. "Another home," was a home beyond the grave. All I had ever heard her say on the subject of suicide rose up in my memory, and every circumstance seemed to justify me in entertaining the worst fears.

I advanced to the old man, and asked hurriedly if he knew where she was, or if he had any knowledge of her proceedings, but a mournful shake of the head was his reply.

"Then we must go in search of her this instant," I cried. "There is not a moment to be lost. Have you no idea where she would be most likely to go? Has she any relation to whom she might fly whilst under some delusion?"

"No, we are her only friends, and she is an ungrateful girl to serve us such a trick. Let her leave us if she wishes to go," he said, moodily. "It is one mouth less to feed."

I stared at him. "But she may do herself some harm," I rejoined. "I doubt her intentions from this letter, and think that we may fear she meditates some evil against herself. Give me your permission to go in search of her, and I will leave no stone unturned."

"Yes, yes, go, but do not bring her back again; if she wants to leave us, she may. We can get a servant-girl to do the work she did, and there's one mouth less to feed."

Strange old man, to wish thus heartlessly to conceal every atom of feeling he possessed, for feeling he must have had, or he would not have met me with tears in his eyes.

"I will go," I said. "Heaven grant I may find her alive."

"Alive!" ejaculated the old man, as if such a doubt had never before occurred to him. "Of course she is alive. She will get tired of wandering about, and will come home of her own free will. It is a pity you should take so much trouble."

I did not wait to hear more, but descended the stairs, and went to the spot where I had left the doctor's wife. She was rocking herself about, and giving vent to her excess of grief in piteous moans.

"I am going in search of Margaret," I said. "There is not a moment to be lost. Pardon me for inquiring, but can you tell me if she is likely to have had any companion in this flight?"

"Margaret? Oh no—I do not believe that. Who would go with her?"

"Be calm, dear madam," I said, in hopes of soothing her. "I will do everything in my power to restore her to you."

"He is so angry, he will not have her back again. Then she said she could not bear living with us, and would not do so any more. What can I have done? I thought we were so kind to her." And sobs prevented her saying more.

"This may all be arranged; there is doubtless some mistake: she has deluded herself into the belief that she is unworthy to live with you. I will search every corner in Weimar, and I hope soon to bring you good tidings."

"Oh dear, what can I do?" ejaculated the old lady, in a kind of helpless, despairing tone, that denoted real incapacity to think or act.

"Be calm, and try to recal every circumstance. If I know exactly what has happened, I shall be better able to act in this sad affair." And then I went on to inquire how soon the discovery of Margaret's departure had been made, and by degrees I wormed the whole story from the bereaved aunt. It appeared that the servant was the first to give the alarm. She burst into their room with the exclamation: "Oh, sir—oh, ma'am—Miss

Margaret is gone!" This was about six o'clock, a few minutes before I heard the disturbance up-stairs. As may well be imagined, they rushed eagerly to the apartment usually occupied by their niece, and there found the letter she had left upon her table, the contents of which threw them into the utmost perplexity. The old doctor had stormed for a few minutes, abusing and blaming everybody, especially his wife, and in great alarm she had come down stairs to escape his menaces, and there found me. This was all she knew, and as I was not likely to further my plans by longer parley with her, I prepared to leave, first, however, going to my desk to take out some money. As I raised the lid, a letter fell out, and I stooped to pick it up, scarcely looking at it as I did so, for I took it for granted that it was an old one which had by accident got between the lid and the side of my desk, but as I placed the letter down, the seal caught my attention; it had never been opened, and I turned it hastily over to look at the address. The handwriting was familiar to me—it was Margaret's—and I was on the point of uttering a joyful exclamation, when the words, "Private, as you value the secrets of the dead," made me pause and hold my breath. There was, indeed, no time to be lost if I would save her, so, thrusting the letter into my pocket, I walked out of the room with a beating heart. I felt greatly interested in this poor girl; I knew not why, but she had excited more affection in my breast than I had been aware of whilst in daily intercourse with her. The street door was open when I reached it, and the servant-girl stood on the pavement outside, gossiping and gesticulating with a tradesman.

"Where is your master?" I asked, as I passed her.

"He has gone out, sir. He bade me tell every one what has happened, and I am doing so."

I did not doubt that, and from her manner she seemed to like her task.

"Which way did he go?" again I inquired.

"Down towards the watchman's house; he said he was going in search of Miss Margaret himself. Schnitz tells me that he saw a young lady pass down by the market somewhere about three o'clock this morning."

"Which way did she go?" I asked, turning to the man.

"Eh, sir, I did not take note; it was not my business to look after other people's affairs, so I just touched my hat and went on my way."

"But you know Miss Margaret by sight?" I said.

"Oh yes, sir, but you see I only saw the lady's dress, and never thought of Miss Margaret, who is such a quiet, genteel kind of lady that she would not be out at those unseemly hours."

I turned away, as there was evidently nothing to be learnt from him. The drizzling rain beat in my face, and I raised my coat collar to keep it out of my neck. At nine o'clock it had been agreed I should start for Halle with Schlosser and his wife; but my journey could not take place now—I must remain in Weimar, for I should be wanted. To inform them of my change of purpose was my first duty therefore, and this I could do more easily now that I had learned that the old doctor had gone in search of his niece, in spite of his apparent indifference about her. I made every inquiry as I went through the town, but always with the same unsatisfactory result. Some fancied they had seen her, and kept me in suspense for a few seconds whilst they endeavoured to make out their story, whilst others shook their head at once, but promised their aid; and in this way

I enlisted several persons in the service, appointing them to meet me in front of the Stadtkirche half an hour later. My mother was very much shocked to hear the sad news, and sent our servant to make inquiries, in the hope that some clue might thus be gained as to the course the fugitive had taken.

Veronica was very vexed at my refusing to accompany them, and in her disappointment would not see the stern necessity which bound me to remain in Weimar and render all the aid I could to a family which had treated me so kindly; but Schlosser took my part. How could I have left the old doctor with all his patients on his hands in this time of sorrow and anxiety? I should have been hard-hearted indeed had I done such a thing; besides which, I felt myself in a great measure bound to deliver Margaret up to them.

From all we could gather it was quite evident that Margaret was not in Weimar; she had been seen outside the town, and her name was in the gatekeeper's book. I therefore divided the men I had engaged into separate parties, sending them each in different directions, whilst I determined to search by the river myself. "By the river,"—what a fearful meaning that seemed to imply!

I was in the park, and alone, when I took out Margaret's letter and tore open the seal, in hopes that it might possibly be a guide to me in some way. Two whole pages were filled with close writing, and here and there a blot showed that a tear had fallen upon the paper and smeared the ink. I ran my eye over the letter to see if she mentioned any place or name that could direct me. I did not, could not read all that she had written then, but I saw at one glance my fears were only too well founded. Margaret's letter was a confession of love—of love to me! And she spoke of death as being the only means to free herself from the thralldom of a passion she could not conquer. I was bewildered by the thoughts that came thronging to my brain; but one thing was clear, she meant to commit suicide by drowning. "I must save her!" I cried within myself, and gave an involuntary spring forwards to the little river which ran gurgling on its course so merrily, that such a crime as self-murder seemed impossible in connexion with it. I had not proceeded far along its banks, when a sudden thought flashed across me and I halted. Margaret once said, whilst conversing in her usual grave manner with me, "If I were to be drowned, I should like to be so in the Saal, when its waters are swollen by the rains and come dancing down from our forest hills." Might she not put this wish in execution now? There was nothing but the distance to prevent her, and she had started very early. A voice within me seemed to urge me to go, and I obeyed it almost without questioning the use of such a step.

What is that strange instinct we all feel at times, which guides us, without our reasoning, to the right place? Is it destiny? I cannot say; but it has often worked very strongly in me, and when I have followed what it dictates, I have invariably found it lead me aright. I hastened along the road to Jena, hoping that I might have the good fortune to be helped on my way by some conveyance that might chance to be passing in the same direction as myself, and in the mean time I strode manfully on with many a conflicting feeling at my heart. "Was it possible that poor girl loved me? How could it happen? Had I been guilty of

deceiving her? Women are not like men; they do not love unless they have strong proof that the affection they bestow is returned. Had I not acted as I should towards her?" My conscience pricked me as I thought thus, and I deserved its upbraidings. I had not erred with my eyes open; I was blind to what was going on, but I could not deny that I had erred in being so much with her, and on such friendly terms. She might easily have misconstrued some of my words, and have been misled for a time; then her eyes would open painfully to the truth, and she would see me as I was, and shame at caring so much for one who did not love her would double her grief, and act terribly on a mind ready, as it were, to receive disappointment and brood over it, till the excess of her misery knew no bounds. Poor Margaret! all her dreams had but prepared her for this doom; she had dug her own grave, and that slowly, surely, and with terrible effect. She, young and happy as she might have been, was destined to be another offering to the Demon of Suicide. Ah, well may we ask, "Why are these things so? Why are poor, weak mortals sent into the world to suffer more than their strength will bear? Oh, let us pray that their sufferings may end here? But what are these words? What am I that I should question God's providence? Nought but a shapen form of clay!"

Away, then, with these thoughts. I must return to my former self, who am striding along the road to Jena, with the rain beating upon me and trickling from my hair, eyebrows, nose, and chin, my boots splashing through the mud and puddles on the road, and my heart beating in wild tumult in my breast. "I must find her, I must save her!" was the burden of my thoughts, whilst I lost no opportunity of inquiring of those I met whether they could give any tidings of a person of Margaret's description, and received for answer a universal shake of the head, as their lips pronounced that most heartrending word of all our language—that little word "No." How bitterly it sounded in my ear! How mercilessly it seemed to tear each chance of success from my willing hands!

Near the town of Jena, I met a light cart coming towards me, and stopping the driver, I asked (more, I think, from custom than with the hope of his aiding me) if he could give me any information.

"Let me see," said the man, rubbing his head leisurely; "I think I can tell you something about her, if she was a short, stout person with grey eyes."

"Yes," I said, eagerly, and added a few more characteristics.

"That's she," said the man, lowering his hand, and pointing it at me. "She was coming along the road from Weimar this morning, and I gave her a lift; for which she paid me handsomely." He then went on to say he thought her manner somewhat strange, but that was no business of his, and she was a quiet companion, not troubling him with any questions. She did not go into the town, but said she should have some distance farther to walk, and bade him "Good morning" a little nearer Jena than we then were.

I thanked him warmly for his information, but my heart failed me as I turned my steps in the direction he indicated as the one she had taken.

I stood by the flowing waters of the Saal; the heavy rains of the preceding months had swollen the river, making it more rapid than usual, and I wished that its murmur might be formed into the expression of words, that it might tell me if indeed the unfortunate girl I sought had

had time to commit the terrible act she meditated. I was in the outskirts of Jena, and it was about two o'clock in the afternoon. My long walk had not tired me; I was wet through, but felt neither cold nor hunger. In vain I searched up and down the banks; without assistance I could do nothing; so, walking to Jena, I made my story known, and offered a reward to any one who would bring me tidings of her whereabouts. On this a boy came and told me he had seen some one picking wild flowers not far from the river about nine o'clock, or a little later; he was not near enough to tell if the person he saw answered the description I gave, but if I liked he would guide me to the spot. Any clue, however small, was greeted with pleasure by me, and in company with three men, and this boy for our guide, I again turned in the direction of the Saal.

We searched the banks above and below the town without finding any trace of Margaret, and I was beginning to hope she might have repented her original design, or deferred it, and was even now concealed near at hand. The day was wearing on, and I felt justified in preparing to give the order to return. "She cannot have executed her design. Thank Heaven! we may yet find her alive!" was the joyful thought that crossed my mind; when, oh horror! a shout from one of the men, who had prolonged his search a little farther down the river, called our attention, and we hastened to the spot. Resting against a neck of land, one arm caught in a projecting bush, was a human body. My blood seemed to grow stagnant in my veins, and a cold perspiration started to my forehead. I breathed hard as I watched the men drag it from the water, and lay the dripping corpse upon the bank. I leaned over the prostrate form. The features, though rigid in death, were unmistakable: it was Margaret—Margaret, whom I had so often watched while living. A little bunch of wild flowers was fastened in her bosom; the water had ruffled and hurt them, but still they were there. She clung to the poetic even in the moment of death.

Strange fancies sometimes fill the mind of men. Perhaps she imagined herself an Ophelia, and thought how beautiful it was to float down the pure stream covered with wild flowers. Do not smile, reader; such fancies do exist and actuate some minds. They might have had their influence on Margaret; we cannot tell.

It is a fearful thing to gaze upon a human body, and to hear that inner voice of conscience whisper with torturing earnestness that you were partly instrumental in causing its death!

We bore the body to an inn in Jena: a crowd gathered round us as we walked. There is something devilish in the curiosity man has to gaze on accident and death. Let it be known that some one has been drowned, and crowds will rush to the spot, breathless lest they should arrive too late to see the appalling spectacle of death. They do not come there for the sake of rendering assistance; it is but for the curiosity of seeing a drowned human being, and that they may gossip about it to all their friends. Many an unkind story was reported of you, poor Margaret, by that merciless crowd, but it mattered not to you, for you were far out of hearing, and reports could not pain you.

Very white and peaceful she looked as she lay on the bed in the little dark room given up for the reception of her body. I crossed her arms upon her breast, and did not remove the little bouquet of wild flowers which she had chosen to be the witnesses of her voluntary doom.

Preservation of life is a natural instinct. We are assured of this from the fact that animals never commit suicide. But for our intellect, we should be as the animals; suicide, therefore, being peculiar to our race, must be a disease of the intellect, and disease of the intellect is mania. Man, when he is suffering under attacks of mania, is not accountable for his actions; therefore we must not judge those who commit suicide with the harsh, sweeping sentence of the world, but let us pass our verdict on them in mercy, and pity the momentary weakness of so rash an act.

To contemplate the stillness of death is at all times fearful. To see the helpless hand, the closed eye, and the breathless nostril of a once warm, vigorous existence, is very appalling, and we wonder how so great a change can ever take place, how the life once given can cease to be, and we bow our head in wonder before the mystery of an unseen Wisdom, whose actions are above our contemplation. I acknowledged this now; I acknowledged my own incapacity, and recognised God. With what deep thankfulness I welcomed these thoughts; it showed that I was remounting the heights from which I had so easily descended, and that a better spirit was working in my heart.

I could not trust a messenger with such terrible tidings as I had to send to her anxious relatives, so, ordering a conveyance, I started myself for Weimar, though night was fast setting in. The old doctor had not returned, but his wife was sitting rocking herself in the same place where I had left her that morning. On seeing me she rose, and grasping my arm, asked anxiously if I had any news to give her.

"Yes," I replied, "I have much to tell; but calm yourself, and prepare to hear it with resignation."

"I am ready, but do not leave me in suspense; I have suffered agonies from that the whole of this day. Tell me, have you heard that she was seen walking towards Jena? Your looks tell me that you have, but you cannot have seen her, or you would not appear so sad."

I did not know how to break the melancholy tidings to her, it seemed so cruel to quench the hope she had cherished all that day.

"I have been to Jena, and have heard a great deal about poor Margaret, but the news is bad," I said at length.

The old woman turned from me and sank into a chair.

"What has happened to her?—tell me as quickly as possible. I fear the worst."

"Alas, you have every reason to do so: I arrived too late—your niece is dead."

She looked at me for a few moments as if to comprehend the words, and then the muscles of her face relaxed, and her whole frame was convulsed with sobs. This outburst of long pent-up anxiety was balm to her; sorrow, in reaching its climax, gave relief.

I had not been in the house long before the old doctor returned. He looked jaded and dispirited, but bore the sad news with composure; he did not again assume his indifference of the morning, which had been the result of his passionate outburst on first learning Margaret's flight.

Unwilling to intrude upon their sorrow, I took my leave, and sought the solitude of my own room, there to give vent to all the harrowing sensations I had felt since quitting it that morning to view the sunrise from the park.

MILL ON LIBERTY.*

No reader of ours, with whom we have a particle of influence, will, unless hopelessly prejudiced or wilfully unthinking, miss the very first opportunity of perusing Mr. Mill's Essay on Liberty. We say nothing, promise nothing (rather the contrary), about "liking" it, "agreeing with" it, and so forth. But we would have it studied as teeming with suggestive matter, as presenting in candid plainness the sincere convictions of a master mind. Infinitely more is to be gained by honestly pondering the arguments of such a man, be he ever so distant from the conventional standard of received opinions, than by any amount of acquaintance with correct common-place, surface system, and orthodox platitudes, such as every old woman of the one sex will pronounce unimpeachably sound, and of the other, perfectly safe.

Nor let the name of John Stuart Mill on the title-page, which one naturally associates, almost exclusively, with the most abstruse questions of Logic and the most complex laws of Political Economy, deter anybody from a study of this volume. The essay is written in the most lucid style, and is enlivened with illustration throughout. In fact, it costs an effort to put it down unfinished, so genuine is the interest it excites,—if in no other way, at any rate by provoking your dissent, and unsettling your traditionary notions, and pressing on you for a reason why, that may meet and cancel its own reason why *not*. If any of the "last new novels," for many a month past, possess half as much power to absorb the attention, and dispel drowsiness by the way, we should be thankful to learn its name and history. Till then we shall have the bad taste to account this Essay a stimulant *pur et simple* in comparison with opiates like the last new novel.

The subject of the Essay, as explained by its author in his introductory chapter, is not the so-called Liberty of the Will, but Civil, or Social Liberty: the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual:—a question, as he remarks, seldom stated, and hardly ever discussed, in general terms, but which profoundly influences the practical controversies of the age by its latent presence, and is likely soon to make itself recognised as the vital question of the future. "It is so far from being new, that in a certain sense it has divided mankind, almost from the remotest ages; but in the stage of progress into which the more civilised portions of the species have now entered, it presents itself under new conditions, and requires a different and more fundamental treatment."

Elsewhere again Mr. Mill explains the object of this Essay to be, the assertion of one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, he says, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or

* On Liberty. By John Stuart Mill. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection; that the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilised community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. "His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. There are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In that part which concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign."

In the first main section of his work, the Essayist discusses the Liberty of Thought and Discussion. In the second,—Individuality, as one of the elements of well-being. In the third,—the Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual. And a concluding chapter consists of Applications of the principles which have been asserted, to various departments of government and morals—including, for instance, the sale of poisons, "the social evil," gambling houses, the Maine Law, national education, and centralisation or bureaucracy.

The chapter on Liberty of Thought and Discussion is stringent in the extreme on the evil of silencing the expression of an opinion—which evil, it is contended, amounts to robbing the human race, posterity as well as the existing generation, those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error.

The whole strength and value of human judgment depending, Mr. Mill argues, on the one property, that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand. "In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence, how has it become so? Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that could be said against him; to profit by as much of it as was just, and expound to himself, and upon occasion to others, the fallacy of what was fallacious. Because he has felt, that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject, is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but this; nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner." Admirably the Essayist enforces this averment, that the steady habit a man has formed of correcting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those of others, so far from causing doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only stable foundation for a just reliance on it: for, being

cognisant of all that can, at least obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gainsayers—knowing that he has sought for objections and difficulties, instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter—he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who have not gone through a similar process.

Strange it is, with equal force and justice Mr. Mill observes, “that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being ‘pushed to an extreme;’ not seeing that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagine that they are not assuming infallibility, when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be *doubtful*, but think that some particular principle or doctrine should be forbidden to be questioned because it is so *certain*,—that is, because *they are certain* that it is certain.” For, as he reminds us, to call any proposition certain, while there is any one who would deny its certainty if permitted, is to assume that we ourselves, and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

It is not, our author again and again insists, it is not the minds of heretics that are deteriorated most, by the ban placed on all inquiry which does not end in the orthodox conclusions. The greatest harm done is, he maintains, to those who are not heretics, and whose whole mental development is cramped, and their reason cowed, by the fear of heresy. Who, he demands, can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral? “Among them we may occasionally see some man of deep conscientiousness, and subtle and refined understanding, who spends a life in sophisticating with an intellect which he cannot silence, and exhausts the resources of ingenuity in attempting to reconcile the promptings of his conscience and reason with orthodoxy, which yet he does not, perhaps, to the end succeed in doing.” Mr. Mill is clear that no one can be a great thinker who does not recognise, that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. And in the following sentence he asserts a principle, identical in effect with one we have already applied to his present volume, as regards what may be called (nor would he object) its heterodox aspects,—“Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think.” Nothing can be better than Mr. Mill’s exposition of the fact, that not only the grounds of an opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. “The words which convey it, cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost.” Nothing can be truer than his monition, that the great chapter in human history which this fact

occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on. Would that a deep-going, far-glancing, home-striking treatise from his pen might be looked for on the subject, to direct our study of it, and provide matter for our meditation. It would bristle with "offensive topics," beyond a doubt; and the cry of good easy souls would be, *An enemy hath done this!* But that it would be of large use in setting lazy assent and languid affirmation on examining their foundations, and making them "take stock" of credibilities and creeds, and set their house in order if they would have it tenantable and weather-proof,—who that knows the Essayist's searching strength, and conventional opinion's complacent acquiescence, can for a moment disallow?

It is one of his own pregnant apophthegms, of which we might cull so many from these fruitful pages, that both teachers and learners go to sleep at their post, as soon as there is no enemy in the field.

Having set forth the reasons which make it imperative that human beings should be free to form opinions, and to express their opinions without reserve, he next examines whether the same reasons do not require that men should be free to act upon their opinions—to carry these out in their lives, without hindrance, either physical or moral, from their fellow-men, so long as it is at their own risk and peril. It is desirable, he contends, that in things which do not primarily concern others, individuality should assert itself; for where, not the person's own character, but the traditions and customs of other people are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness, and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress. "Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself, must maintain that society has no need of strong natures—is not the better for containing many persons who have much character—and that a high general average of energy is not desirable."

Mr. Mill considers that society has now fairly got the better of individuality, and that the danger which threatens human nature at present is not the excess, but the deficiency of personal impulses and preferences. In our times, he complains, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. "Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual, or the family, do not ask themselves—what do I prefer? or, what would suit my character and disposition? or, what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine?" Thus conformity is the first thing thought of; people "like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done: peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow: their human capacities are withered and starved: they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own."

Accordingly, the Essayist's definition of persons of genius is, that they

are, *ex vi termini*, more individual than any other people—less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. “If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point at with solemn warning as ‘wild,’ ‘erratic,’ and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.”

Genius, in fact, is originality; and originality is, as Mr. Mill says, the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. “They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them, is that of opening their eyes.”

And now let those who suppose our author to be, in the conventional phrase, a radical reformer, and nothing less—to be, in the conventional sense, a radical reformer, and nothing more,—let them read, and heed, and inwardly digest, what he says of mediocrity as the ascendant power among mankind. A mass is collective mediocrity. The government of mediocrity is mediocre government. No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or ever could—this is what he alleges—“rise above Mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few.” This will at once remind the reader of Mr. Carlyle’s doctrine, and what follows will reinforce the reminder. “The initiation of all wise or noble things, comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honour and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open.” Mr. Mill does indeed explicitly disclaim all sympathy with that sort of “hero worship” which applauds the strong man of genius for forcibly seizing on the government of the world, and making it do his bidding in spite of itself. But he does hold that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency must be, the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought. Would that Marylebone vestries and Tower Hamlets constituencies, and similar masses of mediocrity, were in a likely way to recognise these truths, most wholesome for these times, but, being medicinal, nauseated by the deranged palate of the morbid subject, who will insist on prescribing for himself, if prescription there is to be, and who, indeed, sets up as a qualified practitioner to dose all people that on earth do dwell.

We cannot afford space to dwell on the third main section of Mr. Mill’s Essay, which treats of the limits to society’s authority over the individual,

and has to deal with knots of an almost Gordian intricacy, such as many of us would be apt to dispose of in Alexandrine fashion, if at all. But we trust enough has been said and cited in even this brief and most inadequate notice, to induce the reader to undertake the Essay itself, and give it (if he has not already done so) his serious and unprejudiced, as well as jealous and inquisitive, attention. Such attention the Essay deserves, and will provoke. The Essayist would be the last man to ask for smoothly assenting, unruffled, and acquiescent readers. He would, we are sure, have them *prove* all things (in the Pauline sense, *παντα δοκιμασете*), and only hold fast that which is good.

The volume is dedicated, in a most touching manner, and in words the manly unaffected pathos of which comes straight home to every heart, "to the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that was best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward." What a tribute *in memoriam* does the following sentence contain: "Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."

Even of the present volume Mr. Mill affirms, that, "like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me," though it has had "in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision." Little do hard-headed students of the Logic and the Political Economy surmise what gentle hand has wrought towards their completion, and with what homestead affections those cold-seeming pages are, in the author's mind, endearingly connected. When next we look into either of those masterly works, throughout chapter on chapter a soft and tender light will, though unseen, be not unfelt; and the intense significance of the poet's exclamation will occur to us anew,

But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Since writing this scant outline we have received M. Jules Simon's new work, bearing the same title, "*La Liberté*," though elaborating the subject into two large octavo volumes. Of this last production by the distinguished author of *Le Devoir* (which well deserves naturalisation on these shores), and of *La Religion Naturelle* (which has found it), we hope to take some notice a month hence.

BEYOND VISION.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

IN one of Disraeli's novels, the hero makes a remark to the effect that a man can scarcely be far-seeing mentally without being short-sighted bodily. The undoubted falsehood sets forth indirectly a principle which is certainly true. Corporeal graces and beauties, captivating as they are, act by no means in the way of tonics to the mind. The handsome face and vigorous frame are seldom united to the powerful and penetrating intellect; and, on the other hand, bodily deficiencies are very commonly compensated by unusual mental adornments. The bold, lustrous eye will love to range round the brilliantly lighted ball-room, while the imperfect organ would rather employ itself in the study. Profound thought and earnest reflection may be highly delightful occupation to the man who cannot recognise a friend at two yards' distance; but the man with sound and acute bodily vision will have a pleasure in its exercise almost incompatible with incessant activity of the eye of the mind.

But in connexion with matters "beyond vision," our mind, just now, pursues a much graver train of thought.

If, as we lay our heads on our pillows at night, there were suddenly to fall upon us a wonderful power, and we were enabled to see and hear all that is passing within a circle of even a few miles, with what deep and earnest emotion should we be filled. At the hour when we, sober lovers, seek our rest, the members of the great council of the nation have little more than entered upon their labours. As we are just emitting our *first* unharmonious intimation that the outer world has for a while passed from us, our legislators are about commencing the principal business of the night. At that hour eleven large theatres in and about London are crowded from floor to ceiling with audiences which ought to be happy, if laughter prove happiness, or noise gratification. Concert-rooms, ball-rooms, lecture halls, almost innumerable—all exhibit excited gatherings of industrious pleasure-seekers. Quiet evening parties are dolefully progressing, and uproarious bachelor suppers are eliciting the blessings of invalid old ladies.

But it would not be this, which might be considered the bright side of London life, which would most attract our attention. It would be the dark side by which we should be fascinated and spell-bound. Glitter and gaiety would be scarcely heeded, so terrible would be the interest excited by the black guilt and fearful misery which would be revealed to our view. Prisons, hospitals, workhouses, would discover their several scenes, differing very much in some respects, but all alike in this: they would be sad, painful, and depressing. This would be wretchedness in the mass; but our eye would rest on individual cases, by which, perhaps, we should be yet more deeply moved. At the very moment while we, in peace, lie waiting for sleep to steal over us, there is going on the drunken revel which will be the husband's and the son's destruction, and the murdering sword which will pierce the hearts of wife and mother. No sound breaks the stillness of our chamber, but mad guilt is buoyant in its favourite

haunts, and tries to persuade its victims to the notion that they are happy, though they know full well in their inmost hearts that they are never free from the attendance of a hideous, pall-bearing, ghastly spectre, who will be seen sometimes, felt always, and who will clutch them in an hour they dare not think of. Innocence is in our house, and those whom we have brought up in honour and purity quietly take their rest; but within almost a stone's throw there wander through the streets those who seek no pillow in the sense of seeking peace, whose forced gaiety is the most awful evidence of degradation indescribable. O Heaven! how little we think of these things. The wind blows keenly, and bitter frost prevails. Come, sweet sleep, to us, and sweet sleep is almost at our bidding, and will close our eyes; but the wretched vagrant boy, staggering onwards, where shall he lay his head, and what repose is there for him? Let him crawl beneath the arch, and lie there till sense depart, and on the morrow, if life remain, let him to his work again. His work! His way of getting bread! Ask not how. He lives but as he has been taught to live, and will die as myriads have died before him—reckless, hardened, without a care or thought of heaven or hell.

In how many chambers into which we should be permitted to gaze should we see the King of Terrors busy? We are assailed by no dread of death. We compose our limbs complacently, and smoothe our pillow with a grateful sensation of ease, and gently sink to slumber. But while we are doing this, Death's dart has been felt by not a few even within the narrow circle we have described, and the mystery of the flitting spirit and the wondrous loosening of the bands which keep life within the mortal frame is going forward in many a sick-room. And not only the mystery of life's termination, but its commencement, is proceeding. Existence ending in this house is strangely contrasted by existence beginning but a few doors off. The old man's dying groan may be heard almost by the same ear which is listening to the new-born infant's first feeble cry. Two spirits are equally crossing life's threshold, but one is leaving and the other entering.

But suppose our power of vision still further extended, and imagine it embracing not simply a few miles, but the whole world. Life is everywhere. We lie in darkness and in solitude, and in a sense the world to us is confined within our narrow chamber, but at the other extremity of the earth there are at this very moment myriads of human beings in whom life dwells quite as vigorously, and by whom it is grasped quite as tenaciously as it is by us. In India and in Iceland alike the mystery of existence is going forward. It stays not in *that* place while we endeavour to grasp and understand it in *this* place. At one and the same moment change ensues in the minds and bodies of every human being. As I conclude this sentence I am not precisely what I was when I commenced it, and the moment of time which I have occupied has brought some change to every creature under heaven.

Life is indeed more marvellous regarded in its distinctness and separateness in each individual than in the mass. It is intensely wonderful to think, as we lie so peacefully in our bed, of the millions upon millions of beings like ourselves, who exist equally with us, though under such varied circumstances, and so widely parted. But the wonder deepens into awe and trembling when we bring the mind more closely to the consider-

ing each bodily frame as being inhabited by a separate spirit—a spirit which arose alone, which must live alone, and depart alone. We are no more parts of our nearest, dearest, and most sympathising relatives than we can mingle our existence with that of the angels above. There may be similarity of thought, there may be kindred power, there may be sameness of disposition, but there can be no oneness of life. I lie in my bed in this room, and of a sudden my summons may come, and I may be gone, yet not the smallest sensation would be felt by relatives in the next room, however devoted their affection. For love cannot grasp life. Life is the burden which every man and woman must bear for himself or herself. In the Godhead alone can there be three persons and but one spirit.

We must now cease mention of the bodily eye, for the eye of the body cannot travel into the regions whereinto, for a moment, we would convey thought.

When we speak of men who have been long since dead, we are undoubtedly accustomed to regard them as extinct. After a certain lapse of time, and when the generation to which the dead man belonged has been gathered in, the feeling of those whose thoughts turn upon the departed is so calm and composed, that neither his life nor his death as affecting himself forms matter of reflection. What the man did and what he said may more or less remain, but the man himself is gone, he has passed away, and his bones lie mouldering in the churchyard. The fact of his having lived in relation to himself is nothing to us; we are only concerned to the extent to which our interests have been touched by his sayings and doings while he was upon the earth. And this disposition to regard those who "are not," only in respect of their courses in the world, and to lose sight of them altogether when they stepped from off life's stage, is greatly increased when not only a few years, but when centuries have intervened since they of whom we speak or read went hence. Thus, when we read in the Bible that long list of kings, to every one of whom the day of death came at last, though they lived to such marvellous ages, the feeling certainly is something akin to that with which we read of those great buildings of antiquity of which there now remains not one stone upon another. And coming onward, when we read of the mighty men of old, prophets, priests, princes, saints, and martyrs, after we have for a while pondered their deeds and wondered, perhaps, at their splendour, we peruse the record of their deaths with comparatively little interest, bestowing upon them a momentary reflection, such as may have been excited within us by some glorious sunset, a brilliant and beautiful scene impressed on our memory, but still a sunset, the closing of a day long since, and which can never be recalled.

And yet, if the Bible be true, with these kings, prophets, priests, princes, saints, and martyrs, shall men meet again—men who now walk the earth in life's full vigour. Not one of the vast army has ceased to be. True soldier or base rebel, each one lives—lives as surely as we ourselves live. And so all who have drawn breath since the world began are gathered together in that unknown land beyond the grave. Adam lives. Bring your eye down the roll of ancient nations. Take for your starting-point the Bible history, and follow on until modern times; in short, let the history of the world flit before your mind's eye, and then

try and grasp the fact that not a single human being who has had life is dead, but that he lives—lives *now*—lives while you read—and what words shall express the awe which shall penetrate and prostrate your soul.

And again we ask you to dwell upon the thought that, beyond the grave as on this side of it, we are assured no confusion of existence has arisen. Each spirit, in bliss or in misery, is clear and distinct from its neighbour as it was upon earth. It is a countless multitude, but yet every soul holds its own joy or bears its own burden of sorrow. It is an innumerable army, but each member of it has his place; and increased as it will be in a day which is on its road, when all who are now living, and perhaps generations yet to come, shall have swelled its ranks, still will each spirit, free and unencumbered by any other spirit, dear friend or deadly foe, be known, be summoned, be judged, be blessed, or condemned for ever.

We have still to speak of things "beyond vision." We have dwelt upon the dead who are only dead in that they live in another sphere, and we have contemplated the living who are still upon the earth. But science asserts the existence of other worlds besides this in which we dwell. We are told that this earth forms but part of a vast system of worlds, teeming, probably, with life. Whether the inhabitants of those far-off creations are human beings like ourselves, we, of course, cannot tell. But that life abounds in those mighty and mysterious spheres seems to be the conviction of the learned, by whom the great and awfully interesting subject has been earnestly and devoutly pondered. So that we obtain but a very imperfect view of life even when we have extended our gaze, not only over the souls united to bodies in this world, but over souls disencumbered in the world above. Still, there is a vast tract, so to speak, unexplored. Much mightier creations than this, comparatively, insignificant earth, are rolling on in their appointed courses. Thought has wondrous power, but thought is distanced here. When we think of the whole of this world, we have a difficulty in realising the expanse embraced, but when we try to grasp the idea of countless worlds, and these worlds in comparison to ours, as mountains to little hills, the intellect is at once brought to feel and own its feebleness, and to desist from a labour wearisome and profitless.

And now with awe and trembling draw near. We know heaven has its inhabitants, and hell. Former dwellers upon earth await, in an intermediate state, the Judgment. But good angels walk in heaven, and fiends crouch in darkness. At this instant of time the song of those bright spirits, who have kept their first estate, is heard in heaven, and the fierce, despairing cry rings forth from the banished and the lost. Reader, is it not the case, that while we profess to believe all that the Bible tells us in regard to the mighty scenes enacting beyond that mysterious blue canopy above us, we, nevertheless, scarce bestow a thought upon those things wherein we avow we have faith? We have, within us, a vague idea of a great change to ensue some day—a change to ourselves when our bodies will be placed in their graves, and in some remote region, and in some mysterious manner, our spirits shall continue to live; but when we are told of the eternal world existing *now*, of archangels and angels surrounding *now* the throne which is in heaven, and when we hear

of the great First Cause as filling all space yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, do we *really* believe?

For, consider what it is to believe this stupendous truth? We have not before our thoughts something intensely wonderful which we shall come calmly to investigate at a future time, ten or twenty years hence, maybe. We have an overpowering truth *now*, or all is falsehood. Yes, night has closed in, the stars are in the heavens, slumber is gradually creeping over this great city and this portion of our globe, we rest our heads upon our pillows and invite sleep, but all the appalling majesty of heaven exists at this very moment, all its awful wonders exist *now*. While these thoughts are passing through our brain, some employment have even archangels and angels, some scene is going forward in high heaven, and the Lord of all, the Incomprehensible, vieweth and upholdeth everything which He hath made.

And here, again, we stay for a moment to remark, that in heaven, as on earth, there is no confusion of existence. The bright spirits above, acting in harmony, joining in unceasing song, and glowing with the same indescribable happiness, must be yet as clear and distinct from each other as we are who are creatures of earth. What constitutes the difference we know not, but that no spirit can in any sense be portion of another spirit is, without question, plain. Only the One Mind can enter into, and, so far, form part of, the images of Himself which it has pleased Him to create. Angels and archangels, even, differ. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with whom the many who shall have come from the east and from the west shall sit in heaven, are still Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The glorification of their spirits has not confounded those spirits. Purified and elevated alike, still doth unmingled bliss find in each spirit a distinct dwelling-place, a separate temple, though, it may be, equally beautiful and equally holy.

Then see what we have, in thought, embraced. The living upon earth, the spirits which have gone home, from the first man Adam unto him who not a minute since departed, the inhabitants of those worlds which we believe to be rolling round about us, have passed before us; and finally, we have contemplated with awe as much as has been revealed to us of the eternal mansions. In the glare of day and the silence of night, this stupendous amount of life proceeds. No rest, no intermission. And before this world began we must believe there was overflowing life. Can there have been any time when the great First Cause sat in awful majesty alone? The rules of ordinary reasoning avail not here. We know that, in the things of life, to remark that the cause must precede the effect would be mere trifling. But if you try to fasten your mind upon the thought of the Omnipotent King sitting alone in heaven, you find it recoil as from a sin. Once to suppose the existence of Almighty-ness without the exhibition of almightiness, would lead us into appalling, perhaps sinful, speculations regarding the overwhelming mystery of the origin of all things.

But that the waves of this fearful ocean now never rest, we know. That whether we lie in our bed at night, or are in full action at noon-day, we may hear their roaring, if our ears be not wilfully closed, is certain. There is but the future doubtful—that mighty future which opens its arms to receive us all.

The future! There is no future. In a sense everything is present.

The fate of this world, and of these other stupendous worlds—all is known *now*. Now, while I rest in my bed, or now, reader, while you read, bright and plain, distinct as the summer sun at noon, is written the fate of all. The moment when the consuming flame shall first cast its dull and awful glare over this creation before it shall embrace and overwhelm it, is known. The change which shall ensue when that mysterious Bible phrase shall be verified, and the Great Lord shall become "all in all," is known. Whether those other worlds, of which we have spoken, shall undergo change, is known. The time of the final downfall of evil and the permanent enthronement of holiness and truth, is known. All is known.

There is nothing uncertain with reference to ourselves individually. The very moment when you, reader, will give up the life which is in you, the character of the existence upon which you will then enter, your standing-place in the judgment-day, your occupation through eternity—all these fearfully interesting points, matters to you of such doubt, such alternate hope and fear, such trembling wonder, such agonising uncertainty, are all solved, all concluded, as much so as they will be when time has ceased. As we close this paper, we curiously speculate where the hand which has been permitted to write it will find its final resting-place. The spot exists now, the earth in which the bones will moulder is in its place now. As we look on the grave of a dear friend gone before, we might do well to think that though our own grave is not dug yet there is its site—yes, see it with the mind's eye; there it is—regard it now as others will look on it in a coming day.

The present, the past, the future, have been before us. If we would still find subject of thought, we must descend to detail. We have dared to follow a path which has led us to the very extremity of thought, so that if the mind would yet be busy it must turn back. Let it do so; we would linger still for a moment on things beyond vision.

It is midnight, the hour when it has been believed the dead arise and present themselves at times before the living. It is a belief which we do not, and do not wish, to entertain. We view it as inconsistent with the regularity of the Divine arrangements, and we shrink from it as suggestive of more pain than pleasure. A continued connexion, however slight, between the living and the dead would surely not, on the whole, add to the happiness or advance the welfare of the former. How should we be fitted to deal with the present, if we were never parted from the past? Where would be the vigour which the day requires, if the night brought the rest-breaking shadows and the fearful utterances of the occupants of the grave?

But that good angels, direct ministers of Heaven, may, in a sense, guard the loyal and the true, we do believe. To them it may be committed, as an employment inexpressibly glorious, to be ever near the Christian Warrior. At night, then, as in the day, would these blest spirits be found on the watch. Always near, *always near*, they may be shielding and protecting, and saving and sustaining, though our bodily eye cannot see them; they may close that bodily eye in a coming day, and—their bright task completed—may carry the spirit home.

Can evil angels be with us too? Can there be a fiend at our bedside mocking us? If he have been with us in the day, doubtless he is with us now. Also watching. It is an appalling idea. Good angels watch-

ing. Bad angels watching. The victory uncertain to us and to them; but yet known, and its result through all eternity known.

How the mind, wearied with speculations as to these mighty mysteries, seeks, so to speak, to stretch forth its hands imploringly for TRUTH! Yet, is there no presumption in the prayer? There is a passage in Scripture which always strikes us as terribly significant: "And Pilate saith unto him (Jesus), What is truth? And when he had said this, *he went out.*" He dared not wait for the reply. The reply! It would have scathed and withered him as he sat. The reply! It would have overwhelmed him as the faithless vessel is overwhelmed by the roaring and resistless waters. And, therefore, he went out. Angelic eyes may have brightened as the question was put, the yell of fiends may have hailed the result—"when he had said this he went out."

The question, "What is truth?" *may* be put; and though the answer may be waited for with trembling, it will be received with joy. The inquiry may go up to heaven under the shadow of night, the reply will come in the rich sunlight of eternal day.

CLAYTON'S CHARLES THE SECOND AND HIS TIMES.*

IT is a remarkable fact, Captain Clayton tells us, that while of all the monarchs who have occupied the English throne there is perhaps no other whose career presents so striking a series of wonderful vicissitudes and romantic adventures as that of Charles II., and while we have abundance of memoirs of our other sovereigns, there exists no separate modern book relative to one whose career was above all others most fitted for such illustration.

Nurtured in the lap of luxury, we find Charles—Captain Clayton remarks—at a very early age, under a very pleasing aspect, on the battle-field. We should scarcely coincide with the writer in viewing this as so pleasing a position, were it not that young Charles was contending against the enemies of his unfortunate, although by no means blameless, father. The downfall and melancholy fate of the king, expiating his errors and his faults on a regicidal scaffold, form a serious and a solemn opening to a career in which personal gallantry, and both the love and the spirit of adventure, are grievously tarnished by a proneness to luxury and indolence, and a disposition to sensuality, for which the best excuse that can be made is, that they were as much the characteristics of the times as of the individual himself.

Prince Charles is described by Madame de Motteville—when seventeen years of age, and at the French court, as of goodly stature, well-shaped, his brown complexion agreeing well enough with his fine, black, expressive eyes, though his mouth appeared somewhat large and unbecoming. He was not, however, so successful in his wooing at the onset of his career as he was afterwards, and that from a variety of

* Personal Memoirs of Charles the Second; with Sketches of his Court and Times. By J. W. Clayton, Esq., Author of "Letters from the Nile," "Ubique," &c. Two Vols. Charles J. Skeet.

causes. Mademoiselle de Montpensier does not appear to have disliked the young prince at first; she describes him in her "*Mémoires*" as having a fine head, black hair, and swarthy complexion, and altogether possessing an agreeable person. But, unfortunately, he neither spoke nor understood French. The clever and haughty heiress soon grew weary of one whose attentions seem to have been mainly limited to carrying a torch to her, "who had nothing to say for himself, and whose wooing was carried on for him by others." Besides, her ambition had taken another direction. "My heart as well as my eyes," she has placed on record, "looked down upon the prince with contempt, as I meditated marrying the emperor. So greatly did this idea occupy my soul, that I only regarded the Prince of Wales as an object of pity."

If Charles was not successful in his attentions to the beautiful but selfish Mademoiselle de Montpensier, carried on through the medium of Jermyn—a third party, as she sneeringly remarked—he was not the less resolute in his determination, spite of his mother's entreaties, to carry out his design of venturing into England with the view of retrieving the lost fortunes of his royal house. To the objections urged by Lord Jermyn, as the mouthpiece of his mother, he spiritedly replied, "It is better for a king to die in such an enterprise than to wear away life in shameful indolence here." "It would be well," remarks his biographer, "for him had he followed out this axiom in his after-life, which presented so remarkable a contrast to these sentiments."

From this moment the life of Charles presents a continued series of stirring adventures to his biographer. Yet was the prince's position with his strait-laced partisans in Scotland anything but congenial with his habits.

"Charles's young and profligate companion, the Duke of Buckingham, who was about his own age, was alone permitted to remain with his young master. It can readily be imagined what an infliction they must have considered the incessant long sermons to which they were compelled to listen. How they must have laughed in their sleeve at this ordeal! More than once they were reprimanded for their unseemly levity by the rigid divines. The prince's ruling passion for the fair sex was, however, not to be restrained, and we are informed he was severely reprehended by a committee of ministers, and urged to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows!"

Yet Burnet acknowledges that the king brought himself into as grave a deportment as he could. He heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. "I remember, in one fast-day, there were six sermons preached without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service." The fact is, as Captain Clayton puts it, the Scotch fanatics treated him more like a prisoner than as their king. His life was a constant routine of misery. Lord Lorne was placed as a spy over him night and day. The defeat at Worcester brought about another change in Charles's fortunes, converting him, as it did for a time, into a disguised wanderer, and once more an exile from the land of his birth. There was subject-matter here—Boscobel House, Mosely Hall, Abbots Leigh, Charmouth, Bridport, Broad Windsor, and Brighton—all furnishing, with many other sites, their quota of adventures and hairbreadth escapes for a couple of stirring and well-told chapters.

Lady Fanshawe describes Charles on his return to Paris as presenting anything but a prepossessing appearance. "He had attained," she says,

"a majestic stature, and had grown manly and powerful in person, coarse in features, and reckless in expression; his rich curls had been cut off for the purpose of disguise, and were replaced by a black perwig." Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who had once penned in her "*Mémoires*" that if ever she married Charles it should be when he was in distress, so that he might owe all to her, did not, however, contemplate him with so much disfavour. "I saw great improvement in his mien," she relates, "since we last parted, although his hair was short and his moustaches long, which, indeed, causes a great alteration in most people."

Charles, although he had learnt French, and could now converse with mademoiselle, did not make more progress in his suit than before. The heiress herself admits "that she deliberated within herself whether she should make a merit of accepting the young king in his distress; but then the doubt was whether his restoration would ever take place!" At last, seeing that Charles "had little knowledge of his own affairs," and disgusted with his preference for beef and mutton to ortolans, she determined to break with him, and she did so by telling him that she grieved to see him there dancing the triolet and diverting himself, when he ought to be where he would either get his head broken or place the crown upon it. We suspect the loss of Mademoiselle de Montpensier was no great heart sore to Charles, no more so than the failure of another projected alliance with one of the rich and beautiful, but licentious nieces of Mazarin.

Certain it is that Charles was not given either to think or meditate any more of his crosses in love than he was of his more serious affairs. As Burnet says: "He never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that the chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was to find money for supporting his expenses. And it was often said that, if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and less in thinking."

Nor was it much better when the exile of Paris and Cologne, at which latter place he was lodged for two years by an hospitable widow, was restored to his throne. "Thus far," says his biographer, "the young prince had met with sad trials in the bitter school of adversity. But the dark clouds which had hitherto hung over his destiny disappeared soon after the abdication of Richard Cromwell, and a bright future opened to him. The most delirious joy ran through the country on his restoration, and he might have been regarded as one of the greatest monarchs who ever sat upon the English throne. He did not, however, profit by his past misfortunes, but gave himself up to sinful pleasures, neglecting the interests of his people—a proceeding which justly called forth their indignation. He was, moreover, surrounded by evil counsellors and profligate companions, and suffered himself to be drawn into their charmed but fatal circle."

It does not appear that Charles wanted any example; he was just as

likely to draw others into error as to be drawn into error himself. Witness the manner in which he passed the first night of the Restoration. Having taken leave of the two Houses of Parliament, who had assembled at the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to congratulate him, "this good and pious prince, whose recal to the throne many well-meaning persons were disposed to attribute to a special miracle wrought by God, stole away to give the first proof of his gratitude to Heaven by passing the Restoration night in the house of Sir Samuel Morland, at Vauxhall, in the arms of Mrs. Palmer, who, as Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, occupies but too prominent a place in the domestic history of Charles II."

It might have been hoped that the king's marriage with Catherine of Braganza, who, notwithstanding the ridicule heaped upon her and her attendants by the author of Grammont's Memoirs, was a most attractive person, would have somewhat sobered him down. But the fickle lover of Lucy Walters, the supposed mother of the Duke of Monmouth—the "thoughtless, indolent, gay, and profligate man of pleasure," as he is designated in the Thurloe Papers—was not to be won over to domesticity, or, if he ever was, it was not by Catherine; the Lady Castlemaine usurped complete empire over his heart, till she, in her turn, was for a time supplanted by Frances Stuart.

The court frivolities and intrigues—the various plots, real or fictitious—the great plague which depopulated London—the extensive conflagration that followed it, and destroyed above two-thirds of the metropolis—and the desperate and sanguinary engagements with the Dutch for supremacy at sea, which constitute the most remarkable features in the reign of Charles—do not form the sole staple of the two interesting volumes before us. They are penned in the style of a class of books so common on the Continent, called "*Mémoires pour servir*," and which are as illustrative of the "times" as they are of the chief person around whom those descriptions are grouped—a style of publication much wanted in this country, as being capable of decidedly more picturesque colouring than stern historical narratives, without there being the least necessity for the introduction of aught that is not strictly true or correct, as far as can be ascertained. To take an example in point: what idea could be obtained of Charles's real position at the French court, were it not for the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier*?

The brave and gallant Duke of York, whose religion was his only misfortune; the disobedient and rebellious Duke of Monmouth; the licentious and presumptuous Duke of Buckingham; the enlightened statesman, Lord Clarendon; the malignant Shaftesbury; the haughty and imperious Duchess of Cleveland; the intriguing and time-serving Duchess of Portsmouth; and even those infamous wretches, Oates and Bedloe, whose pretended revelations created so great a ferment throughout the kingdom, are but a tithe of the personages who thus group themselves around any attempt to portray the court and times of the "Merry Monarch"—a strange and eventful epoch, peculiarly well suited for the purposes which Captain Clayton has manifestly proposed to himself: the endeavour to unite all its multitudinous and detached parts into one symmetrical and distinct whole, and at the same time to impart to it all the spirit, warmth, and colour of an attractive work of art.

THE WAR PAMPHLETS.

ALTHOUGH the question of peace or war is far from being settled, the political atmosphere has grown clearer during the past month. Many ancillary causes of irritation have been laid aside, and the quarrel now properly assumes the character of intervention or non-intervention in the affairs of Italy. M. Cavour's speech at the opening of the month narrowed the dispute to those limits which enable us to form a just appreciation of the wants and wishes of Sardinia; they are simply that France should combine with her to expel the Austrians from Lombardy, because that great power has gone beyond treaties, and exerted her influence to maintain the *status quo* in the smaller Italian kingdoms. To this Count Buol speedily replied through the columns of the *Vienna Gazette*, by insisting on the maintenance of the special treaties between Austria and the Italian states. These treaties, it is averred, are based upon reciprocal sovereign rights; they have relation to the reversionary claims of the house of Austria to the sovereignty of some of these states, and contribute to the preservation of the existing possessions of Austria in Italy. Simultaneously, the Austrian forces in Lombardy were raised from 50,000 to 180,000 men, while enormous *matériel* has been gradually collected, all serving to prove that the Emperor Franz-Joseph is determined to hold his own in Lombardy *à outrance*. The mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna, from which so much was expected, is now allowed to have proved a failure, for the counter-propositions made by Count Buol were rejected at the Tuileries, as tending rather to increase the Austrian hold on Italy. Under these circumstances, the French government put forth another manifesto, strongly breathing peace, but which had the effect of diminishing public confidence. In this document it is attempted to prove that Germany menaces France, and that, consequently, France would be justified in taking defensive measures. Although the Emperor of the French publicly stated that, while he had promised the King of Sardinia to protect him against any aggressive act on the part of Austria, his promises extended no further; still, it is generally felt that any accidental collision on the banks of the Ticino might necessitate French intervention, and a war might thus commence at any moment. One thing is certain: Napoleon's assurances of peace are not confided in; the whole of Europe is arming in the dread expectation of a continental war, and it is considered that he is striving to throw the odium of commencing hostilities upon Austria by making propositions to that country which he well knows its pride would not suffer it to accept. In Austria there is but one opinion: a war is imminent, and they would prefer it to commence at once. The official papers are making direct attacks upon the Emperor Napoleon, and declare that the government of France, at whose head is the elect of the people, in whom all power is vested, keeps Europe in a state of disquietude. So strong is this feeling for war among the Austrians, that apprehensions are felt lest the Emperor Francis might be hurried into undue action, which would seriously injure his cause.

The reason for these doubts as to the French emperor's motives can

be easily explained: while he is ostensibly promising peace, pamphlets are daily issued which strenuously urge war. It may be that more importance is attached to these flying leaves than they deserve, but when they all blow the same blast, and the only one which took a healthy view of the crisis was suppressed, we cannot but consider that these pamphlets, published with the sanction of the censorship, represent in some degree the wishes of the French government. In our last impression we drew our readers' attention to the most important of these pamphlets, "*Napoléon III. et l'Italie*," and strove to show the fallacies it contained. Such an analysis will be unnecessary with the pile now collected before us: we will, therefore, merely give the heads of the arguments, leaving it to our readers to draw their own conclusions.

The first we take up is called "*La Foi des Traités*," in which an elaborate attempt is made to prove that treaties are only made to be broken. The words placed in our sovereign's lips at the opening of parliament, that "we would maintain inviolate the faith of public treaties," appear most unpalatable to France, for the mission of Napoleon III. is to play the part of moderator. He has no desire for personal aggrandisement, but it is his duty to champion oppressed nationalities, and reconstitute Europe according to the principles of "right, justice, and honour." But to effect this great object, it is quite evident that existing treaties must be overthrown; and, regard being had to the end, it is manifestly unjust on the part of England to impede the emperor by holding such antiquated views as to the faith of treaties. The policy of France looks to principles and not to traditions; according to the holy alliance, the sovereigns are the delegates of God, but France, as the "most Christian nation," is their prime minister. The holy law of love and charity is her aspiration, and for this great purpose she now intervenes in Italy.

The next pamphlet we take up bears a most alarming title, "*La Guerre c'est la Paix*." The author very justly considers that the Austrians cannot be expelled from Lombardy without a war, and he, therefore, considers it should be declared at once. France ought to cross the Alps bearing on high the banner, "Liberation of Italy," and all civilised nations would be on her side. The only valuable paragraph in this pamphlet is one in which the author adds a further confirmation of the views we have already urged as to the Papal presidency of United Italy. He is discussing the arguments employed by De la Guéronnière in his celebrated manifesto, and concludes as follows:

The part allotted to the Pope by the writer we are combating is far from being so noble as he supposes in his penultimate chapter. That of the other peninsular states would be more deplorable, were the proposed combination to succeed. Sardinia would soon see her statesmen, orators, army, and liberal institutions placed in the "*Index Expurgatorius*," and all the patriotic efforts of the king and M. de Cavour defeated or annulled. The oppressive policy of the Neapolitan and Modenese governments would alone gain anything by naming the Pope as the president of the Italian Confederation; but neither Florence, Parma, Venice, Milan, nor Genoa would find a support at Rome in the presidential supremacy of the priests, governing in the names of the sovereign pontiff. Then they would fall back on the puerile theory of the sovereign who "reigns but does not govern." Frankly speaking, these political subtleties are out of season: this would lead Italy directly into a religious war. You wish Italy to pass from the Austrian yoke to a clerical yoke, and that at the very moment

when the French government is in vain asking for the secularisation of the Roman administration.

Finally, the author of the pamphlet proposes to cut the Gordian knot by offering Austria the following ultimatum: The complete abandonment of the Italian provinces she now occupies according to the terms offered by the Cabinet of Vienna in 1848, and the official recognition of the independence of the Lombardo-Venetese.

The author of the next pamphlet, "*Un Congrès et non la Guerre*," though not so warlike, is equally astounding in his views. According to him, a congress should assemble to reorganise the map of Europe, as the only way of securing a permanent peace. As a supplement to the new map of Europe, which caused some excitement a short time back, we may be allowed to describe the manner in which the equilibrium is to be maintained. Europe must be divided into grand groups of "homogeneous nationalities," such as—the Anglo-Norman-Saxon group, the Franco-Roman group, the Germano-Teutonic group, and the Russo-Slave group. To prevent any collision between these groups, states of the second rank must be maintained, such as Holland, Switzerland, Bohemia, and Poland, whose independence would be the result of their perfect neutrality. In this way there would be three great continental powers, and one great maritime power. And first, what would England gain in the general distribution? She would have a protectorate extending from Norway to Syria, and hold a Mediterranean island, say Candia or Cyprus, where she could develop her maritime strength. The interests of France demand that she should return to her old frontiers of 1815, and hold the maritime preponderance in the Mediterranean. She must hold all French-Belgium and the Rhenane provinces, and be secured the Channel Islands. By being placed at the head of the Italian Federation, France would direct a group of Roman nationalities containing more than sixty million inhabitants.

The Germanic population, amounting to forty-five millions, would be nearly equal in power to the Franco-Roman group, while the Sound would become exclusively German at the expense of Denmark. The Slavons, owing to their enormous numbers, would be divided into four grand confederations: the first comprising the countries furthest advanced in civilisation, such as Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, and Poland, with the Grand-Duchy of Posen. This confederation would be placed under the protectorate of the four great powers. The second confederation would be formed of Istria, Illyria, Styria, Hungary, and Transylvania, to be under the double protectorate of Germany and Russia. The third confederation, under the protectorate of France and Russia, would be composed of Croatia, the Military Border, Dalmatia, the Herzegovine, Montenegro, Albania, Bosnia, and Servia; while the fourth, composed of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Thrace, although self-governing, would be under the immediate protectorate of Russia. In other words, the awful outlay of blood and money entailed by the Crimean war would be sacrificed to our author's idea of reconstituting Europe. We have dwelled longer, perhaps, than was requisite on this absurd suggestion, but it proves the wisdom of our government in insisting on the letter of treaties. If once a door were opened for their infringement, there would be an end to the possibility of maintaining the equilibrium in Europe.

M. Frédéric d'Hainault, author of the next pamphlet, under the somewhat pretentious title of "*L'Avenir de l'Europe*," gives us his views as to the reconstitution of Europe, only differing from his immediate predecessor in wiliness. It is refreshing, however, to find that he evinces an undying hostility for England. According to this gentleman, we are the real cause of all continental embroglios, for we must fish in troubled waters, and, while boasting liberal principles, we never draw back from an alliance with the most oppressive governments when our material interests are at stake. Hence it is hopeless to demand any concessions from a country whose existence depends on the weakness or dissolution of its rivals. We need not enter into all the arguments of M. d'Hainault, more especially as he allows that all the radical changes he proposes cannot take place until the twentieth century. Such far-sighted policy as this is quite beyond our limited range of vision.

The pamphlet called "*Italie et France*" is in so far better than those preceding it, from the fact that it is only half the length. It begins by asserting that the manifest opposition to war felt in France is produced by the gamblers of the Bourse acting on the organs of public opinion. The country, however, only requires to be enlightened as to the real facts of the case to hail an Italian war with delight. Imbued by these patriotic feelings, the author proceeds to show why a war is necessary. After all, it would be only a matter of a few weeks: the Austrians once expelled from Italy, Napoleon III. would repeat the lesson he gave his allies in the Russian war by insisting on a general peace, and then a congress would have to decide on the future fate of Italy. Very original, however, is the motive put forth for an Italian war, and it is worth extracting:

An expedition to the Italian peninsula would have the great advantage of putting an end to the revolutionary party, whose last home is in Italy. A person would be very ignorant of history not to know the peculiar part Italian conspirators have ever played. In 1820 an Italian sect, the Carbonari, began to incendiarise Europe. They produced revolutions in Naples, Piedmont, and Spain; they fomented enormous plots in France, while the numerous secret societies which have since disturbed that country all emanated from the Carbonari—Young Italy, Young Germany, all those latent associations that still menace Europe, sprang from that formidable movement of which the Italians were the promoters, and of which they continue to be the most energetic agents. What revolutionist can be compared to that insignificant-looking Mazzini, the underground king of the internal furies of Europe? We will not remind our readers from what country came the men who in the recent *attentats* displayed a boldness and an attitude solely befitting honourable enterprise.

This lamentable state of things, we are told, would be at once removed by French intervention in Italy. If so, and the emperor entertains a due regard for his life, there can be no doubt French troops will soon cross the Alps. We are certainly comforted at finding that the occupation of Italy by France would have one good result; till we read this pamphlet we had not, we must confess, given it credit for even this much. More than all, however, a war is necessary to defeat the insurrection of those men who twice saluted by a rise in the funds the presence of strange troops in Paris, and who desire to make the destiny of France a mere accessory to their operations. These men have already threatened the emperor with a European coalition if he dare to proclaim war, and our author thinks it

high time to show them that they are not the real rulers of France. To such an argument as this, pure silence on our part is the best reply.

An ex-député, writing on the subject of "*Politique nationale*," has the credit of stating the cause of dispute fairly enough. He ignores the Central Italian embroglio, and openly avows that the presence of Austrians in Italy must lead to a row. He considers, then, that the emperor should leave the choice to England of an alliance with France or Austria; but an alliance with both is incompatible with the interests of Europe. In any case, however, his voice is for war, and if England opposed the views of France, the emperor would be reluctantly compelled to read England a severe lesson. That he can thrash the world is a fact that cannot be controverted, and every nation ought to be grateful to him for his generous forbearance.

The pamphlet called "*Manin et l'Italie*" need not detain us for a moment. It merely professes to give the utopian theories of Italian unity, about which we have heard enough, but adds nothing to the appreciation of the French view of peace or war.

In reading all these pamphlets it is most amusing to notice the utter contempt with which the writers treat Austria. France need only invade Italy, and, presto! the Austrians will be dispersed to every quarter of the wind. They ignore all the improvements introduced into the Austrian army, and think that a military parade would suffice to liberate Italy. How greatly they are mistaken we need not here stop to show, but the following analysis of an excellent pamphlet, called "*L'Autriche et ses Provinces Italiennes*," the only one of the number deserving serious attention, will prove that all Frenchmen are not of the opinion put forth by the writers to whom we have hitherto referred.

As the writer most justly observes, many French journals repeat that the state of Italy is a menace to Europe, and yet they do all in their power to envenom it; they cast blame on every act of the Austrian government, and have so worked on public opinion in France, that nearly every one believes that the inhabitants of the Lombardo-Venetese are unhappy and ill-governed. The author of the pamphlet having resided for a long time in Lombardy, and watched the efforts made by the Austrian officials to gain the love of the population, proposes to show why their efforts have not produced the desired result. In the first place, public opinion in Lombardy is represented by the nobility, the rich bourgeoisie, and the literati, for the people of the towns and the peasants are happy and satisfied; they care very little who governs them, and the only time they raised any complaints was when the Piedmontese brought the scourge of war upon them. The Italian nobility are unsuited to coalesce with the Austrian; for, while in Austria the aristocratic element pervades all classes, in Upper Italy the ideas of ambition or rank are scarce known. A young Austrian gentleman will dream of the glory of commanding an army some day on the battle-field, while the dream of a young Italian of good family would be to possess a villa on the banks of some beautiful lake, and a fortune sufficiently large to enable him to spend happy days in a gentle *far niente*. These differences in ideas and feelings are the chief causes of the Italian nobility keeping aloof from the imperial government; their sons will not subject themselves to military discipline, and their education is

rarely sufficiently advanced to allow them to enter on a diplomatic career: hence, they remain at home, and maintain a caste. They are jealous and envious of each other, for they fear that if a family draw near the imperial court, it may attain honour and riches. The bourgeoisie and the lettered classes entertain the same feelings, heightened in the latter by the national self-love produced by the perusal of poets and historians, from Dante's "*Divina Commedia*" to the sonnets of Filicaja. All these causes united keep up a spirit of hostility against the imperial government, which resists all the generous efforts made to conquer it. The mistake committed, according to our author, was in placing any trust in popular gratitude: the Italians require a firm government, and officials at once severe and civil, whose unbending nature should prove to everybody that they would not refrain from the most energetic measures in order to maintain public order.

Hence, then, the idea of forming a powerful state in Upper Italy is fallacious, for the other sovereigns of the peninsula would be at the mercy of the revolutionary party; the latter being encouraged by the head of the new state, who would strive to gain the whole of Italy for a season. M. de Rayneval avowed that the papacy could not in any way be maintained without the assistance of foreign troops, and that it was impossible to foresee the termination of such a state of things.

Among other publications, which the present crisis has evoked, we must devote our remaining space to an interesting work by the Abbé Michon, called "*L'Italie politique et religieuse*," which supplies much useful information as to the present condition of Italy. The abbé is decidedly a curiosity, in so far as he is a liberal priest, and his views, although opposed to our own, are so fairly expressed, that we should be unjust were we not to make them known to our readers. According to his opinion there is only one chance for Italy: either the kings must grant constitutional governments, or the country will become republican, for it cannot go on in its present abnormal condition. Still, he considers that there are faults on both sides, and the advice he gives Sardinia is very opportune:

It ever seems to me that the statesmen of Piedmont pay too much attention to the dangers Austria may make their independence incur. They forget that, in the present state of the map of Europe, Austria cannot tear away a strip of Sardinian territory without experiencing at the moment, from the combined diplomacy of Europe, a resistance which she dare not brave. And, in the hypothesis of a European conflagration, the question would no longer be a war between two states: all Italy, united in a supreme struggle for independence, would carry the scene of war to the northern frontiers of the Lombardo-Venetese. Italy would only be saved in that case by an offensive war, which would force Austria to fear for her own security, and be glad to keep her natural limits. Piedmont, then, can peacefully continue that development which her genius for commerce produces, until eventualities occur of which time alone possesses the secret. She runs little risk in braving the petulance of Austria. She is better defended against her by diplomatic notes than by the guns of Alexandria.

On arriving at Rome, our abbé's first object was to inquire into the political condition of the country. He found opinions greatly divided as to the necessity of a French garrison, but it was generally considered that it could not yet be given up, as the Papal troops—principally consisting of mercenaries—could not be trusted to any great extent. Cardinal

Antonelli, on the other hand, was decidedly opposed to the French occupation, and it was continued much against his wishes. According to the Abbé Michon, the garrison would not prove of much assistance in the case of insurrection, for the troops were isolated in seventeen small barracks. Only the soldiers living in the citadel would be in safety if the populace broke loose. The Roman clergy, all reactionists, do not like the French. They reproach them with not having shot all the republicans when they had the opportunity. Of course the republicans are not partial to the French, whom they detest as a government, although they admire them as a nation. They cannot forget that the French republic put down the Roman republic. The French troops quite reciprocate the feeling. A soldier said to the abbé, "The Romans would knife us all, if they could."

The Papal government is essentially hostile to everything French. The service rendered them was only accepted by force, and they would have preferred receiving it from any other nation than the French. In the Sacred College there are two distinct parties, the Austrian or purely absolutistic being the dominant. This party stopped Pio Nono's reform tendencies, and urged the country clergy to preach against him. The French or Liberal party is represented by the Pope himself and four or five cardinals: hence it is quite powerless. The Pope's political position is so embarrassed that, despite his wishes to introduce a few slight reforms, which would satisfy public opinion, and perhaps render the removal of the French troops possible, he is forced to keep as his acting minister Cardinal Antonelli, who is entirely devoted to the Austrian party.

Since the Emperor Napoleon gave rise to apparently well-founded expectations of an imminent war, public opinion has been divided into three distinct categories. The adherents of the first say, *Treaties must be respected*: the Lombardo-Venetese belongs to Austria, and it is unfortunate that Italy cannot be emancipated without infringing the rights of Austria. Hence this party decides for the *status quo*, while sympathising with the condition of the Italian peoples.

Another party says, The power of Austria in Northern Italy, and her well-known influence over the rest of the peninsula, constitute a rupture of the European balance. This influence must not be allowed to grow menacing for the future. A remedy must be applied in time. Hence this party proposes diplomatic intervention to regulate the dispute, and by concessions to the legitimate demands of Italy, weaken the excessive preponderance of Austria in Italy.

The third party, finally, desire, as expressed in the pamphlet "*Napoleon III. et l'Italie*," an Italian Confederation, with the Pope at its head, thus bringing up again the plans raised for Italy from the time of Henri IV. down to Gioberti and Manin. The last being at present the favourite view on the Continent, we may be allowed to add a few remarks to those we offered last month, as further confirmation of the fallacy contained in Napoleon's proposition for settling the Italian question permanently.

Such a confederation would comprise in an offensive and defensive alliance the Pope, the King of Naples, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, the Duchess of Parma, and the King of Sardinia. This alliance formed, they would have to engage in a terrible war with

Austria, who, even if beaten by accident, would return again and again to the combat, and the fertile plains of Lombardy would be deluged with blood for years. But the very idea of such a confederation is an absurdity: the King of Naples feels himself only strong in the support of Austria, while the smaller Italian princes regard the Germans as their sole resource in time of trouble. The only exception is the Duchess of Parma, who realises the old proverb about the Bourbons, that in that family the women are the men, and she would probably join the confederation sincerely. As for the Pope, our paper has sufficiently proved that he is bound hand and foot; he could not institute any popular movement without a fear of revolution, and hence he could not be expected to join such a confederation heartily. The only chance of success, then, would be by Napoleon throwing an enormous force on the side of the confederated states, and though he might secure his object, it is quite certain now that Europe would combine to thwart him. Whether the knowledge the emperor has gained of the public feeling during the last few weeks will cause a change in his views it is impossible to say, but it is quite evident that his favourite Italian Confederation could not be produced except by his armed interference. We doubt, then, whether he would engage in a war with Austria for so dubious a result, and we are inclined to believe that, in the event of Italy becoming a battle-field, he would be compelled, for his own security, to follow in the exact footsteps of his uncle. Such a result, however, it is impossible that he can desire.

It has been argued, however, that interference in Italy has become absolutely necessary; the tottering throne of the Pope, like that of the other spiritual ruler, must collapse, and Austria would then seize upon the whole littoral of the Adriatic. There is some truth in this view, for there is no doubt Austria anticipates some reward for her constant interference in Italian affairs. But the same argument is equally applicable to Turkey: in that case Europe has agreed to await the course of events, and we think the same plan should be applied to Italy. The plain truth is, Europe requires no war at present; nations are gradually awakening to the folly of brute force, and want breathing time to recover from the exhaustion of the war that threw the whole Continent back so short a time ago. Hence they look with an angry eye upon any disturber of the public peace; and, though not particularly partial to the Austrian dominion in Italy, they consider it, under the circumstances, preferable to a general conflagration, by which nobody would gain, and of which no one can foresee the end. Hence, then, the general anger felt at the mere suggestion of a French interference which might precipitate events.

No good was ever yet produced by an arbitrary interference to secure the liberty of a nation; unless a people can assert its own independence, all foreign aid is futile. To England it is a matter of indifference whether the Italians become free or Austria continue to be the gendarme of Europe; but we are not disposed to let another party interfere. The Italian question is essentially one fitted for diplomacy; a display of brute force would supply no useful argument, and although Italy might be liberated temporarily by the French arms, past history teaches us that she cannot maintain her independence for any length of time. It is a misfortune inherent in the nation; the Italians have ever been prone to

neglect nationality for the sake of local aggrandisement, and the result would be the same over and over again.

If, then, the Italians consider themselves strong enough to expel the Austrians, and possess sufficient confidence in their unity, let them recommence the business of 1848. If they are wise, however, they will remain as they are, for it is better to bear the ills you know of than fly to others that you know not of. At the present moment Austria is stronger than she has ever been: her army is magnificently disciplined and equipped, and she is prepared to defend her own against all comers. Strong in the justice of her cause, she will not yield to the dictation of France, and we cannot blame her if she drive matters to extremes. Ever since the Crimean war terminated, Sardinia has continued a system of irritation, which was contemptible so long as no one backed her up, but now that France is so strongly supporting her, Austria feels her dignity at stake, and she will not grant the slightest concession which might be attributable to coercion.

As matters stand, then, the only chance of hostilities being prevented depends on the Emperor Napoleon making the *amende* to Austria. Any moment may bring us news of a collision between the Austrians and Sardinians; and if such should occur, and the Austrians cross the Ticino, Europe will hold the Emperor Napoleon responsible for the catastrophe. He has allowed matters to reach a point which he might have prevented long ago, and we are being most unwillingly forced into the conviction that, for some motive of his own, he desires to see the commencement of a war which will permit his interference.

And if it be so—if the Emperor Napoleon listen to the insidious whisperers of his courtiers, while neglecting the advice of his honest and disinterested ally—if he decide on kindling a flame in Europe which will rapidly grow over his head and defy all his efforts to extinguish—if he alienate the affection of the people that elevated him to the purple, and placed a confidence in him unknown since the revolution—a people that, in the enjoyment of material prosperity, allowed him to exercise unbounded authority, greater than that swayed by any Bourbon—if he petulantly neglect the warnings of the past and the treachery of the present,—much as we should regret his disappointment, we could not afford him any pity. If the war commenced to-day, to-morrow, or in ten years' time, we cannot hold any other opinion as to its merits; we consider it unjust and unnecessary, and our fervent aspiration, ere the combatants meet in the first furious clash of arms, will ever be, "MAY GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!"

[Since this article was sent to press, rumours have been rife as to the assembling of a congress to regulate the affairs of Italy. We trust it may be so; but we consider that the peace of Europe will never be secured so long as the French army remains a standing menace to the Continent. Hence, then, we have but slight hope of the danger of war being more than deferred.]

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

MR. KELLY went to Port Phillip in the latter end of 1852 with the intention of making a rapid but observant tour of that colony, and giving the results to the public in the following year. But he admits that the glowing temptations to speculate, and the rich visions of yellow nuggets, contrasted so alluringly with the stunted rewards of literary labour, that he soon abandoned the aspiration of flourishing on paper for the expectation of figuring more profitably in trading, land-jobbing, or digging pursuits. And lucky it is for the reader that he did so, for without the hard experiences, earned only by practice, Mr. Kelly could never have written so minute and detailed a portraiture as he has done of the social and economical condition of "a nascent empire beating throughout its remotest extremities with the strong, sometimes coarse, but healthy pulse of a progressive civilisation, attracting commerce and settlers from every quarter of the globe, and feeding the mills and mints of the universe with her staple products."* Mr. Kelly's book is a lively, graphic, and coloured sketch of the colony in its auriferous, agricultural, social, and political aspects, during what will probably ever remain the most eventful period of its history.

The time has not yet come for a complete history of the mutiny in India. The last scene in the melancholy drama has not yet been enacted. In the mean time, a considerable mass of valuable materials have accumulated, and foremost in the rank of these may be placed "A Year's Campaigning in India," by Captain Medley.† This is a straightforward, soldier-like narrative of the siege of Delhi and Lucknow, and of the events connected therewith. Professionally accurate as well as correct in its details, the work will be indispensable to the future historian. Connected with the same subject, we have "A Widow's Reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow"‡—one of those sad stories that make the blood run cold and awaken feelings of rancour which we in vain endeavour to subdue. Poor Mrs. Bartrum!

"Painting popularly Explained," by Thomas John Gullick and John Timbs, F.S.A.,§ is a kind of book which was very much wanted. Nowhere do we see the proverbial danger of a little knowledge more glaringly exhibited than in the criticisms so glibly volunteered on all sides on art. A work like the present was a positive desideratum; it is full of delightful information for modest inquirers, and may be of considerable benefit to hasty and superficial talkers.

Another work by Mr. Timbs, "Curiosities of Science Past and Present: a Book for the Old and Young,"|| like all its author's industrious compilations, possesses infinite merit. It is a very *vade-mecum* of desirable and useful information.

Ever since old Izaak Walton set the example, fishermen have considered themselves entitled to chat upon fish, and all other matters.

* Life in Victoria. By William Kelly. Chapman and Hall.

† W. Thacker and Co.

‡ James Nisbet and Co.

§ Kent and Co.

|| Kent and Co.

April—VOL. CXV. NO. CCCCLX.

Here is Mr. W. Wright, author of "Fishes and Fishing, Artificial breeding of Fish, Anatomy of their Senses, their Loves, Passions, and Intellects,"* who passes from Oppian, the old fisherman on the classic Pyramus and Cydnus, whose waters contain trout and gudgeon in the Taurus, but in the plains of Calicia are almost only tenanted by barbel and the black fish, so beloved by the Romans, to the Dart at Dartford, where true enough we have seen from the bridge a white trout sailing over a broken pipe—one of the prettiest objects in nature, associated with perhaps one of the most repulsive in art! Then we have talk anent France, and the impertinence shown in abusing its mistrusted ruler; on the Indian mutiny; and on Puritans and their evil ascendancy; on distant relationship and "a pretence for intrusion;" and on an infinite variety of other non-piscatorial topics. But then, again, it is but fair to say that we have a vast mass of useful information on the real subject in hand, and that pleasantly enough told. The only thing we cannot see the use of is the list of fish in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope.

"A Journal of my Life during the French Revolution," by Grace Dalrymple Elliott,† ought to have had a longer notice at our hands. Mrs. G. D. Elliott was, in every sense of the word, an extraordinary woman. A favourite of the Prince-Regent, she was, when in Paris, on the most intimate terms also with the then Duke of Orleans (Philippe Egalité); and the part she was led to play on the outburst of the Revolution, partly out of regard for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and still more from, according to her version of the matter, the accidental manner in which the fortunes of a certain Marquis de Chanzenets got wrapped up in her own, added to her experiences of revolutionary prison life, partly at Sainte Pélagie and partly at the Récollets at Versailles, constitute altogether a narrative of rare and almost unequalled interest.

Mr. C. H. Bennett has provided a change for the perpetual stereoscope in his "Proverbs, with Pictures."‡ Most amusingly are the well-known proverbs, which used to "patch grief" in the times of the Bard of Avon, illustrated by our fanciful author. Hood's delight was to give a bodily form to puns; Mr. C. H. Bennett has been equally successful with proverbs, and, curious enough, the working out of each problem will be found suggestive of others to the reader and observer.

Dr. James Hunt, son and successor to Mr. Hunt, who obtained so much celebrity by his treatment of the difficulties of utterance and other impediments of speech, has expounded the whole philosophy of the question in an excellent work, "A Manual of the Philosophy of Voice and Speech.§ This work addresses itself to a far wider circle than the afflicted, and we have no doubt will meet with such a reception at the hands of the public generally as its merits entitle it to.

We cannot speak as we would of Mr. Wrexall's "Armies of the Great Powers,"|| a work which, at the present moment, demands the serious attention of the statesman and of those who feel with us that the country ought to appreciate the armaments made by our continental neighbours. Owing to the crowded state of our pages we can only recommend this work strongly to our readers, assuring them that they

* T. C. Newby.

† Richard Bentley.

‡ Chapman and Hall.

§ Longman and Co.

|| Allen and Co.

will find a mass of detail on the subject of the great armies, which will enable them to judge for themselves the danger the Emperor Napoleon would run, if he defied public opinion and allowed a coalition to be formed against him. Mr. Wraxall states that his statistics are drawn from the most correct sources, and the slight verification we have been able to establish confirms the truth of his statement.

There is, among the creations of modern times, a particular kind of novel, applied to moral purposes, very polished, very touching, and very true to nature. It has deep home interests, and speaks a language that meets with a response in every simple and pure heart. Such is "Adam Bede," by George Eliot, author of "Scenes of Clerical Life,"* a work commendable in every sense by the interest of its narrative, the truthfulness of its characters, and the fine tone of humanity pervading every page, and imparting to it as a whole such a genial colouring.

SERMONS BY THE REV. J. C. BELLEW.—Scarcely three years have elapsed since Mr. Bellew made his appearance in a metropolitan pulpit, unknown except to a small circle of acquaintances, and yet in that brief space of time he has acquired a popularity which has been not inaptly compared to that of the once famous Edward Irving. This popularity has not been achieved, as is usual, by attachment to a certain party in the Church—by loud assertions of some sectarian dogmas—by pronouncing a peculiar shibboleth—or by any of the orthodox methods through which men seek to rise in the clerical profession. Yet there must be a cause for the effect produced. In these days men do not crowd churches to an inconvenient extent without some special attraction. They may repair to their pew in the nearest church once or twice a Sunday to fulfil a supposed duty, but it is not for nothing that they will go long distances, or submit to any discomfort in the discharge of their religious obligations. Were Mr. Bellew merely following the ruck of pulpit orators, his church might be respectably attended, but we doubt whether he would excite more attention than his contemporaries. But it is precisely because he has chosen to emancipate himself from conventional trammels—because he has chosen to speak out with boldness and simplicity, not about abstractions and mysteries, which, if they are to be discussed at all, should be relegated to the schools of theology, to the retired cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge, but about the practical concerns of life—because he wishes to teach men, not how to think and talk, but how to act—because he wishes to prove to a generation, which has been too prone to pronounce a divorce between religion and the world, that Christianity is not a Sunday suit of clothes, to be worn on one day in the week, and packed up in a wardrobe for the other six, but a working-dress, to be worn in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of everybody's business and occupation. That a Francis Bacon will appear in the pulpits of the Church of England to overthrow this Babel Tower of dogmatism which cramps or misdirects the energies of the clergy, is too much to expect at present; yet we fancy (would that it may not turn out a fond delusion!)—we fancy that we can discern signs of the advent of a new era in religion, corresponding to the new era which Lord Bacon inaugurated in philosophy. We fancy that the number of that hitherto small phalanx of liberal and,

* William Blackwood and Sons.

at the same time, earnest minds, which refuse to be bound hand and foot in the trammels of a traditionary theology, is rapidly increasing. We fancy that we meet more men in the clerical profession who are not afraid to be denounced as latitudinarians and heretics, and that there is an increasing class of really religious laymen, who have begun to feel that a man may cast out devils in Christ's name though he refuses to adopt the traditionary formulæ of exorcism. And it is with this fancy in our heads that we venture to call attention to Mr. Bellew's Sermons, believing that our readers will find in them the best index we can give of this incipient transmutation of religion from verbal formalism to what we believe was its original intention—the aiding and supporting a rational being in his state of terrestrial probation, so as to fit him for a spiritual immortality hereafter.

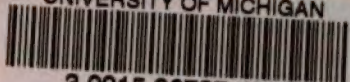
Success is a great incentive to exertion in literature as well as in other matters. "The Bertrams," a novel, by Anthony Trollope,* has followed quickly in the footsteps of its predecessor, "Doctor Thorne." Like it, too, it is a rattling, social novel, full of character, and replete with incident and scenery. The latter is a new feature imparted to the modern novel by increased facilities of locomotion; for "The Bertrams" would, perhaps, not have gone off so buoyantly without the pic-nic at the Brook Kedron and the catastrophe in the Pool of Siloam. But the aspirations of George Bertram, as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, watching the stones of the Temple over against him, were doomed to a very Anglican and prosy dénouement—a wedding with a quiet, almost melancholy, widow. However, we have Cairo as a relief, and other couples in reserve, so the reader need not fear that the interest shall flag; it is well sustained, even to the last scene in Hadley Church—not a funeral—such is not the legitimate conclusion of the novel—but a marriage.

It is hard not to be able to speak of a book as its merits warrant without being suspected by some people, who will persist in seeing through stone walls, of a puff collusory. Such a prospect shall not, however, deter us from declaring that "The Wife and the Ward; or, a Life's Error," by Lieut.-Col. Edward Money,† contains by far the best sketches of life in India that it has as yet fallen to our lot to peruse, and the interest of which is, in the present instance, vividly enhanced by lively and graphic, yet at the same time painfully truthful, pencillings of certain of the most marked and appalling scenes in the late mutiny. Alas! that that gallant Edgington's bullet did not reach the breast of England's deadly foe—the child and woman murderer—the Nana! Providence knows best for what fate he is yet reserved.

* Chapman and Hall.

† Routledge, Warnes, and Routledge.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 06787 4985

